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CONEY ISLAND

By Julian Ralph

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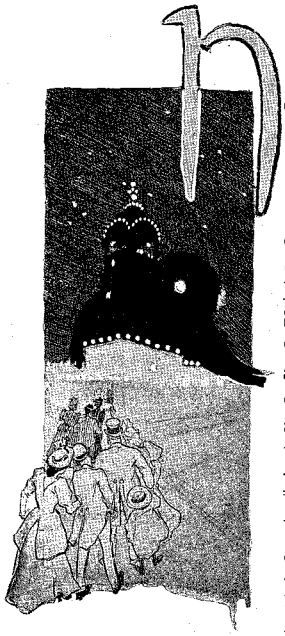

NOW and then, upon the death of a great comedian, we are reminded of the thousands of lives he has cheered and hearts he has lightened. Suppose, when Coney Island was absorbed by the city of Brooklyn, a year or two ago, that its future as a pleasure resort had been threatened. What sermons the chroniclers of the press and of history might have preached upon the good it had wrought—not to mere thousands, and not in the simple, unplanned ways in which other resorts have scattered their benefits, but in unique ways, by means better and more varied than the masses knew of or enjoyed anywhere else on the continent. For Coney Island was not only the pioneer with modern improvements for giving the crowds a good time; it still remains *sui generis*, enthroned, the king of all the popular resorts of America.

The drama which it daily provides for the delight of its patrons, is declared to freshen the souls of so many millions annually that in order to comprehend the bulk of the multitude we must fancy gathered together all the inhabitants of London, all the people of New York, every soul in Chicago, and every man, woman, and child in Brooklyn. And even then, we would be assuming that the largest boasts of those cities were truths, for one year's crowd on Coney Island was composed of eight million souls!

No painter has perpetuated its bewildering scenes, and no poet has sought to immortalize its wonders. It is doubtful whether the foreign world — the "outer barbarians" as the Chinese call the others — has heard of the place; certainly the Atlantic Garden, in the Bowery, is tenfold farther and better known. And yet eight millions of fares were paid by travellers to it in a year—by travellers who journeyed only the time that a cigar lasts. It no more wants or depends upon better fame than grass needs painting, or fresh air needs a rhymer. It is New York's resort almost exclusively; our homœopathic sanitarium, our sun-bath and ice-box combined, our extra lung, our private, gigantic fan. All our cities, except Chicago, have such places, and we are content that they should. Boston may keep little Nantasket; Philadelphia may continue to reach across New Jersey for her beaches; New Orleans is welcome to all of Lake Pontchartrain, and San Francisco may monopolize her opera-glass spectacle of the Seal Rocks, if she pleases. We do not want their resorts or need their patronage. In this we are as narrow and provincial as every stranger delights in

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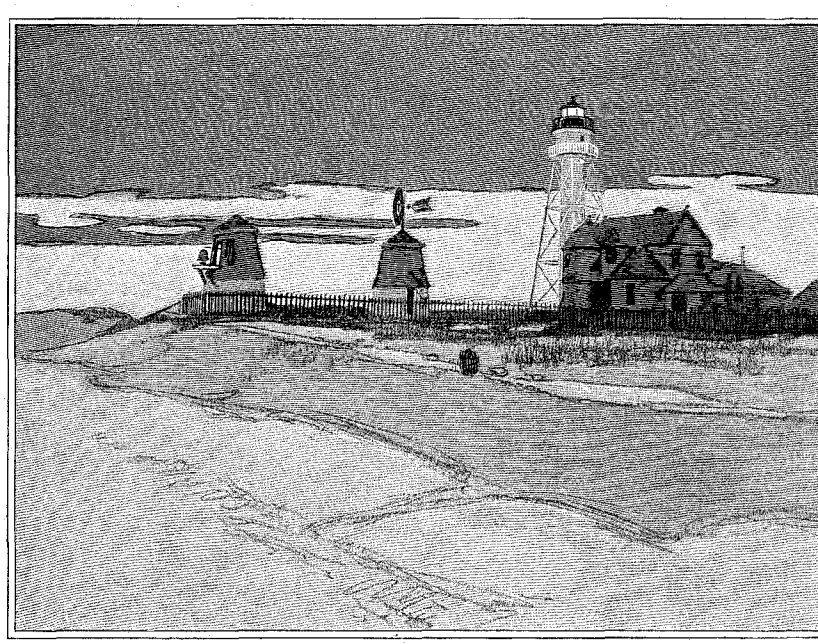
saying that New Yorkers are in all things. Certainly, New York and Coney Island are sufficient to each other —whether they are sufficient in themselves or not.

I had pointed out to me, the other day, a man who discovered Coney Island; some two decades later than most of us, to be sure, but none too late for his own satisfaction. Mr. Shelley of the Oriental Hotel was exhibiting him.

"I ah—saw the place from—ah the deck of the ah—steamer coming ovah," said he, "and I ah—thought I'd see what sort of a place it was, don't you know? And, upon me word, I find it most astonishing at the ah—cheaper end, you know, and doosid comfortable heah."

His formal and deliberate manner of putting his *pince-nez* glasses up to his eyes, after much bother with the chain to which they were attached, suggested a perpetual alertness for discovery. He never merely looked at anything. One cannot call the work of an astronomer "looking at things," and this Englishman brought the same effort and aid of glasses to his simplest visual action. When a newsboy rushed at him with a paper, meaning to sell it like lightning, before it became old and worthless by the arrival of a later edition, the Englishman went through the same serious preliminaries with his glasses and ended by making the little arab feel that he, also, had been discovered; that no one had ever looked at him before. Indeed, the startled lad shot his own eyes all over himself as if he suspected that he had been seen all over and might find himself naked. Thus the Englishman looked at Coney Island, after it had grown ancient under Indian, Dutch, English, and American rule, and discovered it and brought to it a case of Apollinaris and a bath-tub, so as to be sure to have those luxuries while he was there. And yet, in a sense, he was more right in his position than I am in making sport of it, for he was one of comparatively very few strangers who have been to Coney Island and who, if they were able to analyze their surroundings, would see that they were marked objects among such crowds of New Yorkers as to suggest the idea that they had unconsciously invaded a private park — or perhaps a better simile is a backyard — to the myriad houses of the city.



The Light-house and Fog-bell at Norton's Point.

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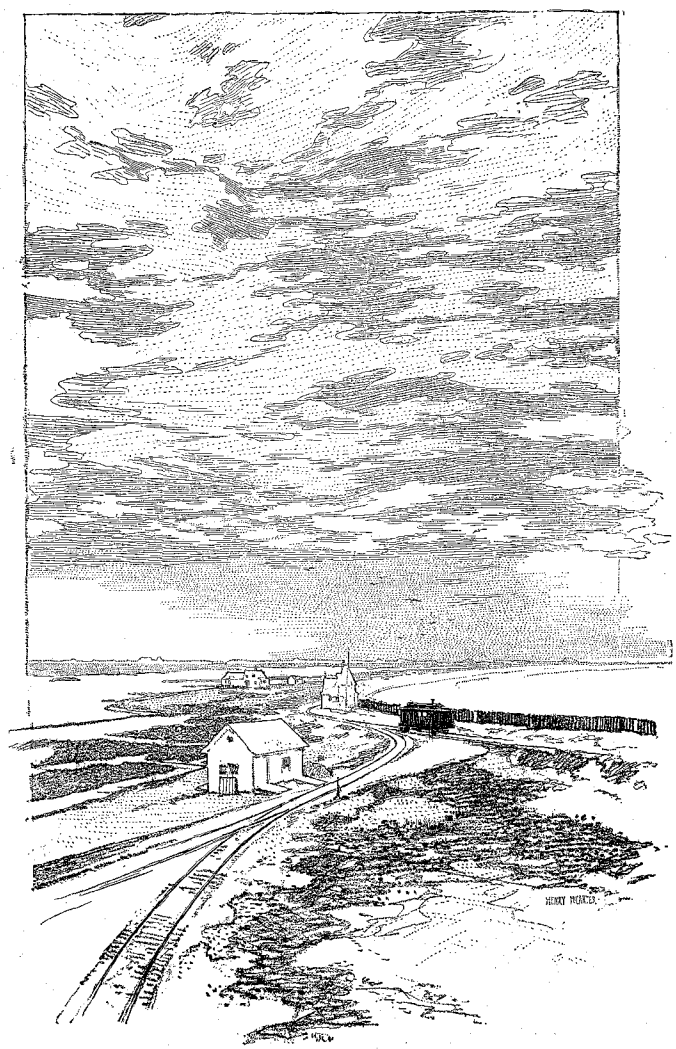
I have spoken of the age and changes of nationality of the little island. It is so new in its present character and so youthfully vigorous in its spirit that we are apt to forget how aged it is. The very earliest history of the place—after the Canarsie Indians ceased to own it—is slender, but it proves that it was known to the only hallowed New Yorker—Petrus Stuyvesant, the Dutch Governor who was our sternest, bravest, and yet most picturesque magistrate. He is immortalized and enthroned as our patron saint under the title of Father Knickerbocker; at least, our minds conceive no other single personality than Stuyvesant's when, in penitence or triumph, we invoke the guardian-spirit of the city. Stuyvesant is declared to have held fast to the right to the fisheries off Coney Island on behalf of the government. As we think of what the island must have been in the middle of the seventeenth century it is likely to occur to us that the governor cannot have conceived the land to be of any value as compared with that which the waters around it possessed. But that is not so. Mere sand strip as it was, it was even then a bone of contention between ambitious settlers who carried their quarrel into the courts. The records of that litigation were principally written by a shrewd lawyer of that era named La Chair, who was retained by the schout and magistrates of Gravesend, now part of Brooklyn. His memorial is not only historically valuable and interesting, but it is written in a style so simple, vigorous, and clear, as to shine among the records of that time. It may be that some New York lawyers of to-day might profit by a study of it. He says that "in the year 1643, the first founders and inhabitants of the said town (Gravesend) came there with the Lady Deborah Moody, deceased, and their cattle, and with the express consent, order, and approbation of the Right Honorable Director General, William Kieft, of laudable memory, and Council, of New Netherland, from the very first time down, enjoyed and made use of Coney Island as a pasturage for cattle, together with the valleys adjacent to mow their hay." He says that two years later, in 1645, the Governor and



Land's End.

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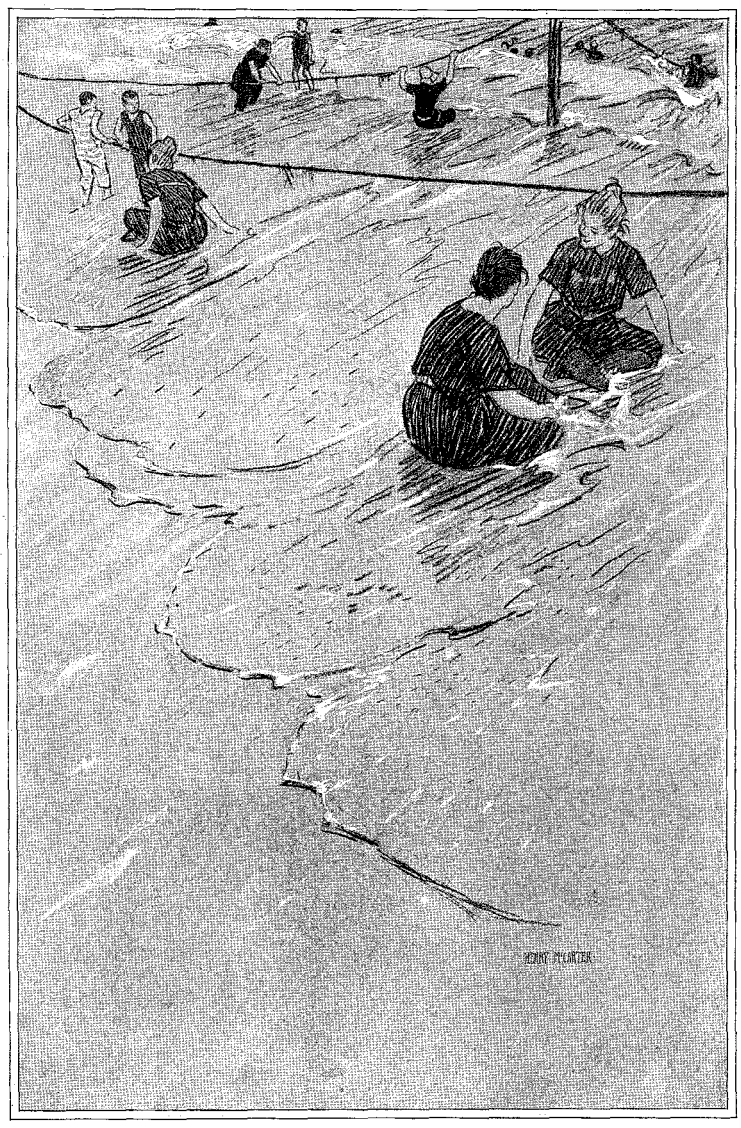
Council granted letters patent to the Lady Deborah and her associates wherein they granted Coney Island and dependencies as a pasture and the lands on which Gravesend lay for planting. And the Lady and her associates had possessed the same, freely and peaceably, "without molestation or gainsay of anyone — except some trouble with the Indians." (How perfectly modern and commonplace that contemptuous reference to the real owners—the red ones—sounds.) "And," goes on the lawyer La Chair, "though no one in the world hath any right or title to the above mentioned Coney Island, . . nevertheless so it is, that one Mr. Evert Pieters and Harman Vedder have, in the name of one De Wolfe, merchant at Amsterdam, caused to be erected, this summer, a salt kettle on said island." For peace' sake, though unwillingly, the petitioners permitted this, but when the trespassing salt boilers gave written notice afterward that the cattle of Gravesend must be driven off Coney Island at twenty-four hours' notice, then they thought it time to protest. The lawsuit that followed was decided by the Right Honorable Peter Stuyvesant and Council in favor of the settlers of Gravesend, of which town Coney Island is a part to-day. This was in 1662. It is surprising to find that the little sand-bank was known then by the same name, spelled in the same way, as to-day. There have been many ingenious definitions of the word "Coney;" but the simplest one—that it means "rabbit" and was conferred upon the island because rabbits abounded there—is the definition that seems always to have been popularly accepted.



Coney Island lies in the mouth of

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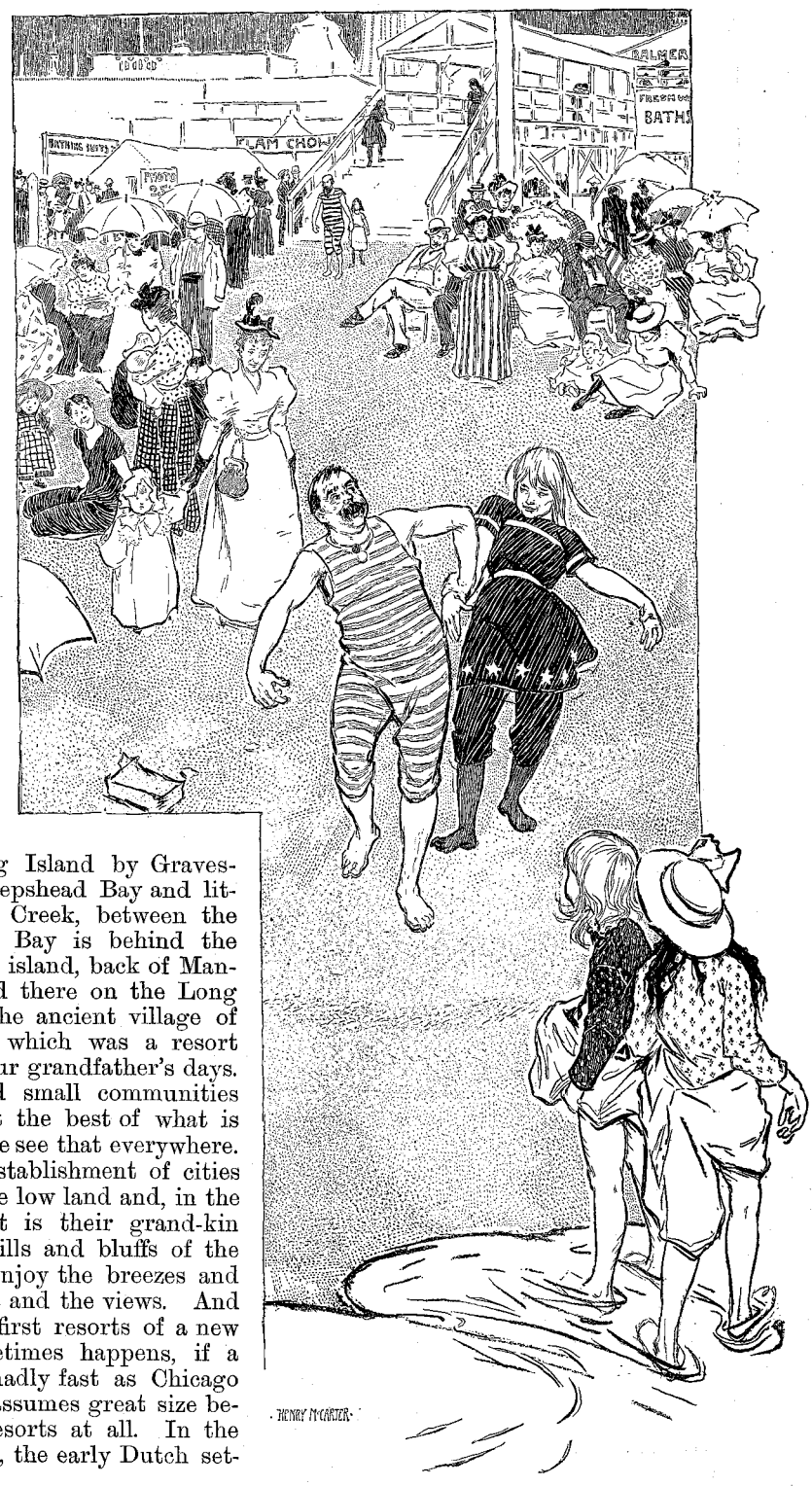

New York Harbor. It is part of the broken reef that faces the ocean side of Long Island, and it is just around the corner from the Narrows. It is like a tooth in one jaw of the harbor mouth and opposes Sandy Hook, the single tooth in the other jaw. Those whose memory looks longest back upon it can remember it as a wind and water tossed collection of low sand-dunes bearing coarse grass, a few gnarled and twisted trees, and some little road taverns or excursion inns that, before, had been farm-houses. It is cut off from the bulk of Long Island by Gravesend Bay and Sheepshead Bay and little Coney Island Creek, between the two. Sheepshead Bay is behind the eastern end of the island, back of Manhattan Beach, and there on the Long Island shore is the ancient village of Sheepshead Bay, which was a resort longer ago than our grandfather's days. Early settlers and small communities seem never to get the best of what is around them. We see that everywhere. They begin the establishment of cities by building on the low land and, in the natural course, it is their grand-kin that mount the hills and bluffs of the background and enjoy the breezes and the good drainage and the views. And so it is with the first resorts of a new cityful. It sometimes happens, if a city grows too madly fast as Chicago has, that a place assumes great size before it has any resorts at all. In the case of New York, the early Dutch set-

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Brighton Beach.

tlers built country houses back upon Manhattan Island, and their successors followed them—to parks and picnic grounds upon the sites of the old farms and gardens. Only a very few, who were the richest and most leisurely burghers, sought the sea. They went by much tacking periaugers, to the Navesink Highlands, still undeveloped and still the very choicest site for a summer settlement within the same distance from the city.

But, by the time of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers, we had begun to reach the sea, first at Sheepshead Bay and Long Branch and Deal, in New Jersey, and then in genuine crowds at Rockaway, Far Rockaway, Islip, and other places. Sheepshead Bay commended itself to our ancestors as the seat of a spring of such magical waters as those kings and princesses who were always wanting offspring, in the old fairy tales, would have been glad to have known about. Coney Island was ten strokes of an oar farther on, but the crowds stopped at Sheepshead Bay. They went there to fish and shoot ducks and snipe, and to put up their horses and eat fish dinners, at the turning point of a lovely drive from New York and, more generally, from Brooklyn. Judge Tappan's road-house at Sheepshead Bay is still there and just as it used to be. It is so Hollandishly immaculate, so picturesquely whitewashed and green-painted among the bowery trees around it, and so rich in the few and simple resources of its bar and kitchen that, when I think of it, I do not see how I am going to be able, presently, to tell the reader how mean and clumsy and musty and primitive used to be the water-side resorts we patronized before Coney Island was transformed into the exemplar of what all such places should be. I must tell it, and therefore the reader will please do with the exceptional Judge Tappan's as the millions of New Yorkers behave toward the magical spring in the same village — rush by in a swift train and forget it. The fact is, though, that at times modern humanity in the cars does seem to remember that spring and then its locomotive engineers send it a high-pressure, ninety-ton shriek—one that amuses the villagers who know that there is no

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cause for a panic since they bricked up the spring so many years ago that, now, they have forgotten where it was.

In the days of the glory of Sheepshead Bay there used to be other drives and road-houses and resorts on the way to Coney Island, and at last there sprang up one or two little taverns, transformed out of farm-houses, on the island itself. That of William Wheatley, a theatre manager, whose place was the resort of the leading actors and wits of the period of the Rebellion, was the best known. Early in the '70s Mike Norton took Wheatley's house and enlarged it, and several lesser places sprang up around it on the western end of the sand strip. Then it was that Coney Island began to be widely known, but in a way that brought it no credit. The eastern end, where immense capital has reared the great palaces and modern improvements of to-day, was still a waste of sand-dunes when the excursion boats began to take crowds to the western end, to drink and dine in the flimsy frame taverns, and to use the two-score ramshackle bath-houses that offered their wretched shelter to those who took surf baths. The crowds got drunk before the steamboats started back for town, and the steamers became travelling battle-fields upon which few orderly folk ventured more than once. But more and more carriage passengers went there for clam-bake dinners and fresh air, and among them went Mr. Austin Corbin with his invalid son, upon a visit that began in a search for health and led to the making of Manhattan Beach and Brighton Beach and the marvellous Coney Island of to-day. A little railway called "Gunther's" had been extended to the island from its earlier terminus at Bath, and still in the early seventies Culver's railway and Cable's Hotel led in the transformation of the island. Thomas E. Cable's little hotel, with its spreading verandas, its glory of fresh paint, its showy white napery and attentive waiters, and its wide open restaurant, confronting the smooth white beach, seemed to us New Yorker's to typify the apex of excellence in a seaside hostelry, and with its foundation the rise of Coney Island really had its beginning. But the resort still kept its raw side. It remained a place to drive to, a place for the pursuit of fiddler crabs by bare-legged boys, and a place for the enjoyment of clams and fish above all other forms of food. Disorderly crowds still gathered there. At the now magnificent eastern end men still hunted yellow-legged sand pipers, and at the western end, among the barracks on the sand, the burglars and ruffians, who were then permitted to maintain an aristocracy among the criminals of the city, hid and spent their plunder in debauchery.

It was in July, 1877, that the great modern hotel at Manhattan Beach was opened; but as we look back upon the evolution of the eastern end of the island we know that it was not until two great corporations had spent more than a million and a half of dollars and erected the three great hotels that are now there that Coney Island became what I have called it, the pioneer in the provision of seaside pleasure with modern improvements. The development is part of the progress of our centennial era. The Manhattan Beach Hotel was opened in 1877, and Brighton Beach is one year younger. The palatial Oriental Hotel at Manhattan Beach was put up at about the same time, being built and completely furnished in ninety days.

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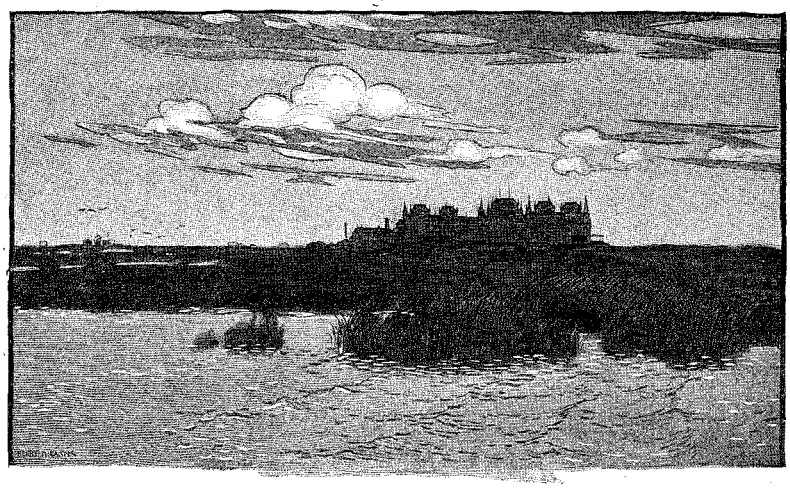

The Oriental Hotel from across the Meadows.

When all three were opened and, in time, the original sand was covered with a garden of grass and broad walks of cool gray coquina, when the bath-houses gave place to "bathing establishments," and the best band-masters of the time led grand orchestras by the surf side, we began to enjoy that to which we now refer when we speak of Coney Island.

That was the first made-to-order resort in America; the first resort which, instead of developing its own capital, had capital brought to it and lavished upon it in the manner in which so many great nineteenth century enterprises, banking upon certain prosperity, have leaped from nothing into full-fledged perfection. Up to that time our summer resorts had begun with single roadside taverns and grown into villages, the first tavern growing, usually, a few feet wider, a few feet longer, and a few feet higher each year. A white frame house, a wide veranda, a sanded bar-room, and a long line of carriage-sheds were the outward, visible signs of such a place and the internal comforts were such as we might get from a negress in the kitchen, some country maidens in starched calico to serve the fried chicken, the cheese, and the pie, and in our bedrooms from musty ingrain carpet, startling wall paper, and painted pine furniture. This pattern of place has not yet been relegated to history. It dies hard. Long Island and New Jersey still know it in abundance.

If such a place was by the seaside, there was but one form of bathing apparatus at the beach—a row of tumble-down sentry boxes standing in drunken lines upon the sand, each as hot as a Mozambique shanty, each one fretted with rusty nails for clothes hooks, and each appointed with a pail which you were lucky not to have to fill with fresh water for yourself. If a bather had not left his valuables at home he hid them in the toes of his shoes or in the dark crannies of the bath-house. All along the ocean side of Long Island to-day these collections of ramshackle boxes serve a few visitors, and deter the majority from bathing. They are in almost every resort the property of a bare-legged rustic, tanned the color of plug tobacco, who has preëmpted the beach, who charges more for his mediæval accommodations than the best would be worth, and who even sets up disreputable arbors of tree poles and dried evergreen, precisely like the burial places of the wildest savages, and collects toll for the shade they cast upon the sand.

Until Manhattan and Brighton Beaches were established we knew no better than this. We knew no assurance of protection from thieves or rowdies, no way to dodge the drunkenness of excursionists, no hope of faring better than upon chowder, fish, or ham and eggs, and no possibility of bathing without coming away dirtier than we went in. Luxury and elegance—except in the forms of fresh air and foliage—we expected to leave behind us, intelligent service we supposed to be confined to the capitals of commerce, and we did not miss good plumbing and policemen because we had never given them a thought in connection with natural attractions.

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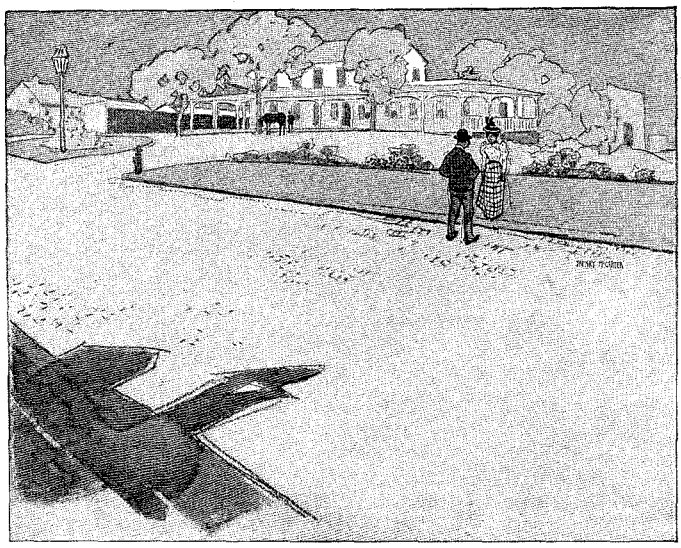

Old Raven Hall Road-house.

We can scarcely carry to the distance of to-day the remembrance of the full shock of delight with which we enjoyed the new sensations at the new beaches. How wonderful the railways seemed, with their long and almost perilously swift trains of coaches that were built like our summer horse-cars, open on both sides to the view of the ancient Dutch villages and farms whose names we had been reading, ever since we were born, upon the quaint-covered wagons that bring our fresh vegetables to market in the height of each summer. We had seen the Dutch farm wives and daughters jolting into town on their canvas-covered loads, and now we saw them again picking the pease and the lettuce and cabbage in the fields, in a way that seemed, as it was, more European than home-like. And, presently, we rattled across Coney Island Creek and its adjacent marsh, and found ourselves at a brand new sort of seaside, platted with fine grass, set with aloes and palms in huge vases, crowded by orderly battalions of smartly dressed city folk and with only the blue, sounding sea unchanged and natural. All this we saw from the noble porch of an immense latter-day hotel, substantial, costly, and excellent in every way. One of these houses offered dining accommodations for thirty-eight hundreds of persons at once, and the other was almost as generously ordered. All about us were people refreshing themselves in a vast room of which the veranda formed a part, for it, too, bore tables equipped with milk-white napery, and sparkling glass and heavy plate. We ventured to test the restaurant, and instead of receiving a visit from a bullet-headed country girl in calico were waited upon by a professional waiter from France or Germany, bearing a bill of fare that we presently characterized as "like Delmonico's." And so, from a wide variety of necessaries and delicacies, we chose a delicious dinner and ate it under the spur

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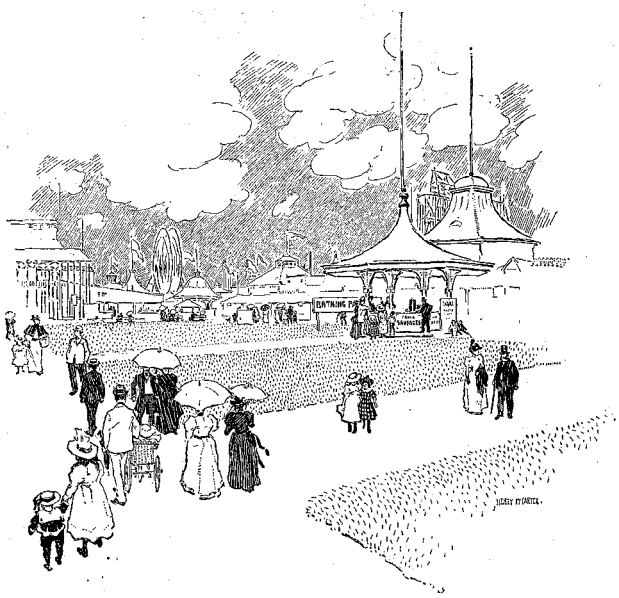
of good service, fresh, cool air, a merry crowd of neighbors, and that best of all sauces, agreeable novelty.

There, many of us first saw an abundance of electric lights, newly popularized at the Philadelphia Centennial and, as if to impress upon us the part which that world's fair played in enlarging all our comforts and elegances, there rose above our heads on Coney Island the tall skeleton tower which had been the highest object at the Centennial, and we were pulled to and fro, on the Marine Railway, by locomotives from the same exposition. Sooner or later we joined the crowd in bathing. Thousands used to stand in line awaiting their turns to enter the great bath-houses, so that it was evident to the dullest mind that for some reason surf-bathing, just then and there, was more popular than it had ever been anywhere else in America. We know now that, under the most favorable circumstances, sea-bathing is a great deal of a trial and a bore; that it is those who live farthest from old ocean who bathe most in her billows, and that, wherever there is a fixed sea-side community of cottages, there is very little surf-bathing indeed. Even at Coney Island, the surf-bathers form a very small minority of the visitors in these years, but at that time this was not the case. Long cues of hundreds of men and women and children tailed along the coquina walks that led to the impressive buildings enclosing the dressing-rooms. The reason for this new enthusiastic interest in the old sport was that here, also, there had been a great bound from savagery to modern convenience. The dressing-rooms were larger than those to which we had been used, and in each was a looking-glass, a seat, clothes hooks, a grated floor, and a faucet for the release of running water. But the approach to these compartments was what most pleased us. The roomy outer building was at least as fine an example of carpentry as we had seen in any country hotel, and the conveniences for the bath with which we were served went delightfully beyond our experience and expectations. Take the item of dry towels alone: We had been accustomed to ones that were damp if not actually wet, but now we got them dry and sometimes hot and sweet from the steam laundry. So it was with the bathing suits. We had fancied it essential that they should be clammy and certain to strike a chill to our spinal columns when we put them on, but these also were dry and clean and sweet; all woollen suits, in those days, if I remember right.



Lower End of Culver's Park, West Brighton.

"A safe is provided, free, for your valuables," several signs announced; and what a safe it was! Even now, many of us have seen no larger treasure-box, than the enormous casket of steel that we saw through a barrier of coarse net-work, attended by nimble clerks. These used to climb upon the face of the great steel closet to reach the upper tiers of the hundreds, perhaps thousands of little drawers, into which were stored our watches and larger or smaller rolls of

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A West Brighton Concert Hall.

surf, and sought our sentry-box, lo! the door pushed open with a slight pressure as readily as if we had not locked it. But, now, at Brighton and Manhattan Beaches we locked up our clothing soundly and tight, and went jingling to the surf with two rubber collars and several kinds and pieces of metal hung proudly round our necks, as full of conscious elegance and up-to-date-ativeness as ever a Pawnee belle set out for a sun-dance. We were treated as persons of some distinction as well, for the bathing beach was walled in against the idle, the curious, and the unclean, and that was a grateful novelty after having bathed in the presence of all New Jersey or all Long Island wherever else we had been.

greenbacks, our studs and pins and bracelets and brooches—all of which we first sealed up in baglike envelopes and ornamented with our signatures. We had come to the safe with a bath-house key, which had a numbered brass disk attached to it, the key, in turn, being fastened to a long loop of rubber to be worn around our necks, in the water. And now the custodians of our valuables presented to us another key and disc and rubber necklace—astonishing novelties to us who had been accustomed to stowing our watches in our shoes, and then leaving our door-key with the beach-comber who seemed to own the ocean, until, when we emerged from the

Those were delightful first sensations, and the fact that we know better ones now does not rob us of the pleasure of these recollections. We have since seen beautiful dressing-rooms, with a chair in each, and a brush and comb, and varnished walls and a rug, and a separate

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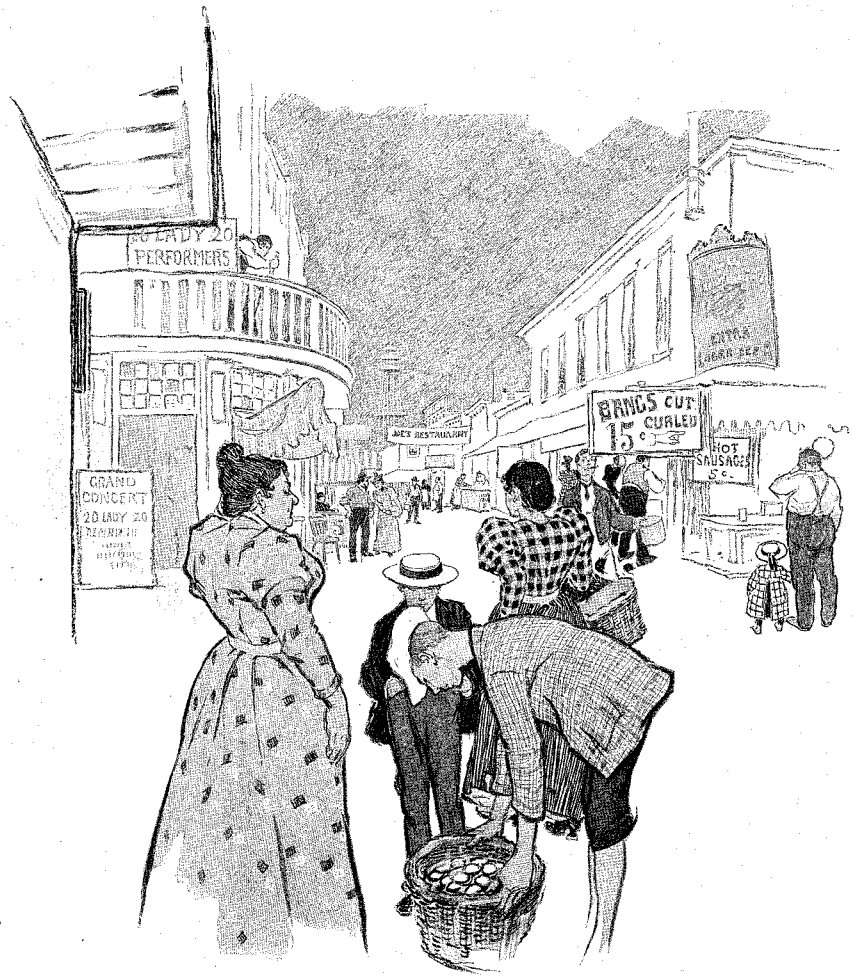

Morning on the Bowery.

tub and shower, beside a cool and airy assembly room set with madras chairs, with places in them for glasses full of cool drink—but that is so exceptional that we would still be satisfied if all the surf resorts were as well appointed as the eastern end of Coney Island was fifteen or seventeen years ago, and is to-day.

I went there at midsummer when this article was written, and found that the novelty had worn away like thin plating off a restaurant spoon. Only 3,030 persons had bathed in one of the best establishments on the Fourth of July, and on the preceding Sunday only 2,050, so that not above ten or twelve thousand can have sought the surf on the entire island on the "biggest" day. What is that for a crowd where eight millions of persons gather during the ninety days of the season? The once triumphant rattle of the bath-house jewelry upon my neck sounded vulgar instead of *fin de siècle*, and whether it was that the water was chilly, or whether it was due to the unpleasantness of soaking one's apparel with brine and sand, it was a fact that few of us went into the billows for more than a ceremonious plunge. Instead, we lolled in the sun upon the hot, dry sand, and chatted with the girls and women and embanked their limbs in grave-like hillocks the while we anticipated in our chatter the de-

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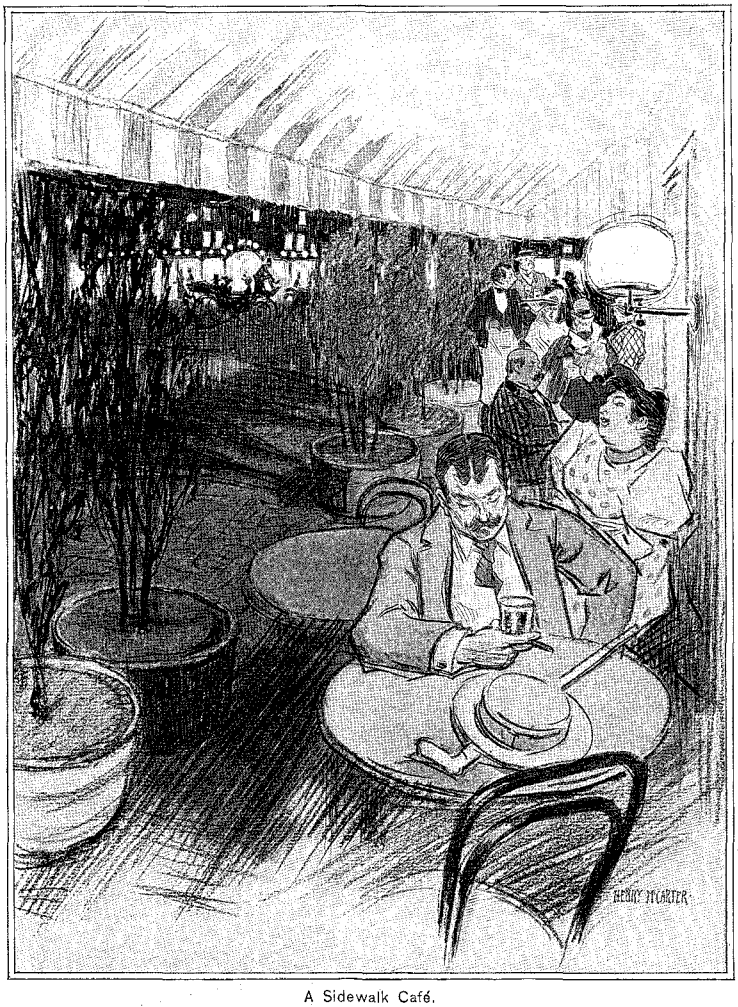
lights of the music and the dinner that were to come. I noticed, too, a very strange fact strongly indicative of a popular sharing of my own pessimistic opinion of surf-bathing, and that was the general habit of smoking in bath uniform on the part of the men. Nearly all of them had brought cigars or cigarettes out of their dressing-rooms to enjoy as they lounged in the sand. One very tall youth, I recall, carried a cigarette between his lips and two over each ear, where, I suspect, he was more used to putting pens and pencils. It needs not to be said that men who enjoy bathing do not court the sea-nymphs with fire in their mouths, and I came away with the new idea that what brought my neighbors into that bath enclosure was the barbarous but natural desire to free themselves from the fetters of prim modern dress and revel, loose and free, in the sunshine and the sand.

After the bath there was a choice of concerts. One was by Seidl's orchestra straining to be popular, and the other was by Sousa's band straining to be classical. Both sets of musicians were prettily housed in airy pavilions of great capacity and it was noticeable, that half as many persons as paid to sit in the pavilions lingered close by on the verandas and the stone walks drinking in the beautiful strains that escaped to the outer air. It is said, that persons whose blood is strongly European abound in the audiences at these concerts. To them these concerts seem in thorough keeping with the rest of the attractions of a great resort, for we borrowed this feature from Europe, but to us Americans of the third to the tenth degree Coney Island introduced them as a novelty. We had heard Theodore Thomas in an uptown summer garden, but at the seaside resorts our only music came from the rheumatic instruments which a danc-



A Sidewalk Café.

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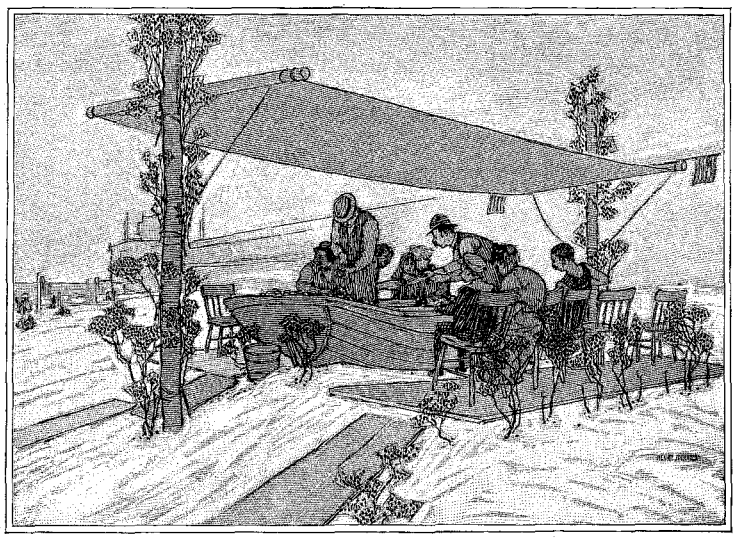

The Old Clam-boat.

ing master marshalled for his nightly dances in the hotel parlors. On Coney Island, at the outset, the great bands played to the crowds free for all who cared to listen, but the season is so short and the cost of the music (something like $40,000 in a season) is so great that it became necessary to house the players and charge an admission fee, against which, I think, there never has been any protest. At night, the concerts compete with a grand fireworks exhibition — a London diversion, the like of which we never saw anywhere else than here, and still believe to be as splendid and dazzling a sight as the hand of man can create.

These were the novelties and triumphs for whose delights we owe gratitude to Coney Island. It will be noticed that they confine their territory to the newer or east end of the island, for it is a fact that the house in the shape of an elephant and, possibly, the iron steamboats and the first iron pier into the ocean were the only innovations that the older or western half of the resort brought forward; and yet, it seems to me, that if we were to die to-day and take our memories to another planet, much of that recollection would carry us back to that transplanted Old World fair. For a transplanted Old World fair is what the older portion of Coney Island suggests—the amusement annex of such a fair, at least; and on a scale so large as to make the hodge-podge seem a novelty. The principal avenue through it is well called "the Bowery," a title which is at once amply and minutely descriptive to the born New Yorker, who has all his life called that which is cheap and yet pretentious, that which is loud, that which is beer-sodden, and that which is "faked" or made-up or make-believe — all by the comprehensive term "Bowery." There is not a thing (except the fireworks), on the higher-priced end of the island that cannot be obtained or witnessed at the cheaper end, but there are scores of attractions at the hurly-burly end that the more exclusive region does not hold forth. The peculiar theory of some religionists that we shall have differing heavens, to conform to our mundane ideas and tastes, gets some confirmation from the fact that ten go to the Bowery where one frequents the better beaches. Most excursionists who set apart a day for Coney Island put aside a generous sum to spend there—to "throw away" as we say. The resolution is eloquently expressed in the manners of the men, whether they are rotund old fellows in fine cloth ordering "the best" for their exquisite wives at Manhattan Beach, or wide-eyed mechanics clutching the arms of pallid sweethearts and pushing them through the perspiring mob around the elephant. And some, near the elephant, have set aside money sufficient for a day within sound of Seidl's orchestra, yet they prefer the oom-pah bands of rusted brass. They would rather have a luncheon of Frankfurters and lager and a dinner of

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Beach Hotel at West Brighton.

roasted clams and melted butter, than the finicky food and precise surroundings away from the hurly-burly where nostalgia eats up appetite. And the queer thing is, that each sort of persons makes his cast-iron, habitual choice and calls it "seeing life;" whereas if the masses sent a deputation to Brighton and Manhattan and a few of the few spent an occasional day in the Bowery, they would really see life and learn a great deal, and alas! be more or less unhappy.

Even now, that the political baron who sowed vice in western Coney Island, and fattened on it, has gone to jail and his bailiwick has become a part of Brooklyn, that end is the most bewildering, noisy approach to bedlam that we know of in America. The singers in the concert halls and the variety shows have lengthened their dresses and abbreviated their misbehavior, and the worst criminals who swindled the people or pandered to their weaknesses have been banished, so that the place does not reek with evil as it did; but it is still the seat of a delirium of raw pleasure. Physically, the place is a sort of Chinatown of little frame buildings set about, helter-skelter, like a cityful of houses in a panic. Aurally it is a riot of the noises of roller-coasters, from two to six stories high; of test-your-lungs and test-your-strength and test-your-grip machines; of shooting-galleries and "see-if-you-can-hit-the-nigger's head" contrivances; of those

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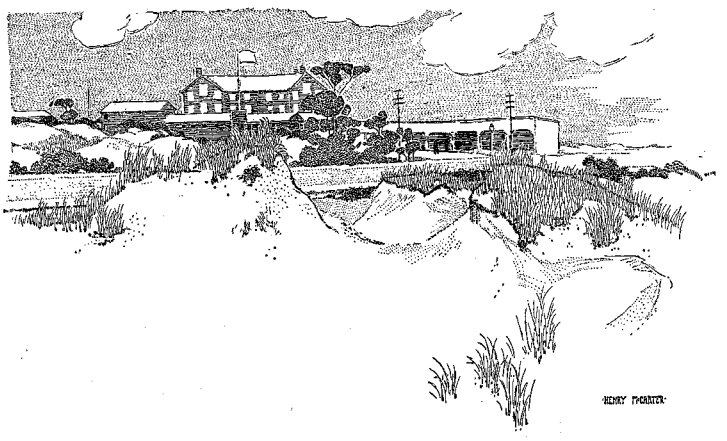

McPherson's Hotel—from the Sand-dunes.

strange merry-go-rounds which seem to be manufactured exclusively in New Utrecht, L. I., of animals designed by a baker of ginger-bread; of razzle-dazzle rings that go all ways at once, like a ship's compass; of a band of howling Sioux; of the yells of the shouters in front of the freak museums; of rocking-boat devices that would make Neptune seasick if he rode in them; of "ring-the-cane and get-a-cigar" lay-outs; of hand-organs, of yelling sea-bathers; in short, of pandemonium.

I like to go there, once in a while, to see the iron steamboats and the steam and trolley cars fling their loads of the poorer city folk upon the sands, complacent and at ease, beside the nervous, uncertain country people who come, a thousand at a time, upon the irregular excursion boats. What Barney and Julia, from the tenements, go to "the Bowery" for I do not know, unless it is to enjoy the triumph of their own sagacity in not ever, by any chance, being victimized by the museum men and the fakirs who prey upon the unsophisticated. Barney looks on, from the outside, at all the clumsy traps for the unwary, and loves to guy the touts, who stand without, coaxing the people in.

"Say, cully," he says when he catches the eye of a roper-in, "is de fish bitin' good to-day?"

And Julia says of him proudly, to the other girls in the tenement at home: "Dere was a man tried to git Barney to take a chance on a watch, but Barney don't buy gold bricks an' he never blows out de gas."

What Barney and Julia like at Coney Island is the bathing in the afternoon when Barney "berhaves terrible—" by endeavoring to duck his sweetheart; wherefore he chases her, screaming, all through the crowds—and at night the dancing. There are what are called dancing pavilions at the western end, where the music scarcely pauses between seven o'clock and that hour which is invariably called "de las' boat." It is when we see Barney and Julia dancing that we realize the feelings of the Oriental potentate who said, "I never dance myself; I hire it done." The city boys and girls described their own fashion of dancing when they gave the name of "pivoters" to the thousands of girls who are seized with such a madness for dancing that they spend every night in the dance halls and the picnic parks. Julia stands erect, with her body as rigid as a poker and with her left arm straight out from her shoulder like an upraised pump-handle. Barney slouches up to her, and bends his back so that he can put his chin on one of Julia's shoulders and she can do the same by him. Then, instead of dancing with a free, lissome, graceful, gliding step, they pivot or spin, around and around, within the smallest circle that can be drawn around them. The expression of Barney's face is usually that of grim, determined effort, like that of one who is taking part in a trial of endurance; but Julia's eyes are uplifted, like those of a maid at her devotions, and a settled, almost sanctified calm is upon her features. On the last boat a great crowd of these honest young people is apt to gather on the upper deck, aft, where the young men practise that repartee which is quite as

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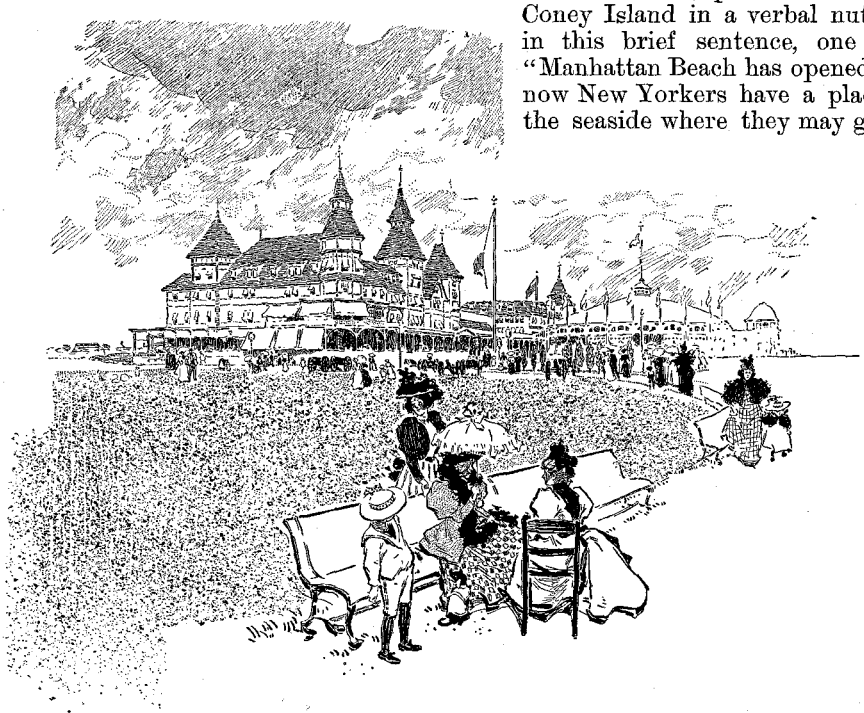
sharp and vastly more kindly than the wit of the London street folk. And before the Narrows are reached Julia has taken off her hat and gone to sleep on Barney's breast, held there by the arm that he puts ostentatiously and defiantly about her waist; and he smokes in a silence that is only broken by the tuned breathing of one of the younger Barneys, who has brought his mouth-organ along and has glued it to his lips.

This glance at all parts of Coney Island shows us that while it has some of the main features of the great watering-places of Europe, it is yet different from all of them in being purely and wholly an excursion resort. It is true that the Oriental Hotel at Manhattan Beach is



Manhattan Beach Hotel.

the summer home of hundreds, but the secret of that hotel's success and the charm of it is, that it is not at Coney Island at all, nor even at Manhattan Beach, as its proprietors say, but is, of and by itself, cut off from all the neighborhood, with its own beach and, I was going to say, its own ocean. Its tenants see the tip-ends of the fireworks and they hear the tooting of the railway locomotives, but these things are, to them, like seeing Saturn and hearing the distant guns of a man-of-war in New York Harbor. What is peculiar to Coney Island is that no one lives there. It embraces practically no cottage settlement — none at all, except a few homes of those who are in business there—and from one point of view, all its tenements, halls, hotels, and houses are temporary, like its delights, all being wooden, however costly some may be. Other resorts offer change and rest, but Coney Island offers only change. A reporter having to announce the formal opening of one of the beaches there, put the case of Coney Island in a verbal nutshell in this brief sentence, one day: "Manhattan Beach has opened, and now New Yorkers have a place by the seaside where they may go for dinner, spend an evening enjoyably, and get home at a reasonable time."

That is true, and since that is all Coney Island is for, we understand why it is peculiar among the really crowded resorts in the absence of summer costumes among its votaries. What we call the typical "summer girl" is seen there,

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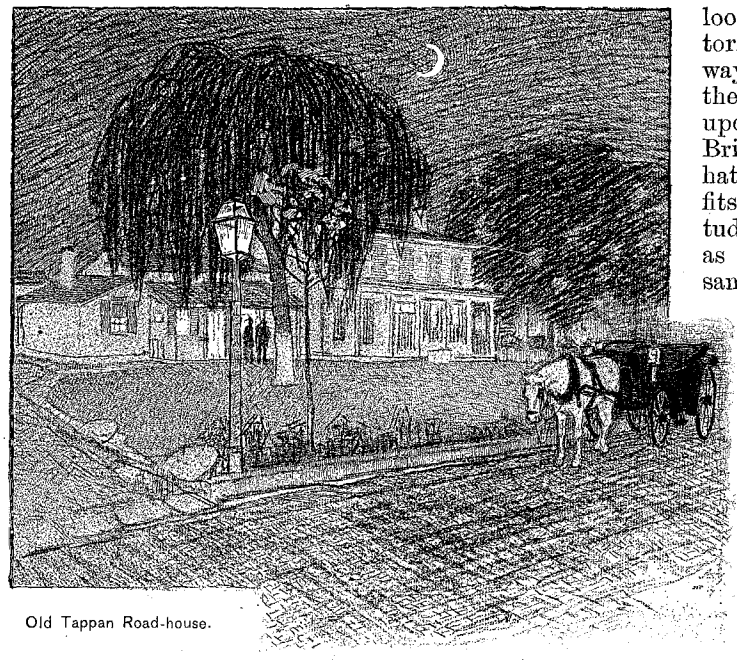

Old Tappan Road-house.

looks like a tatter torn out of Broadway and when, after the races, it bursts upon the verandas of Brighton and Manhattan Beaches, it fits into the multitude there precisely as if it was of the same web and woof. Another bit of evidence that Coney Island's crowds are made up most largely of those who are town-stayed all summer, lies in the color of the crowd's hands and faces. From the waxen whiteness of the women and girls whose waking hours are spent amid gaslight, to the pinker hue of the men who have leisure to walk to and from luncheon—if not to business—every morning the color of all is the same and only the shades of it differ. How much more admirable, how almost blessed, Coney Island seems in the light of these facts! How grand an acquisition it is for us to possess a beach to which we can go in an hour at the cost of a quarter of a dollar, to get a new environment and have old ocean's pure tonic breath blow the cobwebs out of our brain—and then, as the chronicler saith, "get home at a reasonable time."

now and then, in sailor hat and thin white gown, but her champion in white flannels, yachting cap, and tennis shoes never, perhaps, set foot on this glistening strand. In his place we see the costumes of Broadway and the Stock Exchange, of Tompkins Square and Central Park. On summer Saturdays the clerks and merchants and the professional men who are kept in town, take an early luncheon in the city and catch the Bay Ridge boat for the races at Sheepshead Bay, across the creek from the island. Such a crowd, dressed as this is, would look out of place in Saratoga or Narragansett Pier, but on the boat it

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DE PROFUNDIS

By Rosamund Marriott Watson

THROUGH the melancholy winter sunset
Pale with shores of pearl, and seas of amber,
High in air above the silent garden,
Floats a song of sweet, of strange denial,
Clear and mellow, insolent with triumph,
Though the snow-wind sighs about the branches
Of the bare trees
Stark in dank and dripping desolation,
In this graveyard that was once a garden
Rich with sun and redolent of plenty—
Once?—ah never—Nay, but look, but listen.

. . . . . .

Joy of joys! a blackbird in the cedar,
Flings a golden gauntlet of defiance,
Gallant and gay.
Dares the winter to his worst endeavor—
And the boughs once more,
Rustle thick with leaves and jewelled fruitage;
Loose-leaved roses blossom by the fountain
In the perfumed dusk:
See, the skies are hung with summer purple,
Summer stars and dew.

. . . . . .

Dear, with us, too,
So it shall be, though the gray years darken;
Though a wintry world lie waste around us
Thus it shall be, and the cold close find us
Neither old, nor sad, nor hope-forsaken;
Here the spring shall linger quick and fragrant,
Here the full heart still shall sing of summer.

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ON THE POETRY OF PLACE NAMES

By Brander Matthews

PLUTARCH tells us that the tragedian Æsopus, when he spoke the opening lines of the "Atreus," a tragedy by Attius,

I'm Lord of Argos, heir of
Pelops' crown.
As far as Helle's sea, and Ion's main
Beat on the Isthmus,

entered so keenly into the spirit of this lofty passage that he struck dead at his feet a slave who approached too near to the person of royalty; and Professor Tyrrel notes how these verses affect us with "the weight of names great in myth-land and hero-land," and he suggests that they produce "a vague impression of majesty," like Milton's

Jousted in Aspromont or Montalban,
Damasco or Morocco or Trebizond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric's shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia.

It is a question how far the beauty of the resonant lines of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, where the news of the fall of Troy is flashed along the chain of beacons from hill-top to promontory is due even more to the mere sounds of the proper names than it is to the memories these mighty names evoke. Far inferior to this, and yet deriving its effect also from the sonorous roll of the lordly proper names (which had perhaps lingered in the poet's memory ever since the travels of his childhood), is the passage in the "Hernani" of Victor Hugo, when the new emperor ordering all the conspirators to be set free who are not of noble blood, the hero steps forward hotly to declare his rank:

Puisqu'il faut être grand pour mourir, je
me lève.
Dieu qui donne le sceptre et qui te le donna
M'a fait duc de Segorbe et duc de Cardona,
Marquis de Mouroy, comte Albatera, vicomte
De Gor, seigneur de lieux dont j'ignore le
compte.
Je suis Jean d'Aragon, grand maître d'Avis, én
Dans l'exil, fils proscrit d'un père assassiné
Par sentence du tien, roi Carlos de Castille!

Lowell, after telling us that "precisely what makes the charm of poetry is what we cannot explain any more than we can describe a perfume," proceeds to point out that it is a prosaic passage of Drayton's "Poly-Olbion" which gave a hint to Wordsworth, thus finely utilized in one of the later bard's "Poems on the Naming of Places:"—

Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld
That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.
The Rock, like something starting from a sleep,
Took up the Lady's voice, and laughed again;
The ancient Woman seated on Helm-crag
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar,
And the tall steep of Silver-how, sent forth
A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,
And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone;
Helvellyn, far into the clear blue sky,
Carried the Lady's voice,—old Skiddaw blew
His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the clouds
Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head.

Longfellow has recorded his feeling that

The destined walls
Of Cambalu and of Cathain Can

(from the eleventh book of "Paradise Lost") is a "delicious line." Longfellow was always singularly sensitive to the magic power of words, and not long after that entry in his journal there is this other: "I always write the name October with especial pleasure. There is a secret charm about it, not to be defined. It is full of memories, it is full of dusky splendors, it is full of glorious poetry." And Poe was so taken with the melody of this same word that in "Ulalume" he invented a proper name merely that he might have a rhyme for it:

It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber

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In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

The charm of these lines is due mainly to their modulated music, and to the contrast of the vowel sounds in Auber and Weir, just as a great part of the beauty of Landor's exquisite lyric, "Rose Aylmer," is contained in the name itself. Is there any other reason why Mesopotamia should be a "blessèd word," save that its vowels and its consonants are so combined as to fill the ear with sweetness? Yet Mr. Lecky records Garrick's assertion that Whitfield could pronounce Mesopotamia so as to make a congregation weep. And others have found delight in repeating a couplet of Campbell's:

And heard across the waves' tumultuous roar
The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore—

a delight due, I think, chiefly to the unexpected combination of open vowels and sharp consonants in the single Eskimo word, the meaning of it being unknown and wholly unimportant, and the sound of it filling the ear with an unknown and yet awaited pleasure.

Just as Oonalaski strikes us at once as the fit title for a shore along which the lone wolf should howl, so Atchafalaya bears in its monotonous vowel a burden of melancholy, made more pitiful to us by our knowledge that it was the name of the dark water where Evangeline and Gabriel almost met in the night and then parted again for years. Charles Sumner wrote to Longfellow that Mrs. Norton considered "the scene on the Lake Atchafalaya, where the two lovers pass each other, so typical of life that she had a seal cut with that name upon it;" and shortly afterward Leopold, the king of the Belgians, speaking of "Evangeline," "asked her if she did not think the word Atchafalaya was suggestive of experience in life, and added that he was about to have it cut on a seal"—whereupon, to his astonishment, she showed him hers.

It would be difficult indeed to declare how much of the delight our ear may take in these words—Atchafalaya, Oonalaska, Mesopotamia—is due simply to their own melody, and how much to the memories they may stir. Here we may see one reason why the past seems so much more romantic than the present. In tales of olden time even the proper names linger in our ears with an echo of "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome." Here is, in fact, an unfair advantage which dead-and-gone heroes of foreign birth have over the men of our own day and our own country. "If we dilate in beholding the Greek energy, the Roman pride, it is that we are already domesticating the same sentiment," said Emerson in his essay on "Heroism," and he added that the first step of our worthiness was "to disabuse us of our superstitious associations with places and times." And he asks, "Why should these words, Athenian, Roman, Asia, and England so tingle in the ear? Where the heart is, there the muses, there the gods sojourn, and not in any geography of fame. Massachusetts, Connecticut River, and Boston Bay, you think paltry places, and the ear loves the names of foreign and classic topography. But here we are; and, if we hurry a little, we may come to learn that here is best. . . . The Jerseys were honest ground enough for Washington to tread."

Emerson penned these sentences in the first half of the nineteenth century, when we Americans were still fettered by the inherited shackles of colonialism. Fifty years after he wrote, it would have been hard to find an American who thought either Boston Bay or Massachusetts a paltry place. And Matthew Arnold has recorded that to him, when he was an undergraduate, Emerson was then "but a voice speaking from three thousand miles away; but so well he spoke that from that time forth Boston Bay and Concord were names invested to my ear with a sentiment akin to that which invests for me the names of Oxford and Weimar."

As for the Connecticut River, had not Thoreau done it the service Irving had rendered long before to the Hudson?—had he not given it a right to be set down in the geography of literature?

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It is well that we should be reminded now and again that the map which the lover of letters has in his mind's eye is different by a whole world from the projection which the schoolboy smears with his searching finger, since the tiny little rivers on whose banks great men grew to maturity, the Tiber and the Po, the Seine and the Thames, flow across its pages with a fuller stream than any Congo or Amazon. And on this literary map the name of not a few American rivers and hills and towns are now inscribed.

It is fortunate that many of the American places most likely to be mentioned in the poetic gazetteer have kept the liquid titles the aborigines gave them. "I climbed one of my hills yesterday afternoon and took a sip of Wachusett, who was well content that Monadnock was out of the way," wrote Lowell in a letter. "How lucky our mountains (many of them) are in their names, though they must find it hard to live up to them sometimes! The Anglo-Saxon sponsor would Nicodemus 'em to nothing in no time." It will be pitiful if the Anglo-Saxons on the Pacific coast allow Mount Tacoma to be Nicodemused to Mount Rainier, as the Anglo-Saxons of the Atlantic coast allowed Lake Andiatarocte to be Nicodemused into Lake George. Fenimore Cooper strove in vain for the acceptance of Horicon as the name of this lovely sheet of water, which the French discoverer called the Lake of the Holy Sacrament.

Marquette spoke of a certain stream as the River of the Immaculate Conception, although the Spaniards were already familiar with it as the River of the Holy Spirit; and later Lasalle called it after Colbert; but an Algonquin word meaning "many waters" clung to it always; and so we know it now as the Mississippi. The Spaniard has been gone from its banks for more than a hundred years, and the Frenchman has followed the Indian, and the Anglo-Saxon now holds the mighty river from its source to its many mouths; but the broad stream bears to-day the name the red men gave it. And so also the Ohio keeps its native name though the French hesitated between "St. Louis" and "La Belle Rivière" as proper titles for it. Cataraqui is one old name for an American river, and Jacques Cartier accepted for this stream another Indian word, Hochelaga, but (as Professor Hinsdale reminds us), "St. Lawrence, the name that Cartier had given to the Gulf, unfortunately superseded it."

Much of the charm of these Indian words, Atchafalaya, Ohio, Andiatarocte, Tacoma, is due no doubt to their open vowels, but is not some of it to be ascribed to our ignorance of their meanings? We may chance to know that Mississippi signifies "many waters" and that Minnehaha can be interpreted as "laughing water," but that is the furthermost border of our knowledge. If we were all familiar with the Algonquin dialects, I fancy that the fascination of many of these names would fade swiftly. And yet perhaps it would not, for we could never be on as friendly terms with the Indian language as we are with our own; and there is ever a suggestion of the mystic in the foreign tongue.

We engrave *Souvenir* on our sweetheart's bracelet or brooch; but the French for this purpose prefer *Remember*. "The difficulty of translation lies in the *color* of words," Longfellow declared. "Is the Italian *ruscilletto gorgoglioso* fully rendered by *gurgling brooklet?* Or the Spanish *pajaros vocingleros* by *garrulous birds?* Something seems wanting. Perhaps it is only the fascination of foreign and unfamiliar sounds; and to the Italian and Spanish ear the English words may seem equally beautiful."

After the death of the Duke of Wellington, Longfellow wrote a poem on "The Warden of the Cinque Ports;" and to us Americans there was poetry in the very title. And yet it may be questioned whether the Five Ports are necessarily any more poetic than the Five Points or the Seven Dials. So also Sanguelac strikes us as far loftier than Bloody Pond, but is it really? I have wondered often whether to a Jew of the first century Aceldama, the field of blood, and Golgotha, the place of a skull, were not perfectly commonplace designations, quite as common in fact as Bone Gulch or Hangman's Hollow

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would be to us, and conveying the same kind of suggestion.

We are always prone to accept the unknown as the magnificent—if I may translate the Latin phrase—to put a higher value on the things veiled from us by the folds of a foreign language. The Bosporus is a more poetic place than Oxford, though the meaning of both names is the same. Montenegro fills our ears and raises our expectations higher than could any mere Black Mountain. "The Big River" is but a vulgar nickname, and yet we accept the equivalent Guadalquivir and Rio Grande; we even allow ourselves sometimes to speak of the Rio Grande River—which is as tautological as De Quincey declared the name of Mrs. Barbauld to be. Bridgeport is as prosaic as may be, while Alcantara has a remote and romantic aroma, and yet the latter word signifies only "the bridge." We can be neighborly, most of us, with the White Mountains; but we feel a deeper respect for Mont Blanc and the Weisshorn and the Sierra Nevada.

Sometimes the hard facts are twisted arbitrarily to force them into an imported falsehood. Elberon, where Garfield died, was founded by one L. B. Brown, so they say, and the homely name of the owner was thus contorted to make a seemingly exotic appellation for the place. And they say also that the man who once dammed a brook amid the pines of New Jersey had three children, Carrie, Sally, and Joe, and that he bestowed their united names upon Lake Carasaljo, the artificial piece of water on the banks of which Lakewood now sits salubriously. In Mr. Cable's "John March, Southerner," one of the characters explains, "You know an ancestor of his founded Suez. That's how it got it's name. His name was Ezra and her's was Susan, don't you see?" And I have been told of a Californian town which the first-comers called Hell-to-Pay, and which has since experienced a change of heart and become Eltopia.

In the third quarter of the nineteenth century a thirst for self-improvement raged among the villages of the lower Hudson River, and many a modest settlement thought to better itself and to rise in the world by the assumption of a more swelling style and title. When a proposition was made to give up the homely Dobb's Ferry for something less plebeian, the poet of "Nothing to Wear" rhymed a pungent protest:

They say "Dobbs" ain't melodious,
It's "horrid," "vulgar," "odious,"
In all their crops it sticks;
And then the worse addendum
Of "Ferry" does offend 'em
More than its vile prefix.
Well, it does seem distressing,
But, if I'm good at guessing,
Each one of these same nobs
If there was money in it,
Would ferry in a minute,
And change his name to Dobbs!

That's it, they're not partic'lar,
Respecting the auric'lar,
At a stiff market rate;
But Dobbs's special vice is,
That he keeps down the prices
Of all their real estate!
A name so unattractive
Keeps villa-sites inactive,
And spoils the broker's jobs;
They think that speculation
Would rage at "Paulding's station,"
Which stagnates now at "Dobbs."

In the later stanzas Mr. Butler denounces changes nearer to New York:

Down there, on old Manhattan,
Where land-sharks breed and fatten,
They wiped out Tubby Hook.
That famous promontory,
Renowned in song and story,
Which time nor tempest shook,
Whose name for aye had been good,
Stands newly christened "Inwood,"
And branded with the shame
Of some old rogue who passes
By dint of aliases,
Afraid of his own name!

See how they quite outrival,
Plain barnyard Spuytenduyvil,
By peacock Riverdale,
Which thinks all else it conquers,
And over homespun Yonkers,
Spreads out its flaunting tail!

No loyal Manhattener but would regret to part with Spuytenduyvil and Yonkers and Harlem, and the other good old names that recall the good old Dutchmen who founded New Amsterdam. Few loyal Manhattaners, I think, but would be glad to see the Greater New York they hear so much about (when at last it shall be an accomplished fact) dignified by a name less absurd than New York. If Pesth and

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Buda could come together and become Budapest, why may not the Greater New York resume the earlier name and be known to the world as Manhattan? Why should the people of this great city of ours let the Anglo-Saxons "Nicodemus us to nothing," or less than nothing, with a name so pitiful as New York? "I hope and trust," wrote Washington Irving, "that we are to live to be an old nation, as well as our neighbors, and have no idea that our cities when they shall have attained to venerable antiquity shall still be dubbed New York and New London and new this and new that, like the Pont Neuf (the new bridge) at Paris which is the oldest bridge in that capital, or like the Vicar of Wakefield's horse, which continued to be called the colt until he died of old age."

Whenever any change shall be made we must hope that the new will be not only more euphonious than the old, but more appropriate and more stately. Perhaps Hangtown in California made a change for the better many years ago when it took the name of Marysville; but perhaps Marysville was not the best name it could have taken. "We will be nothing but Anglo-Saxons in the old world or in the new," wrote Matthew Arnold when he was declaring the beauty of Celtic literature, "and when our race has built Bold Street in Liverpool, and pronounced it very good, it hurries across the Atlantic, and builds Nashville and Jacksonville and Milledgeville, and thinks it is fulfilling the designs of Providence in an incomparable manner." In this sentence the criticism cuts both British habits and American. Later in life Matthew Arnold sharpened his knife again for use on the United States alone. "What people," he asked, "in whom the sense for beauty and fitness was quick could have invented or tolerated the hideous names ending in ville—the Briggsvilles, Higginsvilles, Jacksonvilles — rife from Maine to Florida?"

Now it must be confessed at once that we have no guard against a thrust like that. Such names do abound and they are of unsurpassed hideousness. But could not the same blow have got home as fatally had it been directed against his own country? A glance at any gazetteer of the British Isles would show that the British are quite as vulnerable as the Americans. In fact this very question of Matthew Arnold's suggested to an anonymous American rhymster the perpetration of a copy of verses, the quality of which can be gauged by these first three stanzas:

Of Briggsville and Jacksonville
I care not now to sing,
They make me sad and very mad,
My inmost soul they wring.
I'll hie me back to England,
And straightway I will go
To Boxford and to Swaffham,
To Plunger and Loose Hoe.

At Scrooby and at Gonexby,
At Wigton and at Smeeth,
At Bottesford and Runcorn,
I need not grit my teeth.
At Swineshead and at Crummock,
At Sibsey and Spithead,
Stoke Pogis and Wolsoken
I will not wish me dead.

At Horbling and at Skidby,
At Chipping Ongar, too,
At Botterel Stotterdon and Swops,
At Skellington and Skew,
At Piddleton and Blumsdown,
At Shanklin and at Smart,
At Gosberton and Wrangle
I'll soothe this aching heart.

To discover a mote in our neighbor's eyes does not remove the mote in our own, however much immediate relief it may give us from the acuteness of our pain. When Matthew Arnold animadverted upon "the jumbles of unnatural and inappropriate names everywhere," he may have had in mind the most absurd medley existing anywhere in the world—the handful of Greek and Roman names of all sorts which was sown broadcast over the western part of New York State. Probably this region of misfortune it was that Irving was thinking about when he denounced the "shallow affectation of scholarship," and told how "the whole catalogue of ancient worthies is shaken out of the back of Lemprière's classical dictionary, and a wide region of wild country is sprinkled over with the names of heroes, poets, sages of antiquity, jumbled into the most whimsical juxtaposition."

Along the road from Dublin, going south to Bray, the traveller finds Dum-

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drum and Stillorgan, as though—to quote the remarks of the Irish friend who gave me these facts—a band of wandering musicians had broken up and scattered their names along the highway. For sheer ugliness it would be hard to beat two other proper names near Dublin, where the Sallynoggin road runs into the Glenageary.

It may be that these words sound harsher in our strange ears than they do to a native wonted to their use. We take the unknown for the magnificent sometimes, no doubt; but sometimes also we take it for the ridiculous. To us New Yorkers, for instance, there is nothing absurd or ludicrous in the sturdy name of Schenectady; perhaps there is even a hint of stateliness in the syllables. But when Mr. Laurence Hutton was in the north of Scotland some years ago there happened to be in his party a young lady from that old Dutch town; and when a certain laird who lived in those parts chanced to be told that this young lady dwelt in Schenectady he was moved to inextinguishable laughter. He ejaculated the outlandish sounds again and again in the sparse intervals of his boisterous merriment. He announced to all his neighbors that among their visitors was a young lady from Schenectady, and all who called were presented to her, and at every repetition of the strange syllables his violent cachinnations broke forth afresh. Never had so comic a name fallen upon his ears; and yet he himself was the laird of Balduthro (pronounced Balduthy); his parish was Ironcross (pronounced Aron crouch); his railway-station was Kilconquhar (pronounced Kinŏcher), and his post-office was Pittenweem!

Robert Louis Stevenson was a Scotchman who had changed his point of view more often than the laird of Balduthro; he had a broader vision and a more delicate ear and a more refined perception of humor. When he came to these United States as an amateur immigrant on his way across the plains, he asked the name of a river from a brakeman on the train; and when he heard that the stream "was called the Susquehanna, the beauty of the name seemed part and parcel of the beauty of the land. As when Adam with divine fitness named the creatures, so this word Susquehanna was at once accepted by the fancy. That was the name, as no other could be, for that shining river and desirable valley."

And then Stevenson breaks from his narrative to sing the praises of our place-names. The passage is long for quotation in a paper where too much has been quoted already; and yet I should be derelict to my duty if I did not transcribe it here. Stevenson had lived among many peoples, and he was far more cosmopolitan than Matthew Arnold, and more willing therefore to dwell on beauties than on blemishes. "None can care for literature in itself," he begins, "who do not take a special pleasure in the sound of names; and there is no part of the world where nomenclature is so rich, poetical, humorous, and picturesque, as the United States of America. All times, races, and languages have brought their contribution. Pekin is in the same State with Euclid, with Bellefontaine and with Sandusky. Chelsea, with its London associations of red brick, Sloane Square, and the King's Road, is own suburb to stately and primeval Memphis; there they have their seat, translated names of cities, where the Mississippi runs by Tennessee and Arkansas. . . . Old, red Manhattan lies, like an Indian arrow-head under a steam-factory, below Anglified New York. The names of the States and Territories themselves form a chorus of sweet and most romantic vocables: Delaware, Ohio, Indiana, Florida, Dakota, Iowa, Wyoming, Minnesota, and the Carolinas; there are few poems with a nobler music for the ear; a songful, tuneful land; and if the new Homer shall arise from the Western continent, his verse will be enriched, his pages sing spontaneously with the names of States and cities that would strike the fancy in a business circular."

As Campbell had utilized the innate beauty of the word Wyoming, so Stevenson himself made a ballad on the dreaded name of Ticonderoga; and these are two of the proper names of modern America that sing themselves. But there is nothing canorous in

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Anglified New York; there is no sonority in its syllables; there is neither dignity nor truth in its obvious meaning. It might serve well enough as the address of a steam factory in a business circular; but it lacks absolutely all that the name of a metropolis demands. Stevenson thought that the new Homer would joy in working into his strong lines the beautiful nomenclature of America; but Washington Irving had the same anticipation, and it forced him to declare that if New York "were to share the fate of Troy itself, to suffer a ten years' siege, and be sacked and plundered, no modern Homer would ever be able to elevate the name to epic dignity." Irving went so far as to wish not only that New York City should be Manhattan again, but that New York State should be Ontario, the Hudson River the Mohegan, and the United States themselves Appalachia. Edgar Allan Poe, than whom none of our poets had a keener perception of the beauty of sounds and the fitness of words, approved of Appalachia as the name of the whole country.

Perhaps we must wait yet a little while for Appalachia and Ontario and the Mohegan;—but has not the time come to dig up that old red arrow-head, Manhattan, and fit it to a new shaft?

A THOUSAND MILES THROUGH THE ALPS

By Sir W. Martin Conway

WHEN I began climbing mountains, almost a quarter of a century ago, mountaineering—at all events in the Alps—was a very different matter from what it is to-day. The age of Alpine conquest was even then approaching its close, but present conditions did not prevail and the sentiment of climbers was still that of pioneers.

The old-fashioned climber, the mountain hero of my boyhood, was a traveller and desired to be an explorer. When he went to the Alps he went to wander about and to rough it. Many peaks were still unclimbed and by most people conceived to be unclimbable. He probably thought he could reduce the number, and it was his chief ambition to do so. The desire to discover new routes, which still lingers among Alpine travellers, is a belated survival from the days when all the Alps were unclimbed. The rush of tourists that came with improved means of communication, and was accompanied by a development of railways, roads, and inns throughout the frequented and more accessible parts of Switzerland, could not be without effect upon mountaineering. The change showed itself chiefly in this respect, that the habitual climber, the man for whom Alpine climbing takes the place of another's fishing or shooting, ceased to be a traveller and acquired the habit of settling down for the whole time of his holiday in a comfortably furnished centre, whence he makes a series of ascents of the high mountains within its reach.

Previously mountaineering was one of the best forms of training for a traveller, and indeed supplied, for busy persons whose annual holiday must be short, experience of all the charms, excitements, and delights which reward the explorer of distant and unknown regions of the earth. The object of the journey now to be described was to discover whether the time had not come when a return might be made, on a novel footing, to the habits of Alpine pioneers. Of course the mystery is gone from the Alps—none but climbers know how completely. Every mountain and point of view of even third-rate importance has been ascended, most by many routes. Almost every gap between two peaks has been traversed as a pass. The publications of some dozen mountaineering societies have recorded these countless expeditions in rows of volumes of ap-

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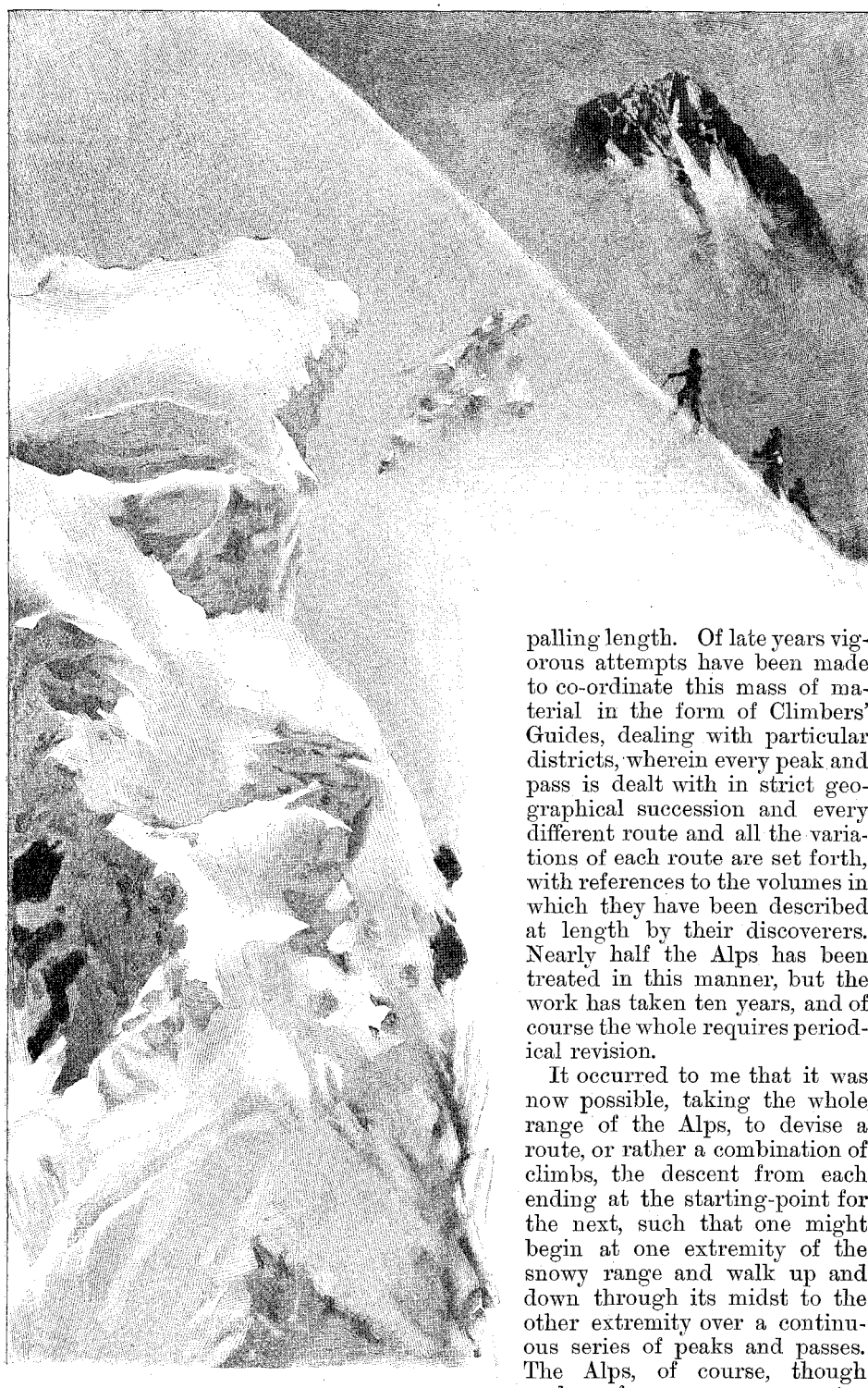

The slopes on either side are steep.

palling length. Of late years vigorous attempts have been made to co-ordinate this mass of material in the form of Climbers' Guides, dealing with particular districts, wherein every peak and pass is dealt with in strict geographical succession and every different route and all the variations of each route are set forth, with references to the volumes in which they have been described at length by their discoverers. Nearly half the Alps has been treated in this manner, but the work has taken ten years, and of course the whole requires periodical revision.

It occurred to me that it was now possible, taking the whole range of the Alps, to devise a route, or rather a combination of climbs, the descent from each ending at the starting-point for the next, such that one might begin at one extremity of the snowy range and walk up and down through its midst to the other extremity over a continuous series of peaks and passes. The Alps, of course, though spoken of as a range, are not a

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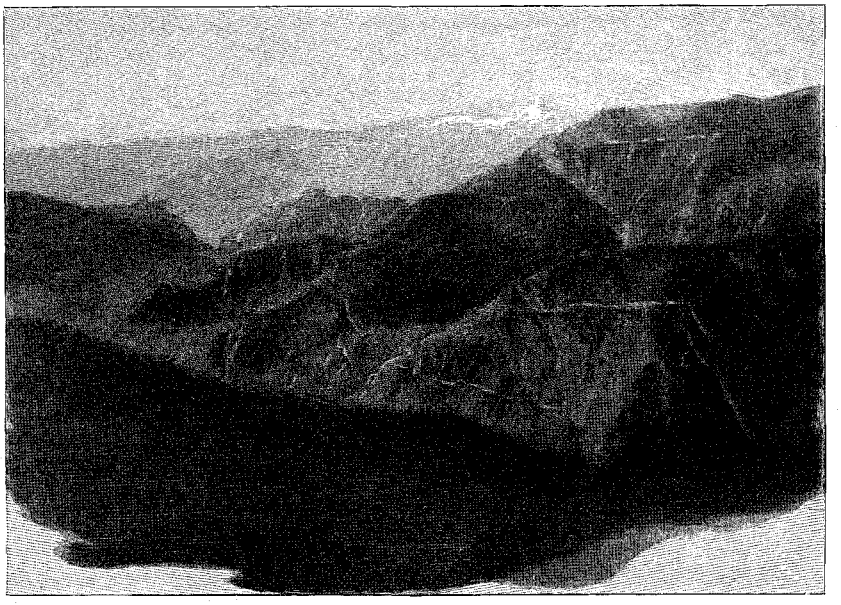
single line of peaks, but a series of locally parallel ridges covering a region. There is no continuous Alpine ridge at all, that stretches from one end of the region to the other. It would be possible to devise an almost infinite variety of combinations of peaks and passes that would fulfil the conditions of my plan. Some of these would take years to carry out, for they would lead over peaks that can only be ascended under exceptionally good conditions of weather. The route selected had to be capable of execution within three months of average weather—a mixture of good and bad, with the bad predominating. It was also essential that it should lead continuously through snowy regions and that it should traverse as many of the more interesting and well-known groups as possible.

By beginning with the smaller ranges at the southern extremity of the Alpine region we were able to start early in the summer season with the maximum of time before us. The Colle di Tenda, over which goes the road from Turin to Ventimiglia, is regarded as the southern limit of the Alps and boundary between them and the Apennines. Thither, therefore, we transferred ourselves on June 1st. The first division of the journey was thence to Mont Blanc, which, of course, had to be traversed; this line of route lay partly in France but chiefly in Italy, the Dauphiny mountains being of necessity omitted as lying apart in an isolated group. At Mont Blanc we had to decide between two main possible ways. We might go along the southern Pennine, Lepontine, and other ranges, or by the northern Oberland ridge and its eastward continuations. I chose the northern route as being the shorter and, to me, more novel. Arriving thus at the eastern extremity of Switzerland, the general line to be followed across the Tyrol was obvious, the final goal being the Ankogel, the last snowy peak in the direction of Vienna, about a hundred and eighty miles from that city.

The party assembled at the Colle di Tenda for this expedition was rather a large one as Alpine parties go. I was fortunate to secure as companion my friend Mr. E. A. Fitzgerald, an experienced climber, who has since won distinction as an explorer in the snow-mountains of New Zealand. He brought with him two well-known guides—J. B. Aymonod and Louis Carrel, both of Valtournanche, a village near the south foot of the Matterhorn. Carrel is fa-



Maritime Alps at Dawn.

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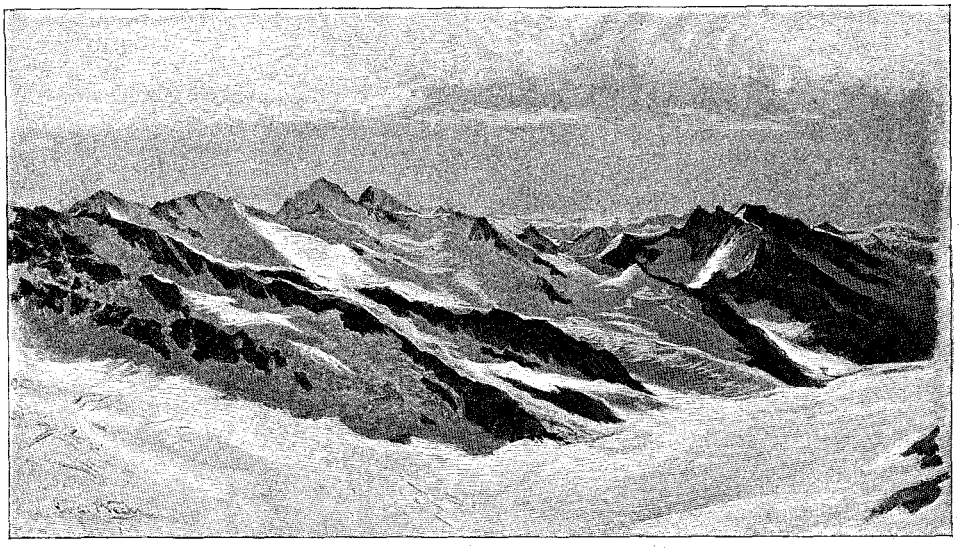

Morning—from a summit.

mous as one of the guides who accompanied Mr. Whymper to the Andes. For the first part of the journey I engaged my old Himalayan companion, the guide Mattias Zurbriggen, of Macugraga and I was further accompanied by two of the Gurkhas (natives of Nepal) who were with me in the Himalayas, to wit, Lance Naick Amar Sing Thapa and Lance Naick Karbir Bura Thoki, both of the first battalion of the Fifth Gurkha Rifles. The Gurkhas are admirable scramblers and good weight-carriers, but they were not experienced in the craft of climbing snow-mountains. They had begun to learn the use of the axe and rope in India, but it was felt that if they could spend a further period of three months, working under first-rate guides, their mountaineering education would be advanced and they would be better able on their return to India to assist in Himalayan exploration, up till now so neglected. It was in view of giving them experience of snow and glacier work that our route was devised to keep as far as possible to snow, and to avoid rather than seek rock-scrambling, in which they were already proficient.

Fortunate people who live on islands or without bellicose neighbors have no idea of the excitements of frontier travel in central Europe. As long as you merely want to cross from one country into another there is only the custom-house nuisance to be fought through; but try to settle down near a frontier and enjoy yourself in a normal fashion, walking to pretty points of view and staring about as you please, all sorts of annoyances and impediments start in your way; while if you wish to travel along the frontier these become indefinitely multiplied. It is useless to dodge gendarmes and folks of that kidney on the Franco-Italian frontier. They are too numerous, active, and suspicious. We knew this, and made what we supposed were sufficient arrangements beforehand. Ministers and august personages were approached by one another on our behalf, friendly promises were given, and the way seemed smooth before us; but we started along it too soon, not bearing in mind that governmental machineries, though they may ultimately grind exceeding small, do so with phenomenal slowness. When therefore we actually came upon frontier ground we were not expected, and the ways were often closed against us. It was not till just as we were leaving Italy for the unsuspicious and more travelled regions of Savoy and Switzerland that the spreading wave of orders and recommendations in our favor, washing outward from the official centre, broke against the moun-

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tain-wall and produced a sudden profusion of kindnesses and attentions, which, if they had come a fortnight sooner, would have made our journey more pleasant.

As it was, however, we were treated in the Maritime and Cottian Alps as probable spies. The peaks and passes we wanted to climb were closed against us, and we had continually to change our plans in order to avoid fortresses and the like futilities, sight of which in the far distance without permission is a crime. Nor were these political difficulties the only ones we had to contend against in the first part of our journey. Eager to be early on the ground, we arrived too early. None of the inns were open in the upper valleys, and the high pastures and huts were all deserted, so that we had to descend low for food and often to sleep in the open air. Moreover, to make matters worse, the season was backward. The mass of winter snow had waited till May to fall, and in June the mountains were draped with a vesture proper to the month of March. Ascents were thereby rendered dangerous from avalanches, or even impossible, which should have been little more than grass walks. It was, therefore, in every sense a misfortune that our start was not delayed at least a fortnight.

With every disadvantage, however, we saw enough of the Maritime Alps to gain a fair idea of their scenery, which is superb and differs in character from that of other Alpine regions. Their greatest charm is derived from their situation between the Mediterranean on the one side, and the Lombard plain on the other, broad level expanses toward which mountain buttresses gracefully descend. Ill luck in weather deprived us of the choicest views, yet there is a beauty in cloud-enframed glimpses perhaps no less great than the clearest prospect can afford. The mountains do not rise to any great height, and though their summits and gullies hold snow all the year round, it is not in quantity sufficient to form glaciers. But the valleys are so deep that for a climber the altitudes to be ascended are as great as in the case of the high peaks of the central Alps. The scrambling is good, for the range is chiefly built of limestone, which presents difficult problems of a gymnastic character. The valleys possess a singular charm, for they are richly wooded, and the streams that enliven them are of clear water dancing down in crystal floods. Moreover, the color of the atmosphere is richer than in Switzerland and the Tyrol, so that hollows are filled with bluer shadows, distances are softer, and floating clouds receive an added tenderness.

Rather more than three weeks were spent in travelling from the sea to Mont Blanc. The principal peaks climbed on the way were Monte Viso and the Aiguille de la Grande-Sassière, the one in storm, the other on a perfect day. It is a mistake to imagine that mountain scenery is only beautiful in fine weather. It is often more impressive in fog or storm than at any other time. Clouds, which shut out the distance, force the eye to linger on the foreground of ice and rock which possess beauties of their own. It is not for mere summit panoramas that lovers of scenery are led to climb. Every stage of ascent and descent gives its own reward. Monte Viso, when we climbed it, was not the naked rock-peak known to summer travellers. It was buried deep in hard frozen snow, which the violent gale swept into the air and whirled about in twisted wreaths. Clouds too were dragged across it and, as it were, combed through the teeth of its serrated rock ridge. Few wilder or more impressive scenes have I witnessed than that we beheld from near the top of the peak when the gale was at its height. The air seemed to be writhing about us. We were all covered with frozen filaments; icicles hung from our hair. We had to cling to the rocks or be blown away. Such moments of excitement may at the time be physically disagreeable, but they are morally

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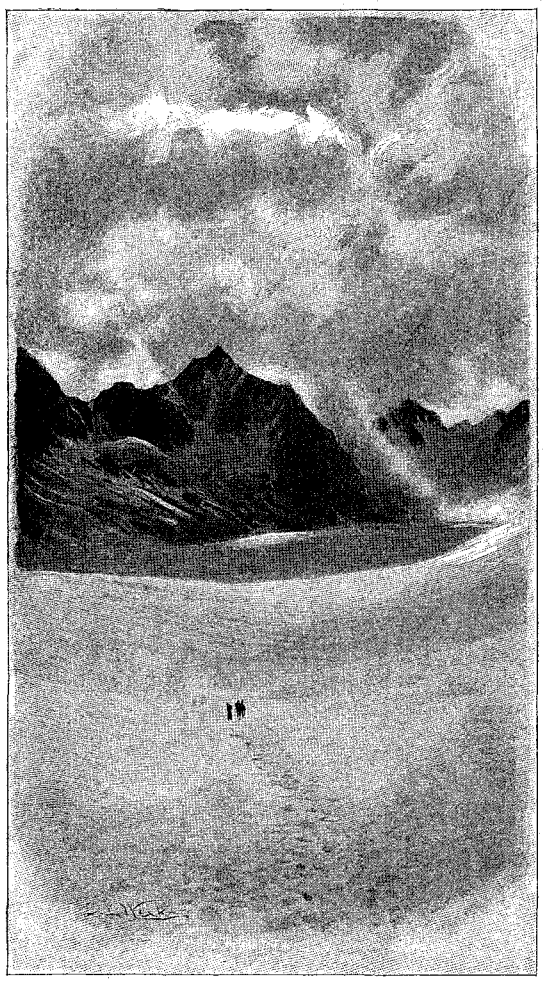
stimulating in a high degree, and linger in the memory far more agreeably than do afternoons of slothful dalliance and luxurious repose.

As we travelled forward from day to day the peaks we were to climb first appeared in the remote distance, then coming nearer separated themselves from their fellows, till at last each in its turn blocked the way and had to be climbed over. Mont Blanc was long a-coming. We saw it first from the Sassière, as a culminating dome above a lower wall of neighbors. Next we saw it while descending the Ruitor glacier. That morning the clouds were low and for hours we saw nothing that was not near at hand. The Ruitor snow-field is large and gently inclined. We had to steer our way down it by compass and map. Its white rippled surface spread around us, melting at the edges of vision into a sparkling mist which the sunlight illuminated but was long in driving away. At last there came a movement in the fog, a strange twinkling and flickering as of ghosts passing by. Uncertain forms appeared and vanished. Low, striking light-bands striped the white floor. Suddenly, to our bewildered delight, there stood, behind a faint veil which swiftly melted away, the whole Mont Blanc range, clear from end to end, superb in form, and glittering in sunshine. Entranced, we halted to gaze as the faëry vision hardened into reality.



Cloud Effect on Glacier.

A couple of days later we were on the mountain itself, approaching its snowy region by way of the Miage glacier, which lies in a deep and splendid valley. We spent the night in a hut on the great peak's flank, but started on again by one o'clock in the morning so as to traverse the steep snow-slopes to the ridge while frost held them firm. The progress from night to day in this remote snowy fastness went forward as we ascended, and the sun had risen when we stood on the frontier ridge which was to be followed to the top. Already Europe was at our feet. The ranges by which we had come stretched southward into blue vagueness ; on the other side were the green hills of Savoy, the hollow of Geneva's lake, and I know not what far-stretching plains and undulations of France. Looking along the ridge, the Aiguille de Bionassay, a splendid pyramid of snow, passing graceful, and edged with delicately sharpened ice-ridges, divided the two views from one another. We turned our backs on the pyramid and climbed ahead,

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following a crest of snow, sometimes sharp as an axe-edge, often curled over like a breaking wave on one side or the other. As snow arêtes go, this one is not remarkable for narrowness, but the slopes on either hand are steep and have the usual appearance of precipitance. Hence it was that in August, 1890, Count Umberto di Villanova, with his famous guides Antonio Castagneri and J. J. Maquignaz, were blown to destruction by a violent gale. Their bodies were never found, but their footsteps were traced to this point. On which side of the ridge they fell we have no means of knowing.

By noon we stood on the culminating point of the Alps, the first visitors of the year. Since my former visit a hut had been set up in this desolate spot—a disfigurement, but a useful shelter—beneath which we took refuge from a chilly wind. Clouds decorated without obliterating the glorious panorama, beyond question the finest in the Alps, and surpassed only, if at all in Europe, by that from Caucasian Elbruz. Flocks of cloudlets grazed the green hills at our feet, and lines of small soft billows, as it were breaking on a wide and shallow shore, undulated in the remote distance. The sky for a quarter of its height had parted with its blue to the valley deeps, and was striped around with fine horizontal lines, each edging a new grade of tone like the lines in a solar spectrum. We ran down to Chamonix by the historic route. The sun blazed upon us and the heat was intolerable, but toward evening a copper-colored tower of cloud arose in the west and cast a solemn shadow on the glacier. It was night when we reached the valley and we entered Chamonix in the dark.

If we had now taken the southern route we should have had a fine series of glacier passes to cross from Chamonix to Zermatt, but all of them were well known to me and I preferred a new region. So we went through the limestone Savoy hills, over small peaks and passes, easy enough to traverse but delightful for the variety of scenery and its swift changes of character. It was not till we had crossed the Rhone valley and climbed the Diablerets that large glaciers came much in our way. Each day we climbed a peak and descended to some cow-herd's hut to sleep. They were all dirty, so that we often chose rather to lie on the grass in the open air than to shelter within them. Valseret was the worst. We reached it as the cows came jangling home to be milked. The peasants gathered round a fire near the door to eat their evening meal of hard bread and *maigre* cheese, which they toasted on the embers. Swarms of flies came with them. The men crammed their mouths full of food, and then shouted at the cows, who were butting one another all around. The wind whisked ashes into their eyes, but nothing disturbed their stolid equanimity. The meal ended, each hid his loaf and cheese in a hole in the wall. The cows meanwhile looked in and snorted, eager to be milked. No one spoke and only the flies were gay. The surroundings of the hut were incredibly foul, and we had to go some distance to find a clean spot to sleep on.

The finest scenery in this part of our journey, at the west end of the famous Bernese Oberland, was that of the glacier of the great Dead Plain. We did not see it until we were on its edge and the white expanse spread before us. It fills a kind of elliptical hollow, some two miles long by a mile wide. Once on its smooth large surface the external world is shut out by a ring of low mountain wall. Not a trace of human activity can be seen in any direction. The largeness, simplicity, and seclusion of this strange snow-field made it unique. We traversed its longest diameter. The snow, fortunately, remained hard throughout the hour of our passage, thanks to a cool breeze and a veiled sun. The surface was beautifully rippled and perfectly clean.

A few days farther on we came to the chief mass of Oberland mountains, the Jungfrau and her fellows. Right through the heart of the range goes a splendid snow-valley, cut across at three places by low passes, but orographically continuous. Two days' marching took us from end to end of this longest snow traverse in the Alps. We halted for two nights in the midst of it at the Concor-

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A Storm on Mount Viso—forced to cling to the rock or be blown away.

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dia hut by the snow-field of the Great Aletsch glacier, and spent the intervening day in ascending the Jungfrau. Few European mountains are easier or more beautiful, for the starting-point is remote from the habitations of man, and all the climb is done in one of nature's purest and most enclosed solitudes. Rocks are not once touched between the Concordia hut, and the summit; the whole route lies over spotless snow and ice, up gently inclined plains of it, and then steeper slopes to a ridge of ice, and so to the top. The views are throughout of snowy regions, and not till the summit is gained does the sight plunge down to fertile valleys, blue lakes, and a far-off land of woods and fields. As we stood on the highest point and looked over the great snow basin to the towering Finsteraarhorn, with a bright roof of cirrus cloud spread above it on the blue sky, I thought I had seldom beheld a more impressive spectacle.

Thus far the weather, though by no means perfect, and often bad, had not been systematically evil, but from this time forward our journey was made in a succession of storms separated from one another by thinnest fine-weather partitions. On one perfect day we climbed the Galenstock, a mountain known to all who have crossed the Furka. We left the Grimsel inn before midnight, and came in a dark hour to the pallid snow-field of the Rhône glacier. Crossing it, as in a featureless dream, we mounted a monotonous snowy valley to the mountain's ridge, where such a splendor of dawn burst upon us from the glowing East that it obliterates all other memories and remains the feature of the day. We looked abroad over low Italian and Ticino hills, bathed in soft air and transparent mist, and playing at hide-and-seek with floating lines and balls of changeful cloud; then on to the Engadin peaks, and farther yet to remote ranges under a newly risen sun, forming backgrounds to the various tinted atmosphere, through which each, remoter than the ridge before, seemed more soft and ethereal than its neighbor, till the last led fitly to the sky.

Getting Down a Glacier.

Looking back, however, upon this part of our journey—the traverse, that is to say, from the Oberland into the Tyrol—it stands out as a period of storm. We went forward without regard to weather and took what came. Sometimes we started in fog and steered by compass and map to the glacier, then felt our way up it to some narrow pass by which access was obtained to the next valley. These were exciting times. One day, for instance, we had to cross the Silvretta group of mountains in the neighborhood of the Lower Engadine. We had been unable to obtain the least glimpse of them, so dense were the clouds that enveloped them. Yet we started at our usual hour in the morning, trusting to luck and an indifferent map as guide. For hours the way was up a swampy valley that bent and branched with fitful vagrance. Avoiding wrong turns, we came to a glacier's foot which loomed forth out of the fog and

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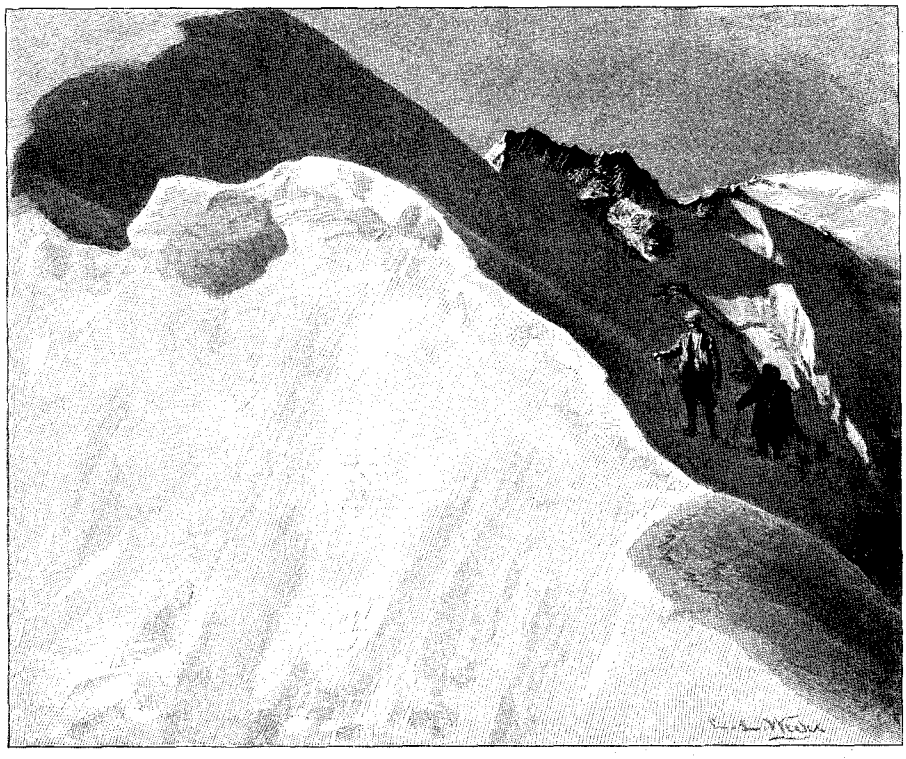

A Snow Cornice.

rain. We advanced up it not without satisfaction, for physical features on a glacier are more orderly in sequence than they are in a mere upland valley, and the character of the snow under foot reveals the level attained, an element by which to reckon the way. The rain presently gave place to falling snow, which the wind drove against us. We could not see twenty yards in any direction. At the foot of the glacier we took the bearing of the pass, but the map we had was twenty years old, and in the interval the glacier had greatly changed, so that the bearing was not correct. Roping in a long line for convenience of guiding, the compass-bearer being last, we set forward at a late hour of the afternoon into the wild upper regions. The new snow under foot was soft and deep. For hours we waded, rather than walked upward. Only the dip of the slope we were on and the barometric altitude gave indication of the place we had reached. Higher and higher we went, hoping to run into the gap, but only the slope rose featureless before us to vanish in fog a few yards away. Daylight waned and still the advance continued. The barometer showed that we were far above the level of the pass. We had missed it, therefore, and were climbing a peak beside it; but was the pass on our left hand or on our right? Probably the right, we said, so struck off that way and traversed horizontally, then up again and then another traverse. The gale raged wildly, the snow whirled in our faces, and buffeted us into a stupid condition. At last a tooth of rock came in view close at hand, and we knew we must be near the ridge. A few minutes later we were going down the other side like wild creatures, racing for the day. Half-an-hour brought us suddenly into clear air and showed us a green valley leading down, and mountains at the end of it on which the evening light was beginning to fade. We ran down the valley to the long slope at its mouth, and in the dark night we plunged and stumbled through a path-

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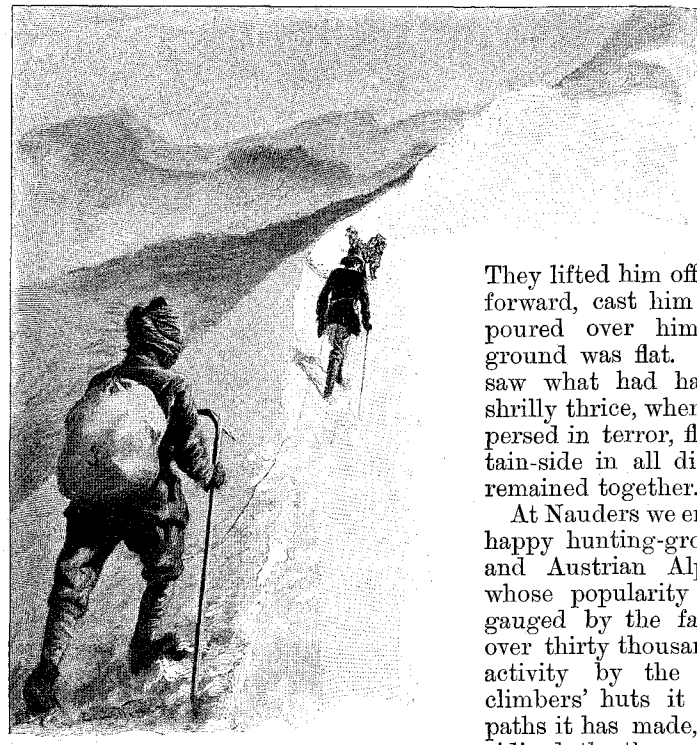

Along the Snow Arête.

less wood to the Engadine high-road at its foot.

This was but one of many similar experiences. Sometimes the evening was fine, sometimes the morning, but the rest of the day was usually given over to storm. We became callous as time went on, and the habit of bad-weather travelling grew in us. There are certainly excitements and beautiful effects as well which are only to be had in mountains in bad weather, and these we enjoyed to the full. Wild places, such as the lofty secluded rock-bound lake of Mutt in Canton Glarus, never look so fine as when clouds are rolling over them.

On the way to the Mutt lake we had a strange adventure, of which I was fortunate enough to secure a photograph. We were approaching the highest sheep pasture as the day waned. The sheep, seventeen hundred in number, saw us from the surrounding slopes, and, urged by a longing for salt, rushed down upon us from all sides, with one united "Baa," in a wild converging avalanche. We beat off the leaders but they could not retreat, for those behind pressed them forward. Finding that Carrel was the saltest morsel the whole flock surged upon him. They lifted him off his feet, carried him forward, cast him to the ground, and poured over him. Fortunately the ground was flat. When the shepherd saw what had happened he whistled shrilly thrice, whereupon the sheep dispersed in terror, fleeing up the mountain-side in all directions till no two remained together.

At Nauders we entered the Tyrol, that happy hunting-ground of the German and Austrian Alpine Club, a body whose popularity and power may be gauged by the fact that it possesses over thirty thousand members, and its activity by the hundred and odd climbers' huts it has built, the footpaths it has made, the inns it has subsidized, the thousands of spots of paint it has splashed upon rocks, and finger-posts it has set up by waysides to indicate the wanderers' route. The contrast between Switzerland and the Tyrol, from a traveller's point of view, consists herein, that whereas travel in Switzerland is exploited by hotel-keepers and organized in their interests, the Tyrol is, through the agency of the powerful German and Austrian Alpine Club, organized by travellers themselves in their own interests. In Switzerland traps are laid for the tourist's francs; in the Tyrol every effort is made to spare his pocket. The Tyrol is thus the paradise of poor holiday-makers, who wander impartially over the whole country, nine out of ten of them carrying their own packs and enjoying themselves in a reasonable and decent fashion.

Every one who has climbed a Swiss mountain knows what a *cabane* is like. It is usually a rough stone hut, perhaps divided by wooden partitions into two or three chambers. In a corner of one is a small stove. On a shelf are a few pots, plates, cups, and a crooked set of

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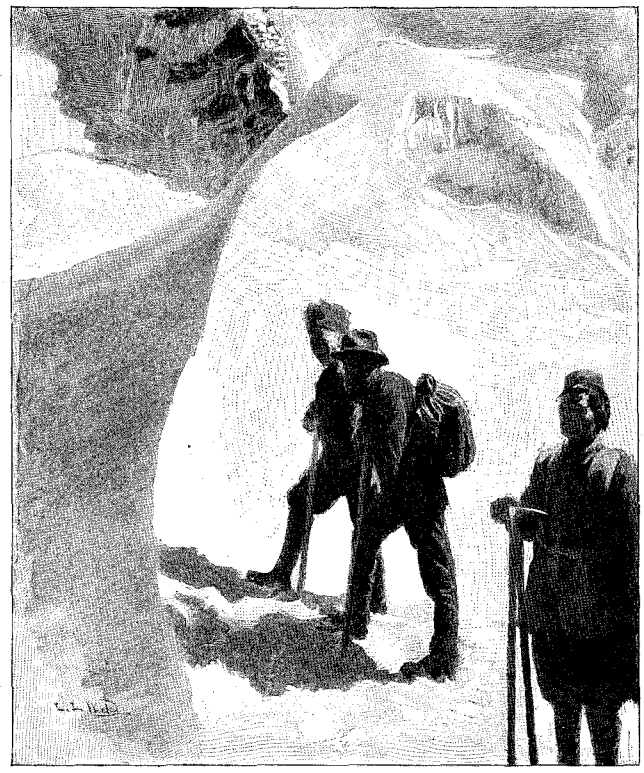
odd knives, forks, and spoons. In the other room are beds of hay ranged along the floor, and sometimes also on shelves. The stove smokes. The door has to be left open or the fire will not draw. Draughts find their way in through numerous chinks. Early in the season the floor is probably covered with ice. Ancient and fusty rugs form the sole bed-covering. The newer huts, built by the Italian Alpine Club, are an improvement on these horrid Swiss shelters. They are framed of well-fitted wood, and all their appointments are better, but they consist of the same elements.



Halt at the Top of a Slope—Gurkhas and Swiss Guide.

In the case of Mont Blanc alone, on the rocks called the Grands-Mulets, there is a hut where a woman resides to act as attendant and cook. Even this cabane is a wretched hole, dirty, draughty, and uncomfortable in more ways than can be briefly catalogued. The climber on this route up Mont Blanc can, indeed, sleep in a bed, procure a hot meal, and purchase provisions, but his bill for indifferent accommodation and food will come to about a hundred francs, the bulk of which goes, not to the innkeeper, but, in the form of rent, to the Commune of Chamonix. Compare the Grands-Mulets with such a Tyrolese hut as the Warnsdorfer. The comparison is fair, for the height of both is about the same, as is also their distance from the nearest village. This hut is a wooden building of two stories on a massive base, to which it is bound with steel cables. On the ground floor are a kitchen and guides' room, a dining-room, and some bed-rooms. Upstairs are more bed-rooms and a hayloft for the guides. A clean little woman lives in the place to do the cooking and service, and extend a warm welcome to the traveller, who can, at any hour, procure from her a hot meal of fresh meat well prepared. He can buy wine or liquors. He can write a letter and post it. He can amuse himself in the skittle alley outside the door, or play at chess, cards, or other games within. The bed-rooms are clean and well furnished. They are provided with fire-places. In the dining-room, which is warmed, are chairs and tables, with table-cloths, books, a clock, a barometer, a guitar, pen and

Getting down a rock crevice.

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ink, pictures, maps, and various other conveniences, besides a cupboard containing an elaborate medical and surgical apparatus. A member of any Alpine Club whatever pays twopence for the use of the hut by day, and about a shilling for his bed at night. Provisions are correspondingly cheap. Guides do not pay for lodgings, and are supplied with food at an economical rate.

Huts of the first order, like this one, are becoming numerous. Each is the property of one of the local sections of the German Club, and generally bears its name: the Magdeburg Hut, the Brunswick Hut, the Dresden Hut, and so on. Sections try to outdo one another in the excellence of the accommodation they provide, and every year sees some improvement. One day, when we were crossing through the midst of the Stubai Mountains in a dense fog (as usual), guiding ourselves merely by the compass, there suddenly came a cave in the clouds, and in the midst of it appeared a large stone house in course of erection, planted on the top of a rocky eminence rising out of the snowfield. It is the last new thing in huts, and when finished will be really a hotel, capable of accommodating at least fifty guests. Such elaborate *cabanes* are not yet numerous, but in the next few years they will spread over the whole snowy area of the Tyrol. After them come huts of the second order, in which no attendant resides, but where supplies can be obtained. Each of these huts contains its store of firewood, frequently renewed, and a cupboard full of tinned meats, tea, sugar, compressed soups, wine, spirits, and even champagne. The prices of these things are posted up on the wall. There are mattresses and bedding.

Street of a Mountain Village.

Often there are books, maps, and games. The traveller supplies himself with what he pleases, makes out his own bill, writes it in a book, and deposits the money in a box, which is as often as not unlocked. Yet a third order of huts is to be found. They for the most part occupy the most elevated situations, close to the summits of peaks or on the saddles of passes, and are intended merely as refuges from storms. They resemble ordinary Swiss huts, to the average of which they are usually superior; like them they contain no supplies. The present tendency is to rebuild these on a larger scale, and to provide them with stores.

The Tyrol is as much ahead of Switzerland in climber's food as it is in mountain huts. Who does not know the stringy meat and hard cheese that form the staple contents of a Swiss mountaineer's wallet? If he is a careful and foreseeing person, perhaps he provides himself with a tin or two of American beef or fruit. But the average Tyrolese climber would regard his best hill-side *menu* with scorn. In the Tyrol it is seldom necessary to carry any provisions except bread. There are two or three huts on most mountains, and you call at them for your meals. In many, and a year or two hence probably in all, you will find baskets stocked according to what they call the "Pottsche Provian" system. From these you can supply yourself with a meal in several courses, and you have your choice of two or three wines. The various tins contain elaborate and excellent messes of food, some to be heated before served. It would be hard to cite a more elaborate and successful application of the co-operative principle to the supply of commodities.

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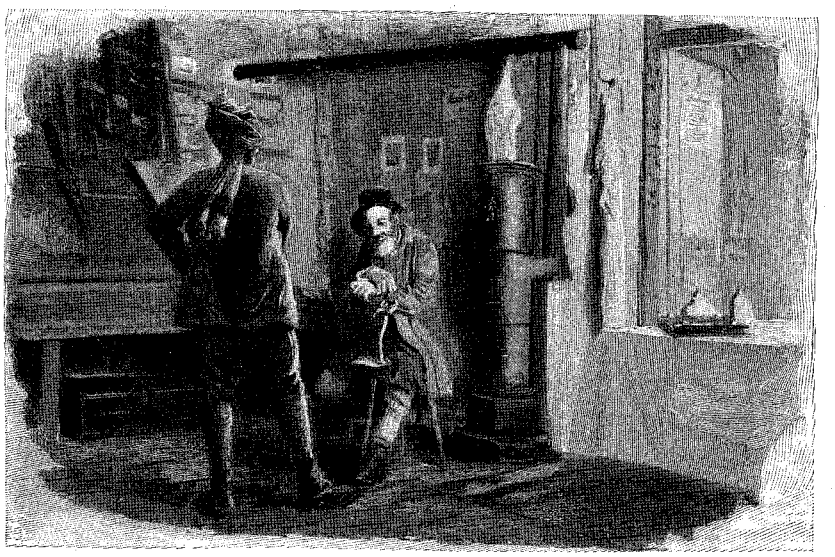
The German and Austrian Alpine Club is in reality a co-operative association of over thirty thousand members, who kindly permit the members of other Alpine clubs to participate in their advantages.

When it is remembered that the guide-system of the Tyrol is under the governance of this club, that it makes paths, receives privileges from the railways, publishes and supplies gratis to its members useful annuals, maps superior to those provided by the government surveys, and hand-books of different sorts, the value and extent of its activity may be conceived. The whole country is in consequence wandered over, not by herds of tourists following personal conductors, but by an immense number of individuals going alone or in parties of two or three, taking a guide now and again from one hut to another, but for the most part carrying their own baggage and finding their own way. There are no great centres where people flock together and make one another miserable. Travellers keep moving about, and strew themselves fairly evenly over the mountain area. Each hut and village-inn forms a small focus where chance assemblages of wanderers meet for the night to sunder again next day. Community of momentary interests unites them into a society for the few hours of their common life. The wandering spirit pervades them and the whole country during the summer season. Twenty years ago this state of things did not exist. I remember the Stubai and Zillerthal Mountains when there was not a hut among them, not a guide nor an ice-axe in their villages. During the three months I spent in the district scarcely a traveller came by. The change, which is due to German enterprise, is doubtless reacting upon the youth of Germany. The spirit cultivated by the mediæval *Wanderschaft*, which sent every young craftsman away from his home for three years, now grows out of the annual summer tramp. Youthful students from the German universities are infected by it. They range like mediæval roving scholars in their hundreds over the land, and penetrate the mountain regions. All the huts and most of the inns open their arms to receive them at reduced rates, so that a lad with a few florins in his pocket can wander unrestrained from place to place.

The picture which I have thus endeavored to draw will present little attraction no doubt to most of my readers. Comfortable hotels, in the



Interior of a Hut in the Tyrol (Kurninger Hut).

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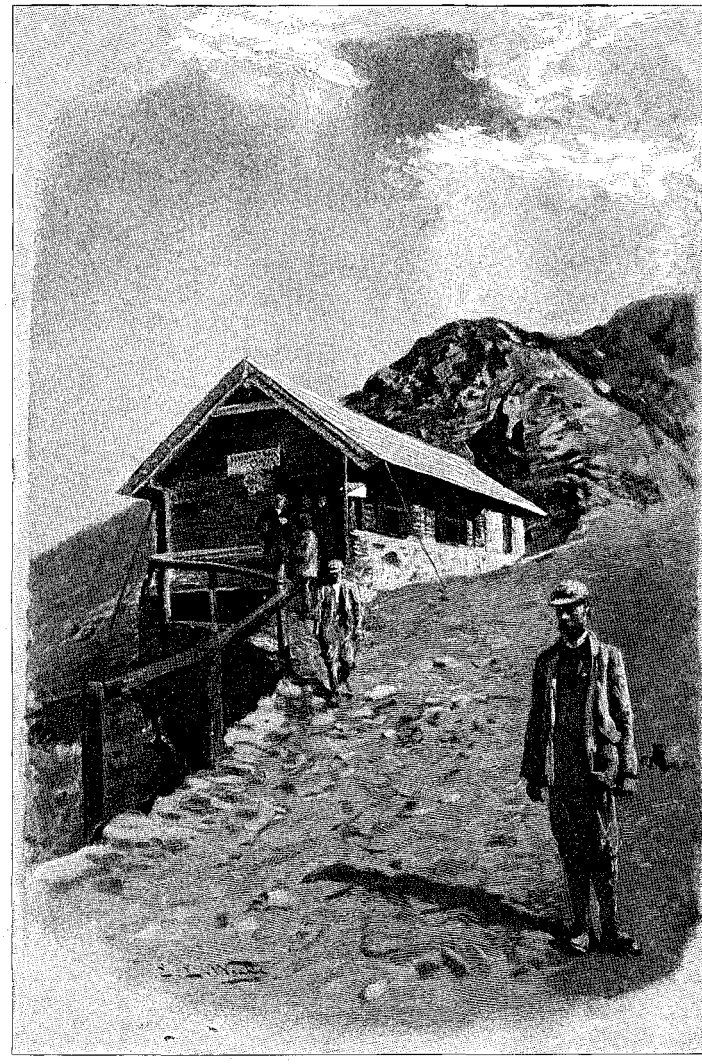

Hannove's Hut at Ankogel.

usual European sense, do not await them here. There are few carriage-roads in the best parts of the country. The place is not arranged for their convenience. It is designed for the fairly robust wanderer, who goes his way without a plan and desires only to find at suitable times a roof over his head, sound food to eat, and splendid scenery to delight the eye and develop the imagination. Such a one, especially if he possesses some mountaineering experience and capacity, may traverse the mountain region, in company with a like-minded friend or two, from north to south and from east to west, ascending snowy peaks and crossing glacier passes, without requiring the assistance of either guide or porter. In every group of mountains he will find huts placed in the best positions for scenery, not in the likeliest places for entrapping guests. Everywhere he will meet a free and intelligent, if sometimes a rather rough and boisterous company. He will seldom find himself either solitary or overcrowded. He will suffer more from well-intended kindness than

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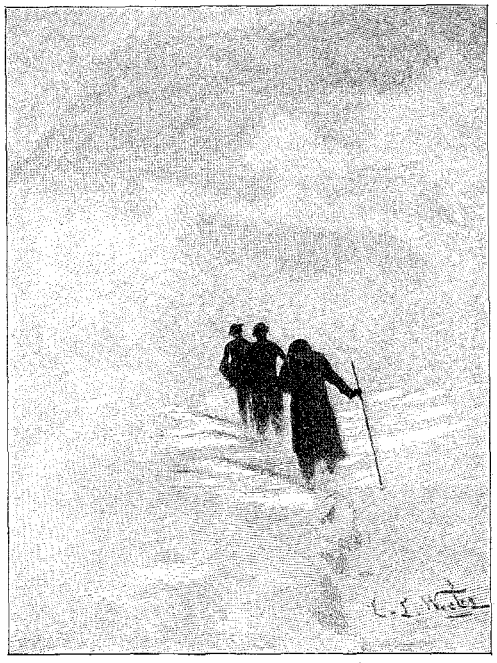
from rudeness or neglect. He will never be swindled. In fine, no part of the Alps now forms a better training-ground for the youthful would-be mountaineer, none a less vulgarized holiday resort for the man of moderate physical capabilities, simple tastes, or restricted means, than the region comprised in the Austrian and Bavarian Tyrol.



In Wind and Snow.

"DO THEY MEASURE TIME WHERE THOU ART?"

By Julia C. R. Dorr

Do they measure time where thou art? Dost thou know
How the immutable, relentless years,
Delaying not for human hopes or fears,
In long processionals still come and go?
When as of old thy summer roses blow
Art thou aware, thou who art done with tears?
O, blessed habitant of other spheres,
Takest thou heed of Earth's hoar-frost and snow?
We count the years, and tell them, one by one,
Since thy feet trod the path where silence is;
How oft the harvest moon has waned, we say.
Dost thou remember when thy rest was won?
Or art thou like to the high gods in this,
That unto thee a year is but a day?

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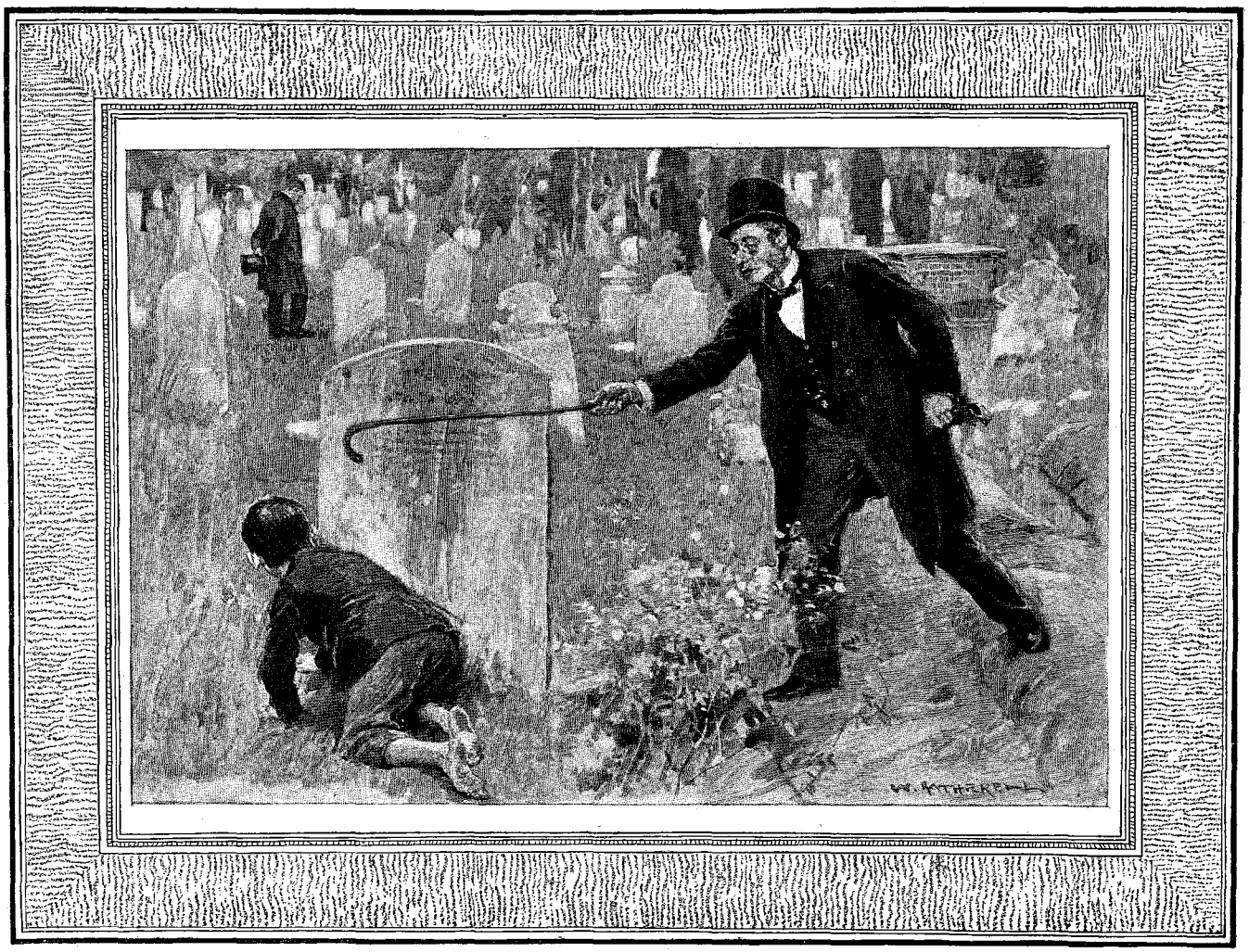

Drawn by William Hatherell.

Tommy croucned behind Haggart's stone, and him did the doctor's famous crook staff catch in the neck and whisk across the dyke.—Page 50.

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SENTIMENTAL TOMMY

THE STORY OF HIS BOYHOOD

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "The Little Minister," "A Window in Thrums," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.

A PENNY PASS-BOOK.

ELSPETH conveyed the gift to Tommy in a brown paper wrapping, and when it lay revealed as an aging volume of *Mamma's Boy*, a magazine for the Home, nothing could have looked more harmless. But, oh, you never know. Hungrily Tommy ran his eye through the bill of fare for something choice to begin with, and he found it. "The Boy Pirate" it was called. Never could have been fairer promise, and down he sat confidently.

It was a paper on the boys who have been undone by reading pernicious fiction. It gave their names, and the number of pistols they had bought, and what the judge said when he pronounced sentence. It counted the sensational tales found beneath the bed, and described the desolation of the mothers and sisters. It told the color of the father's hair before and afterward.

Tommy flung the thing from him, picked it up again, and read on uneasily, and when at last he rose he was shrinking from himself. In hopes that he might sleep it off he went early to bed, but his contrition was still with him in the morning. Then Elspeth was shown the article which had saved him, and she, too, shuddered at what she had been, though her remorse was but a poor display beside his, he was so much better at everything than Elspeth. Tommy's distress of mind was so genuine and so keen that it had several hours' start of his admiration of it; and it was still sincere, though he himself had become gloomy, when he told his followers that they were no more. Grizel heard his tale with disdain, and said she hated Miss Ailie for giving him the silly book, but these unchristian sentiments he reproved, while admitting that Miss Ailie had played on him a scurvy trick.

"But you're glad you've repented, Tommy," Elspeth reminded him, anxiously.

"Ay, I'm glad," he answered, without heartiness.

"Weel, gin you repent I'll repent too," said Corp, always ready to accept Tommy without question.

"You'll be happier," replied Tommy, sourly.

"Ay, to be good's the great thing," Corp growled; "but, Tommy, could we no hae just one michty blatter, methinks, to end up wi'?"

This, of course, could not be, and Saturday forenoon found Tommy wandering the streets listlessly, very happy, you know, but inclined to kick at anyone who came near, such, for instance, as the stranger who asked him in the square if he could point out the abode of Miss Ailie Cray.

Tommy led the way, casting some converted looks at the gentleman, and judging him to be the mysterious unknown in whom the late Captain Stroke had taken such a reprehensible interest. He was a stout, red-faced man, stepping firmly into the fifties, with a beard that even the most converted must envy, and a frown sat on his brows all the way, proving him possibly ill-tempered, but also one of the notable few who can think hard about one thing for at least five consecutive minutes. Many took a glint at him as he passed, but missed the frown, they were wondering so much why the fur of his heavy top-coat was

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on the inside, where it made little show, save at blasty corners.

Miss Ailie was in her parlor, trying to give her mind to a blue and white note-book, but when she saw who was coming up the garden she dropped the little volume and tottered to her bedroom. She was there when Gavinia came up to announce that she had shown a gentleman into the Blue and White room, who gave the name of Ivie McLean. "Tell him—I shall come down—presently," gasped Miss Ailie, and then Gavinia was sure this was the man who was making her mistress so unhappy.

"She's so easy flichtered now," Gavinia told Tommy in the kitchen, "that for fear o' starting her I never whistle at my work without telling her I'm to do't, and if I fall on the stair, my first thocht is to jump up and cry, 'It was just me tum'ling.' And now I believe this brute'll be the death o' her."

"But what can he do to her?"

"I dinna ken, but she's greeting sair, and you can hear how he's rampaging up and down the Blue and White room. Listen to his thrawn feet! He's raging because she's so lang in coming down, and come she daurna. Oh, the poor crittur!"

Now, Tommy was very fond of his old school-mistress, and he began to be unhappy with Gavinia.

"She hasna a man-body in the world to take care o' her," sobbed the girl.

"Has she no?" cried Tommy, fiercely, and under one of the impulses that so easily mastered him he marched into the Blue and White room.

"Well, my young friend, and what may you want?" asked Mr. McLean, impatiently.

Tommy sat down and folded his arms. "I'm gaun to sit here and see what you do to Miss Ailie," he said, determinedly.

Mr. McLean said "oh!" and then seemed favorably impressed, for he added, quietly: "She is a friend of yours, is she? Well, I have no intention of hurting her."

"You had better no," replied Tommy, stoutly.

"Did she send you here?"

"No; I came mysel'."

"To protect her?"

There was the irony in it that so puts up a boy's dander. "Dinna think," said Tommy, hotly, "that I'm fleid at you, though I have no beard—at least, I hinna it wi' me."

At this unexpected conclusion a smile crossed Mr. McLean's face, but was gone in an instant. "I wish you had laughed," said Tommy, on the watch; "aince a body laughs he canna be angry nae mair," which was pretty good even for Tommy. It made Mr. McLean ask him why he was so fond of Miss Ailie.

"I'm the only man-body she has," he answered.

"Oh? But why are you her man-body?"

The boy could think of no better reason than this: "Because—because she's so sair in need o' ane." (There were moments when one liked Tommy.)

Mr. McLean turned to the window, and perhaps forgot that he was not alone. "Well, what are you thinking about so deeply?" he asked by and by.

"I was trying to think o' something that would gar you laugh," answered Tommy, very earnestly, and was surprised to see that he had nearly done it.

The blue and white note-book was lying on the floor where Miss Ailie had dropped it. Often in Tommy's presence she had consulted this work, and certainly its effect on her was the reverse of laughter; but once he had seen Dr. McQueen pick it up and roar over every page. With an inspiration Tommy handed the book to Mr. McLean. "It made the doctor laugh," he said, persuasively.

"Go away," said Ivie, impatiently; "I am in no mood for laughing."

"I tell you what," answered Tommy, "I'll go, if you promise to look at it," and to be rid of him the man agreed. For the next quarter of an hour Tommy and Gavinia were very near the door of the Blue and White room, Tommy whispering, dejectedly, "I hear no laughing," and Gavinia replying, "But he has quieted down."

Mr. McLean had a right to be very angry, but only God can say whether he had a right to be as angry as he was. The book had been handed to him open, and he was laying it down un-

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read when a word underlined caught his eye. It was his own name. Nothing in all literature arrests our attention quite so much as that. He sat down to the book. It was just about this time that Miss Ailie went on her knees to pray.

It was only a penny pass-book. On its blue cover had been pasted a slip of white paper, and on the paper was written, in blue ink, "Alison Cray," with a date nearly nine years old. The contents were in Miss Ailie's prim handwriting; jottings for her own use begun about the time when the sisters, trembling at their audacity, had opened school, and consulted and added to fitfully ever since. Hours must have been spent in erasing the blots and other blemishes so carefully. The tiny volume was not yet full, and between its two last written pages lay a piece of blue blotting-paper neatly cut to the size of the leaf.

Some of these notes were transcripts from books, some contained the advice of friends, others were doubtless the result of talks with Miss Kitty (from whom there were signs that the work had been kept a secret), many were Miss Ailie's own. An entry of this kind was frequent: "If you are uncertain of the answer to a question in arithmetic, it is advisable to leave the room on some pretext and work out the sum swiftly in the passage." Various pretexts were suggested, and this one (which had an insufficient line through it) had been inserted by Dr. McQueen on that day when Tommy saw him chuckling, "You pretend that your nose is bleeding, and putting your handkerchief to it, retire hastily, the supposition being that you have gone to put the key of the Blue and White room down your back." Evidently these small deceptions troubled Miss Ailie, for she had written, "Such subterfuge is, I hope, pardonable, the object being the maintenance of scholastic dignity." On another page, where the arithmetic was again troubling her, this appeared: "If Kitty were aware that the squealing of the slate-pencils gave me such headaches, she would insist on again taking the arithmetic class, though it always makes her ill. Surely, then, I am justified in saying that the sound does not distress me." To this the doctor had added, "You are a brick."

There were two pages headed NEVER, which mentioned ten things that Miss Ailie must never do; among them, "*Never* let the big boys know you are afraid of them. To awe them stamp with the foot, speak in a loud ferocious voice, and look them unflinchingly in the face."

"Punishments" was another heading, but she had written it small, as if to prevent herself seeing it each time she opened the book. Obviously her hope had been to dispose of Punishment in a few lines, but it would have none of that, and Mr. McLean found it stalking from page to page. Miss Ailie favored the cane in preference to tawse, which, "often flap round your neck as you are about to bring them down." Except in desperate cases "it will probably be found sufficient to order the offender to bring the cane to you." Then followed a note about rubbing the culprit's hand "with sweet butter or dripping" should you have struck too hard.

Dispiriting item, that on resuming his seat the chastised one is a hero to his fellows for the rest of the day. Item, that Master John James Rattray knows she hurts her own hand more than his. Item, that John James promised to be good thoughout the session if she would let him thrash the bad ones. Item, that Master T. Sandys, himself under correction, explained to her (the artistic instinct again) how to give the cane a waggle when descending, which would double its nip. Item, that Elsie Dundas offered to receive Francie Crabb's punishment for two snaps. Item, that Master Gavin Dishart, for what he considered the honor of his school, though aware he was imperilling his soul, fought Hendry Dickie of Cathro's for saying Miss Ailie could not draw blood with one stroke.

The effect on Miss Ailie of these mortifying discoveries could be read in the paragraph headed A MOTHER'S METHOD, which was copied from a newspaper. Mrs. E——, it seems, was the mother of four boys (residing at D——), and she subjected them frequently to

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corporal chastisement without permanent spiritual result. Mrs. E——, by the advice of another lady, Mrs. K—— (mother of six), then had recourse to the following interesting experiment: Instead of punishing her children physically when they misbehaved, she now in their presence wounded herself by striking her left hand severely with a ruler held in the right. Soon their better natures were touched, and the four implored her to desist, promising with tears never to offend again. From that hour Mrs. E—— had little trouble with her boys.

It was recorded in the blue and white book how Miss Ailie gave this plan a fair trial, but her boys must have been darker characters than Mrs. E——'s, for it merely set them to watching each other, so that they might cry out, "Pandy yourself quick, Miss Ailie; Gavin Dishart's drawing the devil on his slate." Nevertheless when Miss Ailie announced a return to more conventional methods, Francie was put up (with threats) to say that he suffered agonies of remorse every time she pandied herself for him, but the thing had been organized in a hurry and Francie was insufficiently primed, and on cross-examination he let out that he thought remorse was a swelling of the hands.

Miss Ailie was very humble-minded, and her entries under THE TEACHER TAUGHT were all admonitions for herself. Thus she chided herself for cowardice because "Delicate private reasons have made me avoid all mention of India in the geography classes. Kitty says quite calmly that this is fair neither to our pupils nor to I—— M——. The courage of Kitty in this matter is a constant rebuke to me." Except on a few occasions Mr. McLean found that he was always referred to as I—— M——.

Quite early in the volume Miss Ailie knew that her sister's hold on life was loosening. "How bright the world suddenly seems," Mr. McLean read, "when there is the tiniest improvement in the health of an invalid one loves." Is it laughable that such a note as this is appended to a recipe for beef-tea? "It is surely not very wicked to pretend to Kitty that I keep some of it for myself; she would not take it all if she knew I dined on the beef it was made from." Other entries showed too plainly that Miss Ailie stinted herself of food to provide delicacies for Miss Kitty. No doubt her expenses were alarming her when she wrote this: "An interesting article in the *Mentor* says that nearly all of us eat and drink too much. Were we to mortify our stomachs we should be healthier animals and more capable of sustained thought. The word animal in this connection is coarse, but the article is most impressive, and a crushing reply to Dr. McQueen's assertion that the editor drinks. In the school-room I have frequently found my thoughts of late wandering from classwork, and I hastily ascribed it to sitting up during the night with Kitty or to my habit of listening lest she should be calling for me. Probably I had over-eaten, and I must mortify the stomach. A glass of hot water with half a spoonful of sugar in it is highly recommended as a light supper."

"How long ago it may seem since yesterday!" Do you need to be told on what dark day Miss Ailie discovered that? "I used to pray that I should be taken first, but I was both impious and selfish, for how could fragile Kitty have fought on alone?"

In time happiness again returned to Miss Ailie; of all our friends it is the one most reluctant to leave us on this side of the grave. It came at first disguised, in the form of duties, old and new; and stealthily, when Miss Ailie was not looking, it mixed with the small worries and joys that had been events while Miss Kitty lived, and these it converted once more into events, where Miss Ailie found it lurking, and at first she would not take it back to her heart, but it crept in without her knowing. And still there were I—— M——'s letters. "They are all I have to look forward to," she wrote in self-defence. "I shall never write to I—— M—— again," was another entry, but Mr. McLean found on the same page, "I have written to I—— M——, but do not intend posting it," and beneath that was, "God forgive me, I have posted it."

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The troubles with arithmetic were becoming more terrible. "I am never *really* sure about the decimals," she wrote.

A Professor of Memory had appeared at the Muckley, and Miss Ailie admits having given him half-a-crown to explain his system to her. But when he was gone she could not remember whether you multiplied everything by ten before dividing by five and subtracting a hundred, or began by dividing and doing something underhand with the cube root. Then Mr. Dishart, who had a microscope, wanted his boy to be taught science, and several experiments were described at length in the book, one of them dealing with a penny, *H*, and a piston, *X Y*, and you do things to the piston "and then the penny comes to the surface." "But it never does," Miss Ailie wrote, sorrowfully; perhaps she was glad when Master Dishart was sent to another school.

"Though I teach the girls the pianoforte I find that I cannot stretch my fingers as I used to do. Kitty used to take the music, and I often remember this suddenly when superintending a lesson. It is a pain to me that so many wish to acquire 'The Land of the Leal,' which Kitty sang so often to I—— M—— at Magenta Cottage.

Even the French, of which Miss Ailie had once been very proud, was slipping from her. "Kitty and I kept up our French by translating I—— M——'s letters and comparing our versions, but now that this stimulus is taken away I find that I am forgetting my French. Or is it only that I am growing old? too old to keep school?" This dread was beginning to haunt Miss Ailie, and the pages between which the blotting-paper lay revealed that she had written to the editor of the *Mentor* asking up to what age he thought a needy gentlewoman had a right to teach. The answer was not given, but her comment on it told everything. "I asked him to be severely truthful, so that I cannot resent his reply. But if I take his advice, how am I to live? And if I do not take it, I fear I am but a stumbling-block in the way of true education."

That is a summary of what Mr. McLean read in the blue and white book; remember, you were warned not to expect much. And Tommy and Gavinia listened, and Tommy said, "I hear no laughing," and Gavinia answered, "But he has quieted down," and upstairs Miss Ailie was on her knees. A time came when Mr. McLean could find something to laugh at in that little pass-book, but it was not then, not even when he reached the end. He left something on the last page instead. At least I think it must have been he: Miss Ailie's tears could not have been so long a-drying.

You may rise now, Miss Ailie; your prayer is granted.

CHAPTER XXVI

TOMMY REPENTS, AND IS NONE THE WORSE FOR IT

MR. McLEAN wrote a few reassuring words to Miss Ailie, and having told Gavinia to give the note to her walked quietly out of the house; he was coming back after he had been to Miss Kitty's grave. Gavinia, however, did not know this, and having delivered the note she returned dolefully to the kitchen to say to Tommy, "His letter maun have been as thraun as himsel', for as soon as she read it, down she plumped on her knees again."

But Tommy was not in the kitchen; he was on the garden-wall watching Miss Ailie's persecutor.

"Would it no be easier to watch him frae the gate?" suggested Gavinia, who had not the true detective instinct.

Tommy disregarded her womanlike question; a great change had come over him since she went upstairs; his head now wobbled on his shoulders like a little balloon that wanted to cut its connection with earth and soar.

"What makes you look so queer?" cried the startled maid. "I thought you was converted."

"So I am," he shouted, "I'm more converted than ever, and yet I can do it just the same! Gavinia, I've found a wy!"

He was hurrying off on Mr. McLean's trail, but turned to say, "Gavinia, do you ken wha that man is?"

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"Ower weel I ken," she answered, "it's Mr. McLean."

"McLean!" he echoed, scornfully, "ay, I've heard that's one of the names he goes by, but hearken, and I'll tell you wha he really is. That's the scoundrel Stroke!"

No wonder Gavinia was flabbergasted. "Wha are you then?" she cried.

"I'm the Champion of Dames," he replied, loftily, and before she had recovered from this he was stalking Mr. McLean in the cemetery.

Miss Kitty sleeps in a beautiful hollow called the Basin, but the stone put up to her memory hardly marks the spot now, for with a score of others it was blown on its face by the wind that uprooted so many trees in the Den, and as it fell it lies. From the Basin to the rough road that clings like a belt to the round cemetery dyke is little more than a jump, and shortly after Miss Kitty's grave had been pointed out to him, Mr. McLean was seen standing there hat in hand by a man on the road. This man was Dr. McQueen hobbling home from the Forest Muir; he did not hobble as a rule, but hobble everyone must on that misshapen brae, except Murdoch Gelatley, who being short in one leg elsewhere, is here the only straight man. McQueen's sharp eyes, however, picked out not only the stranger but Tommy crouching behind Haggart's stone, and him did the doctor's famous crook staff catch in the neck and whisk across the dyke.

"What man is that you're watching, you mysterious loon?" McQueen demanded, curiously; but of course Tommy would not divulge so big a secret. Now the one weakness of this large-hearted old bachelor (perhaps it is a professional virtue) was a devouring inquisitiveness, and he would be troubled until he discovered who was the stranger standing in such obvious emotion by the side of an old grave. "Well, you must come back with me to the surgery, for I want you to run an errand for me," he said, testily, hoping to pump the boy by the way, but Tommy dived beneath his stick and escaped. This rasped the doctors' temper, which was unfortunate for Grizel, whom he caught presently peeping in at his surgery window. A dozen times of late she had wondered whether she should ask him to visit her mamma, and though the Painted Lady had screamed in terror at the proposal, being afraid of doctors, Grizel would have ventured ere now, had it not been for her mistaken conviction that he was a hard man, who would only flout her. It had once come to her ears that he had said a woman like her mamma could demoralize a whole town, with other harsh remarks, doubtless exaggerated in the repetition, and so he was the last man she dared think of going to for help, when he should have been the first. Nevertheless she had come now, and a soft word from him, such as he gave most readily to all who were in distress, would have drawn her pitiful tale from her, but he was in a grumpy mood, and had heard none of the rumors about her mother's being ill, which indeed were only common among the Monypenny children, and his first words checked her confidences. "What are you hanging about my open window for?" he cried, sharply.

"Did you think I wanted to steal anything?" replied the indignant child.

"I won't say but what I had some such thait."

She turned to leave him, but he hooked her with his staff. "As you're here," he said, "will you go an errand for me?"

"No," she told him, promptly; "I don't like you."

"There's no love lost between us," he replied, "for I think you're the dourest lassie I ever clapped eyes on, but there's no other litlin handy, so you must do as you are bid, and take this bottle to Ballingall's."

"Is it a medicine bottle?" she asked, with sudden interest.

"Yes, it's medicine. Do you know Ballingall's house in the West town end?"

"Ballingall who has the little school?"

"The same, but I doubt he'll keep school no longer."

"Is he dying?"

"I'm afraid there's no doubt of it. Will you go?"

"I should love to go," she cried.

"Love!" he echoed, looking at her with displeasure. "You can't love to go, so talk no more nonsense, but go, and I'll give you a bawbee."

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"I don't want a bawbee," she said. "Do you think they will let me go in to see Ballingall?"

The doctor frowned. "What makes you want to see a dying man?" he demanded.

"I should just love to see him!" she exclaimed, and she added, determinedly, "I won't give up the bottle until they let me in."

He thought her an unpleasant, morbid girl, but "that is no affair of mine," he said shrugging his shoulders, and he gave her the bottle to deliver. Before taking it to Ballingall's, however, she committed a little crime. She bought an empty bottle at the 'Sosh, and poured into it some of the contents of the medicine bottle, which she then filled up with water. She dared try no other way now of getting medicine for her mother, and was too ignorant to know that there are different drugs for different ailments.

Grizel not only contrived to get in to see Ballingall, but stayed by his side for several hours, and when she came out it was night-time. On her way home she saw a light moving in the Den, where she had expected to play no more, and she could not prevent her legs running joyously toward it. So when Corp, rising out of the darkness, deftly cut her throat, she was not so angry as she should have been.

"I'm so glad we are to play again, after all, Corp," she said; but he replied, grandly, "Thou little kennest wha you're speaking to, my gentle jade."

He gave a curious hitch to his breeches, but it only puzzled her. "I wear gallowses no more," he explained, lifting his waistcoat to show that his braces now encircled him as a belt, but even then she did not understand. "Know, then," said Corp, sternly, "I am Ben the Boatswain."

"And am I not the Lady Griselda any more?" she asked.

"I'm no sure," he confessed; "but if you are, there's a price on your head."

"What is Tommy?"

"I dinna ken yet, but Gavinia says he telled her he's Champion of Damns. I kenna what Elspeth'll say to that."

Grizel was starting for the Lair, but he caught her by the skirt.

"Is he not at the Lair?" she inquired.

"We knowest it not," he answered, gravely. "We're looking for't," he added with some awe; "we've been looking for't this three year." Then, in a louder voice, "If you can guide us to it, my pretty trifle, you'll be richly rewarded."

"But where is he? Don't you know?"

"Fine I knowest, but it wouldna be mous to tell you, for I kenna whether you be friend or foe. What's that you're carrying?"

"It is a—a medicine bottle."

"Gie me a sook!"

"No."

"Just ane," begged Corp, "and I'll tell you whaur he is."

He got his way, and smacked his lips unctuously.

"Now, where is Tommy?"

"Put your face close to mine," said Corp, and then he whispered, hoarsely, "He's in a spleet new Lair writing out bills wi' a' his micht, offering five hunder crowns reward for Stroke's head, dead or alive!"

The new haunt was a deserted house, that stood, very damp, near a little waterfall to the east of the Den. Bits of it well planted in the marsh adhere doggedly together to this day, but even then the roof was off and the chimney lay in a heap on the ground, like blankets that have slipped off a bed.

This was the good ship Ailie lying at anchor, man-of-war, thirty guns, a cartwheel to steer it by, T. Sandys, commander.

On the following Saturday Ben the Boatswain piped all hands, and Mr. Sandys delivered a speech of the bluff, straightforward kind that sailors love. Here, unfortunately, it must be condensed. He reminded them that three years had passed since their gracious queen (cheers) sent them into these seas to hunt down the Pretender (hisses). Their ship had been christened the Ailie, because its object was to avenge the insults offered by the Pretender to a lady of that name for whom everyone of them would willingly die. Like all his race the Pretender, or Stroke, as he called himself, was a torment to single women; he had not only stolen all this lady's wealth, but now he wanted to make

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her walk the plank, a way of getting rid of enemies the mere mention of which set the blood of all honest men boiling (cheers). As yet they had not succeeded in finding Stroke's Lair, though they knew it to be in one of the adjoining islands, but they had suffered many privations, twice their gallant vessel had been burned to the water's edge, once she had been sunk, once blown into the air, but had that dismayed them?

Here the Boatswain sent round a whisper, and they all cried, loyally, "Ay, ay, sir."

He had now news for them that would warm their hearts like grog. He had not discovered the Lair, but he had seen Stroke, he had spoken to him! Disguised as a boy he had tracked the Jacobite and found him skulking in the house of the unhappy Ailie. After blustering for a little Stroke had gone on his knees and offered not only to cease persecuting this lady but to return to France. Mr. Sandys had kicked him into a standing posture and then left him. But this clemency had been ill repaid. Stroke had not returned to France. He was staying at the Quharity Arms, a Thrums inn, where he called himself McLean. It had gone through the town like wildfire that he had written to someone in Redlintie to send him on another suit of clothes and four dickies. No one suspected his real character, but all noted that he went to the unhappy Ailie's house daily, and there was a town about it. Ailie was but a woman, and women could not defend themselves "(Boatswain, put Grizel in chains if she opens her mouth)," and so the poor thing had been forced to speak to him, and even to go walks with him. Her life was in danger, and before now Mr. Sandys would have taken him prisoner, but the queen had said these words, "Noble Sandys, destroy the Lair," and the best way to discover this horrid spot was to follow Stroke night and day until he went to it. Then they would burn it to the ground, put him on board the Ailie, up with the jib-boom sail, and away to the Tower of London.

At the words "Tower of London," Ben cried "Tumble up there!" which was the signal for three such ringing cheers as only British tars are capable of. Three? To be exact only two and a half, for the third stopped in the middle, as if the lid had suddenly been put on.

What so startled them was the unexpected appearance in their midst of the very man Tommy had been talking of. Taking a stroll through the Den Mr. McLean had been drawn toward the ruin by the first cheers, and had arrived in time to learn who and what he really was.

"Stroke!" gasped one small voice.

The presumptuous man folded his arms. "So, Sandys," he said, in hollow tones, "we meet again!"

Even Grizel got behind Tommy, and perhaps it was this that gave him spunk to say, tremulously, "Wh-what are you doing here?"

"I have come," replied the ruddy Pretender, "to defy you, ay, proud Sandys, to challenge thee to the deed thou pratest of. I go from here to my Lair. Follow me, if thou darest!"

He brought his hand down with a bang upon the barrel, laughed disdainfully, and springing over the vessel's side was at once lost in the darkness. Instead of following, all stood transfixed, gazing at the barrel, on which lay five shillings.

"He put them there when he slammed it!"

"Losh behears! there's a shilling to ilka ane o' us."

"I winna touch the siller," said Sandys, moodily.

"What?" cried Gavinia.

"I tell you it's a bribe."

"Do you hear him?" screamed Gavinia. "He says we're no to lay hands on't! Corp, whaur's your tongue?"

But even in that trying moment Corp's trust in Tommy shone out beautiful and strong. "Dinna be feared, Gavinia," he whispered, "he'll find a wy."

"Lights out and follow Stroke!" was the order, and the crew at once scattered in pursuit, Mr. Sandys remaining behind a moment to — to put something in his pocket.

Mr. McLean gave them a long chase, walking demurely when lovers were in sight, but at other times doubling,

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jumping, even standing on eminences and crowing insultingly like a cock, and not until he had only breath left to chuckle did the stout man vanish from the Den. Elspeth, now a cabin-boy, was so shaken by the realism of the night's adventures that Gavinia (able seaman) took her home, and when Mr. Sandys and his Boatswain met at the Cuttle well neither could tell where Grizel was.

"She had no business to munt without my leave," Tommy said, sulkily.

"No, she hadna. Is she the Lady Griselda yet?"

"Not her, she's the Commander's wife."

Ben shook his head, for this, he felt, was the one thing Tommy could not do. "Well, then," growled Tommy, "if she winna be that, she'll hae to serve before the mast, for I tell you plain I'll have no single women on board.

"And what am I, forby Ben the Boatswain?"

"Naething. Honest men has just one name."

"What! I'm just one single man?" Corp was a little crestfallen. "It's a come down," he said, with a sigh, "mind, I dinna grumble, but it's a come down."

"And you dinna hae 'Methinks' now either," Tommy announced, pitilessly.

Corp had dreaded this. "I'll be gey an' lonely without it," he said, with some dignity, "and it was the usefulest swear I kent o'. 'Methinks!' I used to roar at Mason Malcolm's collie, and the crittur came in ahint in a swite o' fear. Losh, Tommy, is that you blooding?"

There was indeed an ugly gash on Tommy's hand. "You've been hacking at yoursel' again," said the distressed Corp, who knew that in his enthusiasm Tommy had more than once drawn blood from himself. "When you take it a' so real as that," he said, uncomfortably, "I near think we should gie it up."

Tommy stamped his foot. "Take tent o' yoursel!" he cried, threateningly. "When I was tracking Stroke I fell in with one of his men, and we had a tussle. He pinked me in the hand, but 'tis only a scratch, bah! He was carrying treasure, and I took it from him."

Ben whistled. "Five shillings?" he asked, slapping his knee.

"How did you know?" demanded Tommy, frowning, and then they tried to stare each other down.

"I thought I saw you pouching it," Corp ventured to say.

"Boatswain!"

"I mean," explained Corp, hurriedly, "I mean that I kent you would find a wy. Didest thou kill the Jacobite rebel?"

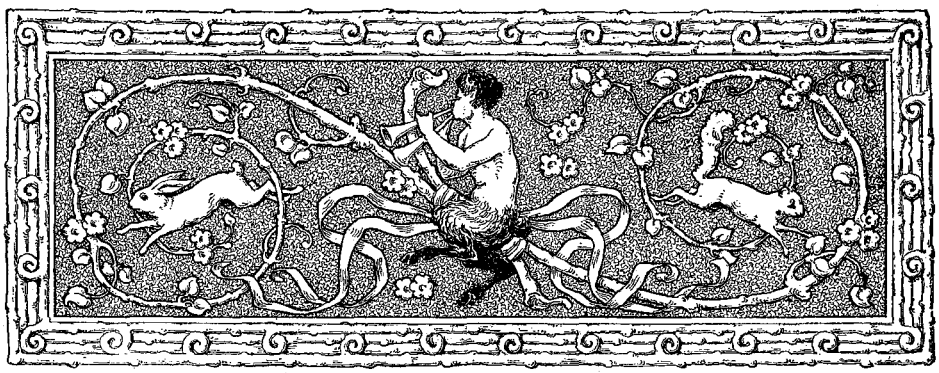
"He lies but a few paces off," replied Tommy, "and already the vultures are picking his bones."

"So perish all Victoria's enemies," said Ben the Boatswain, loyally, but a sudden fear made him add, with a complete change of voice, "You dinna chance to ken his name?"

"Ay, I had marked him before," answered Tommy, "he was called Corp of Corp."

Ben the Boatswain rose, sat down, rose again. "Tommy," he said, wiping his brow with his sleeve, "come awa' hame!"

(To be continued.)



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A SYMBOL

By Melville Upton

Outside, in the night,
On the stretch of the railless roadbed,
Through the clamor of steel
And the beat of the heavy wheels' pounding,
Moving hither and yon
At the car-window's ceaseless swaying,
Drives another train through the limitless night.

Resistless and still,
With its phantom glimmer of brass-work,
With the dim lamps flaring
On faces cut out of the shadow—
On the hair's young gold,
On the weary and waiting . . .
While here, in the tumult around me,
Grows the sense of a silent presence,
A still, reassuring presence . . .

Through the quick-opened door
Crowds the clamor of wheels
And the sudden clang of the engine—
But still, forging on through the darkness,
Swings the shadowy train
And the lamps and the faces—
The hair's young gold—the weary and waiting.

ARS ET VITA

By T. R. Sullivan

IT was when Burton Murray was still under thirty—in fact, just after the Salon Jury had given his "Stirrup Cup" an honorable mention, that he made Gaillard's acquaintance. He had conceived the first idea for his more important picture of the "Farandole," and decided that he must move into a larger and better studio before beginning work upon it. Someone told him that Gaillard, the sculptor, over in the Quartier des Ternes, had a vacant place to let adjoining his own; and the very next morning Murray turned up at Number 15 of the Rue d'Armaillé.

It is a short, side street, gray and uninteresting, between the Avenue Carnot and the main artery of the quarter, that other avenue, wide, dismal, and *bourgeoise,* fitly named des Ternes. You need only turn a corner to see the Arc de Triomphe looming up, hardly ten steps off. But fashion having declared that these steps lead the wrong way, cheap trade and small industries flourish

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throughout the neighborhood, which stretches on toward the barrier with a look more suburban than Parisian. From these surface indications the painter argued that rents would come within his means, and one glance at the precincts of number 15 convinced him that here was exactly the place he wanted. The house stood in an irregular patch of open ground, separated from the street by an iron grate, and ending in a vaulted passage that led through to the Avenue des Ternes. The studios overlooking this unencumbered space, which had once been a garden, were additions made by Gaillard himself, upon his recent purchase of the property. The approach to them was up a kind of postern staircase at the back of the building; there, on the first landing, Murray saw the sculptor's card, and knocked.

Félix Gaillard, Statuaire! He had figured in every Salon catalogue for thirty years, yet Murray knew him neither by sight nor by name, and could not recall a single example of his work. This had gained no honors, though it sold reasonably well and was by no means bad in its way—an academic and old-fashioned one. Gaillard, well over fifty, thought himself too old to learn new tricks. He had money enough for the comfort of his wife and children, and therein, perhaps, lay the secret of his semi-obscurity; "for sitting upon down, or under quilt, one cometh not to fame." So Gaillard, with bread and butter in plenty, went on, year after year, turning out salable things that lacked distinction, and therefore gave him none. At times, he reproached himself with failure and tried to make frantic amends for it, his true artistic spirit getting the upper hand and possessing him like a demon. But he was too apt to consider himself complacently, even in his working hours; while out of these he became a reckless, irresponsible creature, wildly convivial in his tastes, with no more moral sense than a faun, keeping his wife in a continual ferment of jealousy. He was of the ruddy Norman type, short and robust, with a fine, straight nose and prominent black eyes under brows well arched. He wore a clipped grizzled beard; and his long mustaches, curling up almost to his eyelashes, accentuated the frolicsome expression of his face. He seemed to struggle inwardly with an access of perpetual mirth, the signs of which never could be quite suppressed; but the fact was that mirth had been the life-long opposing force to which he had yielded, time and time again, with no struggle whatever. Such was the man who now rose from his work, with all its stains upon him, to admit Burton Murray, and whose first answer to the inquiry about the studio was a look of suspicion. For although Murray's income, in those days, was by no means large, he always contrived to be well dressed, and his trim figure suggested an idle man of the world rather than a painter of promise.

But Murray's card appeared to furnish the proprietor with a satisfactory explanation. "English!" he said, after wrestling with the strange name for a few seconds silently. "American!" was the answer. Then Gaillard nodded and smiled, and pushed his thick Breton cap back from his forehead; and, taking down a key, led the way to the vacant studio, which, instead of adjoining his, occupied with its dependencies the entire floor above. There was a small apartment, including a chamber, a tiny kitchen, and a dark room off it, which might serve by night as a *salle-à-manger* or a *salon*. The studio itself was of fine proportions, superbly lighted. Murray's favorable impressions were all confirmed, and he at once inquired the price. But his face fell, when this proved to be much more than he cared to give. He said so frankly.

"It is not dear," returned Gaillard.

"No, and it is admirable. I see myself already painting in it. But—it is impossible." And he turned toward the door.

"How much, then, would Monsieur be willing to pay?"

Murray, after a moment's thought, indicated terms which, as he explained, were a considerable advance upon those paid by him for inferior quarters; but they were less by several hundred francs than those of Monsieur Gaillard, who shook his head.

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"I am very sorry," said he. Then he followed Murray, down past his own door to the street level, in silence. There he made a little speech about the weather and, looking at the card which was still in his hand, added, abruptly:

"It was you who received honorable mention for 'Le Coup de l'Étrier,'—Monsieur Bureton Murré!"

"Yes," admitted Murray, laughing. "But how the devil did you happen to remember that?"

"It is very serious work," replied Gaillard, without a smile. "I am happy to congratulate you."

Murray thanked him cordially, hoped for the pleasure of seeing him in the future, and went his way. With the same unwonted gravity Gaillard stood watching him, and, for at least five minutes after the painter had disappeared, he remained motionless against the doorpost, lost in thought. Then, suddenly awakened from his reverie, he shook himself like an animal, and muttering, "Il est sérieux — très sérieux pour son âge," he turned to his wet clay again.

The next morning Burton Murray was aroused from a sound sleep by a knock at his door, and, scrambling up, found to his amazement Monsieur Gaillard upon the threshold. The visitor explained that, on the way to his work, he had stopped for a moment only—about the studio.

"But that is out of the question," said Murray. "Why tempt me? I cannot pay so much"

"You like my place, do you not?"

"Naturally I like it—it is perfection, but——"

"Then say no more, it is yours. I accept your terms."

"Merci—but I am not sure that it is right; you can undoubtedly obtain your own price from someone else."

"There is no one else to be considered. The right man is more to me than the money. I like you; I like your work, it is serious. Will you come?"

He reasoned so amiably, with such heartiness, that the bargain was sealed then and there. Within a week Murray had installed himself in the Rue d'Armaillé, and, the morning after his arrival, Gaillard came up to bid him a formal welcome. The painter had risen at daybreak to make order out of chaos, and the studio already looked in working trim. Even at that stage of his career Murray, who is now a collectionneur of note, studied choice things, and, buying them when he could, showed exceptional skill in their selection. Gaillard inspected his tenant's treasures one by one, standing speechless at last before an old Spanish cabinet, the value of which he comprehended perfectly. His spare money had never brought him a return of this sort, which made his own studio seem a barrack in comparison; and he was suddenly filled with new respect for the man capable of a definite sacrifice to acquire such possessions. Murray, understanding only his appreciation of the object itself, told what he knew of its history, and then, opening the drawers, displayed a collection of casts from Renaissance medals, some extremely rare, and all of great beauty. From that moment Gaillard saw nothing else in the room, and it was a full hour before he prepared to take leave.

"Can I do nothing to help you?" he asked.

"Nothing, thank you; I have a model coming after breakfast."

"Ah!" said Gaillard; "you should have a fire then." And at the suggestion of this need he shivered a little, for these were the first days of autumn, and the outer morning air had a chill in it.

"Yes," replied Murray. "I tried the stove last night, and it smoked badly. I must get a man in, to look at that pipe."

Gaillard dashed behind the screen, and saw the whole difficulty in an instant. "Why spend money so?" asked he. "Since we can arrange this affair ourselves." Then, calling for steps, in five minutes he had pulled the pipe into sections which it took a long time to replace properly. In spite of many protests he insisted upon doing this alone, descending only when it had been proved by practical demonstration that the draught was perfect. So, covered with soot, but triumphantly vaunting his own skill, this excel-

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lent proprietor and friendly neighbor brought his first visit to a close.

Ere long the working days began in earnest for them both. Gaillard had picked up a small commission—a child's bust—that in his opinion counted for nothing. Yet it was infinitely better than the ambitious conventional group of a Wounded Standard-Bearer sinking into his comrade's arms, which the sculptor hoped some day to find in a conspicuous central place under the glass roof of the Palais de l'Industrie. As usual, however, he worked intermittently. Having armed his supporting soldier with a revolver, he bought one to serve both as model and plaything; for, setting up a small target on the end wall of his studio, he pegged away at it with his new weapon in frequent intervals of relaxation. After his noon breakfast at the café he sat long over the *Figaro;* at four o'clock he wrapped his clay up for the night, and turned his face toward his apartment, which was only a mile away. But other pleasant cafés lay in his path; there were glasses of beer, games of matador, and various other erratic pursuits that often made him late for dinner, and for supper too.

Very differently the work went on overhead, where Murray was completely absorbed in his great "Farandole." While daylight lasted he could not bear to leave it; grudging even the time wasted upon breakfast at the café, he pressed his small kitchen into service, and engaged Jeanne, the *bonne* who cared for the rooms, to cook his noon meal there. She was an active little woman of forty, very neat and intelligent, and she provided so well, that he soon fell into the way of ordering her to prepare dinner likewise. He fitted up the dark recess with some of his moth-eaten tapestries, and, here, under the dim light of a Venetian lamp, he took his *croute-au-pot* and two succeeding dishes, sometimes in the company of a fellow-painter, but oftener alone. Then, lighting his pipe, he would go back into the dusky studio, to contemplate for an hour the huge, unfinished picture which was at once his hope and his despair. By ten o'clock he was ready to drop with fatigue. Yet he slept well, and woke, not merely refreshed, but eager for the next day's battle.

The "Coup de l'Étrier" had come back, and stood in a corner under the window with its honorable mention still upon it—unsold, alas! for Murray, having no commissions, needed money. "What are the imbeciles about, that they don't buy it?" Gaillard often wondered. And Murray would answer, laughing, that the picture, where it stood, was very decorative, or that he preferred not to sell it to an imbecile. One morning, in the midst of work, came a knock at the door, which Murray answered impatiently, without stopping to lay down his palette, or to lift the green shade from his eyes. There stood Gaillard, and behind him two strange women, richly dressed. They had stopped below to inquire their way of the sculptor, who withdrew with a quiet smile on hearing English spoken. It seemed to him a long time before he heard their silken garments rustle by his door again, but in another moment Murray burst in upon him, all aglow.

"They have come, the imbeciles!" he cried.

"Imbéciles? Pourquoi, imbéciles? Des marquises de soie, comme ça?"

"Marquises de coton! They are compatriots of mine, Americans, do you hear? And I have sold them the 'Stirrup Cup' at my own price!"

"What are you saying?"

"The truth. It was a committee of two, appointed to procure a native work of art—with the money. Well, I am the native, and my work of art will be shipped to-morrow to an American museum."

"Ah! It goes là-bas, then!"

The unaffected sadness in his tone made Murray laugh merrily. To Gaillard the entire continent of North America had always been a barbarian land—the great alkaline desert of the arts; "là-bas," no more; and no less, surely, was conceivable. When they breakfasted together upstairs, over a bottle of Beaune, he reluctantly agreed that the transaction must be regarded as financially successful. At Murray's statements about New York, tending

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to show that it was in some respects a civilized community, his clouded brain appeared to clear a little. But the impression thus made was merely momentary. For upon taking leave, he studied the "Stirrup Cup" once more with mournful earnestness. Evidently, he still considered that this admirable picture was soon to be withdrawn forever from the world.

The sale relieved Murray of much anxiety, and, as a natural consequence, the new work soon made rapid strides. It was clearly an advance upon all that he had done before. Murray would have felt this, even without the reiterated assurances of one or two painters who had been permitted to see it. He did not feel equally sure of its effect upon the jury, until his old master, Vernou, had paid him the compliment of a visit. This, in itself, was an event of much significance, showing that the man must have heard something which he desired to verify. Vernou, a member of the jury, had won all the honors; undemonstrative by nature, and habitually cautious, he said little; but, after a long study of the picture, he laid his hand affectionately upon his pupil's shoulder in mute approval that brought tears to Murray's eyes. Then, strolling about the room, Vernou came upon a photograph of the "Stirrup Cup," and asked what had become of it. "Good!" was his comment upon the news of its sale. "But that deserved a medal. Were you a Frenchman, you would have had one long ago." He turned immediately back to the "Farandole," as if to emphasize this speech; and Murray trembled, lest some flaw should now be detected there. But the master took pains to show that this was not the case. All signs were favorable.

And when the Salon opened, behold! the "Farandole" hung upon the line, in the centre of a panel, with an admiring crowd before it. One after another, Murray's friends congratulated him, Gaillard among the rest. Poor Gaillard! whose "Standard-Bearer" Murray had difficulty in finding, below stairs, in its obscure corner. "You will get a medal!" declared the sculptor as they walked back together up the Avenue des Ternes. Murray, even while he recalled his master's hint, dared not hope for this. Yet, in due course, came the official notice that a medal had been awarded him. "Well, I told you so!" said Gaillard, smiling as though the honor were his own. "A la bonne heure, camarade!" he cried, a day or two later, still without a shade of jealousy, when the State demanded the "Farandole" for the Luxembourg, where it hangs to-day. The medal, in its leather case, arrived at last, and Gaillard asked leave to look at it. He took the golden disc up tenderly, scrutinizing details with an interest which showed that even its design was unfamiliar to him. The obverse bears the Genius of Art with an attendant sprite, who, on an altar *Ad Gloriam*, carves the first words of the time-worn legend, *Ars Longa, Vita*—; as Gaillard read them, he betrayed, for the first time in all these days of his young comrade's triumph, the feeling which must have oppressed him persistently.

"It should be *Vita Longa!*" he sighed. "To think that I have toiled a generation, vainly, for this thing!"

Murray, who had never ceased to admire Gaillard's generosity of spirit, now murmured some consoling words, aware that his own possession of the coveted prize made the old fellow's case doubly hard. And Gaillard, regretting the weakness, hastened to remove any possible tinge of envy from it.

"It is not this one I want, you may be sure," said he, laying the medal down. "God knows that you deserved it, and that I am proud of you. But look here! What is the matter with these old claws of mine?" and twisting the fingers all awry, he eyed them in comic perplexity.

At this appeal Murray plucked up courage to express freely certain criticisms of his friend's work that had been long in mind. Gaillard writhed under them, but he heard them out. "It may be so—we shall see!" was all he answered. Then he lured Murray below to toast the "Farandole," the medal, the jury, and the state, in a bottle of Vouvray-Mousseux which some one had sent him. When this was done, producing his revolver he proposed a little target

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practice. And before Murray could stop him, he had made a mark of his first sketch for the "Standard-Bearer," shattering one of the heads into fragments. He compelled Murray, also, to have a hand in its destruction, which was no sooner complete than he began operations upon the long line of similar sketches on his upper shelf. "Why not?" he urged. "We have changed all that. It is a new era which dawns." He yielded to remonstrance and put away the instrument of slaughter, only upon the painter's promise to dine with him at his apartment and bring the medal for Madame Gaillard's inspection—since it was the only one she was ever likely to see.

Murray went up to dismiss Jeanne, who otherwise would prepare a dinner, and found that she was not alone in the kitchen. Warming himself at the *fourneau* sat a man in a blouse, a grim fellow, hard-featured, with coarse hair closely cropped, who stood up and made his servile obeisance civilly enough. Yet the ugly look in his face impressed Murray so unfavorably that he remembered it later, asking Gaillard, as they walked on together, who and what the man might be.

The answer was introduced by a string of oaths.

"That blackguard! I have forbidden him the house. It is Jeanne's husband, who beats and abuses her and steals her money. He is half-crazed by absinthe, and will end his days in a prison, the brigand!"

The cheerful glow of a crèmerie, where Gaillard had purchases to make, changed the current of his thoughts, and the subject was not sufficiently important to be resumed. Indeed months elapsed before Murray thought of it again, for in a few days he went down into Brittany to pass the summer, and autumn was well advanced when his studio life began once more in the Rue d'Armaillé.

There, oddly enough, his first duty was to act as peacemaker in Gaillard's household. The sculptor, out of commissions, had steeped himself in the mischief which the arch-enemy is said always to keep in readiness for idle hands. Madame Gaillard, much to Murray's distress, tearfully insisted upon telling him a long tale of her husband's misdeeds. He had neglected her shamefully; she had found in his pockets such and such compromising letters; and in response to her overwhelming reproaches he had only laughed, asserting that the little affair was ancient history. The letters bore no dates, to be sure, but she knew that he was lying. She would endure it no longer, she would leave him — yes, forever! Murray implored her not to do this, declaring that such a course would ruin Gaillard at the critical moment of his career. Did not she know that it was in his power to produce a great work? The time had come, and Murray was determined that he should set about it at once. The effort would absorb him, bind him over, as it were, to good behavior. Meanwhile she must have patience—believe, or at least feign to believe. The man had his faults, yet, notwithstanding these, she loved him. What would she gain, then, by a rash proceeding, sure in the end to make her miserable?

Madame Gaillard hearkened to this worldly wisdom, and, drying her tears, promised to maintain a show of cheerfulness. Thereupon Murray lost no time in fulfilling his share of the compact. He urged the sculptor to throw aside conventionality, and to undertake a nude figure of heroic size, in some original pose that should command attention.

"But I can never sell a thing like that!" said Gaillard.

"Of course you can't!" Murray rejoined, impatiently. "But, for this time only, let the market go. Do as I say, and count on me to help you! Otherwise, to the devil with you and all your works!"

Thus threatened and cajoled, Gaillard groped for ideas, very doubtfully at first; but, as Murray had hoped, warming to his work until it stirred him fiercely. He had found the man, he declared, and would go in for a great thing. But it was Murray who found the pose, after many experiments with the chosen model, a young Italian, whose well-developed muscles and natural grace justified Gaillard's high pitch

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of enthusiasm. To sustain this through the trying weeks that ensued now became Murray's main interest in life. Stealing time from his own labors he allowed no day to pass over the sculptor's head without the stimulus of his encouragement. More than once, to Gaillard's glee, he caught up the modelling tools, and worked at the figure as a pupil under the master's direction; supplementing this trivial service with many suggestions, and, above all, with sympathy that proved invaluable. In every such task, as Murray well knew, there comes a despairing point, without which, perhaps, no great work of art was ever accomplished. This desperate haunting fear is really an earnest of success, though the sufferer never recognizes it. But when it has once been conquered all goes smoothly to the end.

Not until the dreadful moment had come and passed did Murray relax his friendly zeal. And it was on one of those gray February afternoons when companionship is grateful to us all, that, descending, as usual, to the sculptor's studio, he met Jeanne, their faithful servant, coming from it in tears. He did not question her, but passed on and inquired of Gaillard, whom he found perched upon a step-ladder, hard at work, what was the matter.

"With whom? Oh, the woman there! It is just as I predicted. Her pig of a husband has fallen out with the police, and has been sent to prison. I tell her to be thankful for a few months' peace. But she will not listen — she weeps, voyez-vous? Oh, les femmes, il n'y a que ça! How does this shoulder go? Let us consider that, and forget the women. There is no half-way with them. They are either fools or devils—all!"

There had been a day, and that no very distant one, when Murray would have echoed these atrocious sentiments. But he had lately met for the first time the woman who, by consenting to be his wife, became in the following year his guardian angel. Even then, perhaps, dim possibilities of this happiness crept into his mind; for the speech jarred upon him horribly, and, looking up at Gaillard with flashing eyes, he was moved to ask in which of the two categories the man classed his long-suffering wife. But he never put the injudicious question, perceiving instantly that the sculptor had spoken out of the clouds, as it were, with no thought beyond his work; perceiving also that the work had undergone a change, within the last few hours, which seemed to glorify it. His high hopes were suddenly all surpassed. This thing was really great; for the moment he could think of nothing else; and from that moment he felt Gaillard's success to be assured.

The assurance was well grounded. "Hylas, the Argonaut," as between them they had named the figure, drew its crowd of admirers on the opening day of the salon; and in a week Gaillard's name had become known. His work was favorably noticed, reproduced, caricatured, until the poor statuaire, unused to such rewards of merit, nearly lost his head. "You will get a medal!" Murray declared in his turn. The painter was now "hors concours," and his picture of the year had received its due share of praise. In later life his honors multiplied. But never, through them all, did he feel a glow comparable to that of the moment when Gaillard announced that the "Argonaut" had really gained its medal. "And you did it!" added the sculptor, gratefully. But Murray would not rob him of a single laurel-leaf. "I was but the spur, pricking the sides of your intent," he said. "The triumph is your own."

When the medal came, Madame Gaillard went down on her knees before it. The past was cancelled, and the future would adjust itself; for the present, she was the proudest and happiest of women. She gave a feast in her husband's honor, and toasted Murray at it, as the good genius of the household. In return, Murray invited the whole family to dine under his Venetian lamp. They came accordingly, and Madame Gaillard, in a radiant mood, admired all the quaint appointments of the place—the worn hangings, the odd bits of china upon the table, the carved chair of state, but, most of all, her husband whom Murray forced into this post of honor. Had the chair been a throne of barbaric pearl and gold, it would have seemed to

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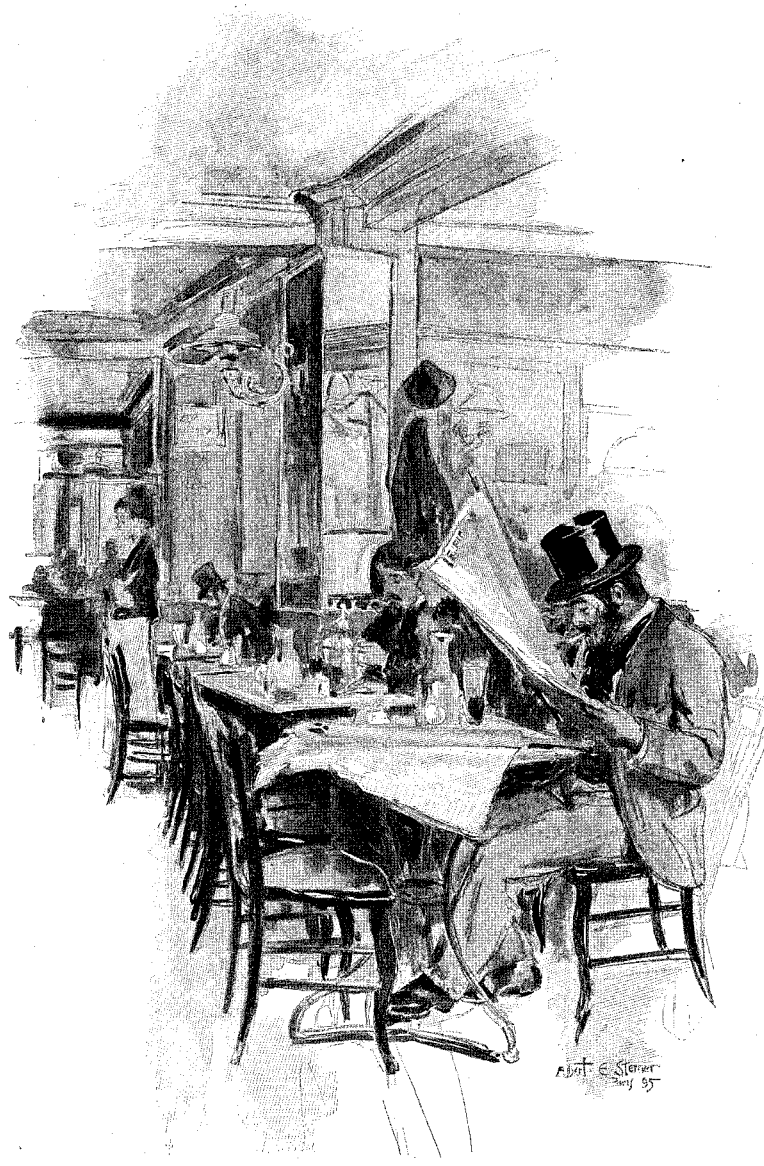
her only his due. After dinner, while she and her children explored the studio minutely, the two men remained smoking at the table. Jeanne served their coffee, and, as she went out, Gaillard said, abruptly:

"I think we must send away that woman."

"Send her away!" repeated Murray. "Why?"

"Her husband is loose again, and I fear he will make trouble for us. He has sworn to do you a mischief."

"On what grounds, pray? I have seen the man only once, and have had no words with him." "You have been good to her," explained Gaillard. "Too good! And he has taken a fancy to resent it. He is jealous of you, and swears that he will pay you off. Who



At the café he sat long over the "Figaro."—Page 57.

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knows what the crazy brute may do, with such a maggot in his head? We must get rid of her to get rid of him."

"Absurd!" said Murray, with a laugh. "I am not afraid of the man. Jeanne is a good servant, absolutely faithful. If we turn her into the streets to starve, he will surely resent that. What shall I have gained then?"

They discussed the question for some time, Murray holding the view that there was nothing to be dreaded in the mere drunken threat, made without reason, which the man would forget in his first sober moment. To discharge Jeanne on account of it, he argued, would be weak, cowardly, and cruel. In the end, his reasoning prevailed, and it was agreed that she should remain in their service. But Gaillard gave his consent to this reluctantly. "Be on your guard!" he urged.

Murray, after a promise of caution, still considering the matter very lightly, dismissed it from his thoughts. He was soon to leave town again for the summer, and, in his preparation for departure kept very early hours. His observance of Gaillard's warning consisted in a keener attention to slight sounds at night, and to the bolting of his doors. Once, when he stayed out late, he took the precaution to look behind him upon turning into the archway from the Avenue des Ternes; afterward, also, he struck a light at the foot of the postern stair. But he saw nothing alarming, heard nothing more terrible than the echo of his own footsteps; and laughed at himself for giving way to needless anxieties.

In all this time, he little suspected the great change which had occurred in Gaillard's daily habits, solely upon his account. The sculptor's anxiety, though unrevealed, was by no means dispelled. He stood on the alert always, but especially toward nightfall, giving up his café-life altogether, never leaving his studio, in fact, until he

Other pleasant cafés lay in his path.—Page 57.

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Jeanne's Husband.

heard the door close overhead. Then, noiseless as a spy, Gaillard would shadow his tenant down, watch him cross the court, and, following at a distance, make sure that he had reached in safety one of the crowded thoroughfares. His friendly visits, paid later in the evening upon one pretext or another, were quite unusual, as Murray could not help reflecting; but Gaillard had never ceased to be grateful for service rendered in the matter of the Argonaut, and he contrived that these new attentions should pass merely as additional proofs of gratitude.

The last week of Murray's stay in town was nearly over. All that day he had been desperately busy, distracted, too, by many interruptions. In the late afternoon, he set himself seriously to the work of packing for his summer vacation. He worked on through the slowly deepening twilight; and it was not until the first street-lamps flared up, that, tired and hungry, he broke away from the hopeless confusion of the place for a hurried dinner. The sculptor's door stood ajar, when he passed, but he did not notice that. Upon the quiet court, still unlighted, darkness had settled down. There he stopped for a moment to consider which restaurant was nearest, and, deciding this, went on briskly toward the Avenue des Ternes. At the arch, although conscious of a step behind him, he gave

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it no thought, until there came another step, followed by a muttered oath and the noise of a scuffle. Thus impelled to look back, he saw, dimly defined within the court, the figures of two men struggling. But before Murray could reach the spot, one of the men lowered his head, and, plunging it full into the other's chest like a battering-ram, butted him against the wall with fearful force; then, freeing himself, he disappeared in the darkness. His victim, speechless, breathless even, struck feebly at the air, reeled and would have fallen to the pavement, if Murray had not caught him in his arms. It was Gaillard.

Murray's call brought help at once, and the injured man was soon stretched out in the *loge* of the concierge. "Oh, le voyou! le voyou!" he gasped; then, white with pain, lost consciousness completely.

"Are you hurt?" he asked Murray in an anxious whisper, the moment he revived again. Murray answered reassuringly, and begged him not to speak, since even the slightest effort was evidently painful. The doctor, who came, made light of the injury—a broken rib, no more; then, calling an ambulance, carried him home and settled him comfortably in his own bed; there he fell asleep, while Murray watched beside him.

It was not until the next day, after a sandbag had been discovered in the court, and when Gaillard had been permitted to make an explanation, that Murray fully understood his own narrow escape. The ruffian had actually raised his hand to strike, at the moment of interference. By what fortunate accident had such interference become possible? In response to that demand, Gaillard smiled, and said nothing. Then, Murray, putting his own interpretation upon this, was persuaded that his faithful friend must have played the part of watch-dog. But he never dreamed how often and with what devotion the part had been performed.

Though assured of Gaillard's convalescence, Murray postponed his journey, making constant attendance in the sick-room his only care. At first, all went so well that recovery seemed no more than a question of hours. But a fever set in, from which the patient rallied only to sink again; and doubtful days followed when, alternately gaining and losing, he was left in the end visibly weaker. The doctors shook their heads, convinced that some internal injury had induced this change for the worse. They would not give up hope; yet hope dwindled, until Gaillard, himself, had none left. He lay passive under their hands, listening with closed eyes to words intended for his encouragement. But there was something terrible in his persistent silence which foreshadowed plainly the result they feared.

Late one afternoon, he had been quiet for more than two hours, apparently asleep, and it chanced that Murray was alone with him. Suddenly, opening his eyes, he called for his medal; and when this was brought he looked at it for awhile in silence, turning it in his thin hands tenderly, as he had turned its counterpart of the preceding year.

"And you did it!" he said, at last. "You gave it to me!"

"No," replied Murray. "I will not hear of that. You must not say so—you must not even think so. It is all yours."

Gaillard did not insist upon the point, but read the inscriptions slowly, word for word, in an undertone. "Vita—brevis est!" he concluded. "That is right, after all."

The door opened, and Madame Gaillard came into the room. Alarmed by a strange light in her husband's eyes, she knelt at the bedside, taking his hand gently; the sick man carried hers to his lips, and kissed it.

"I was not good for much," said he. "But this——" and, smiling, he held up the medal.

Murray went softly out, leaving them alone together. He never saw his devoted proprietor again. That night, the studios of the Rue d'Armaillé passed into other hands.

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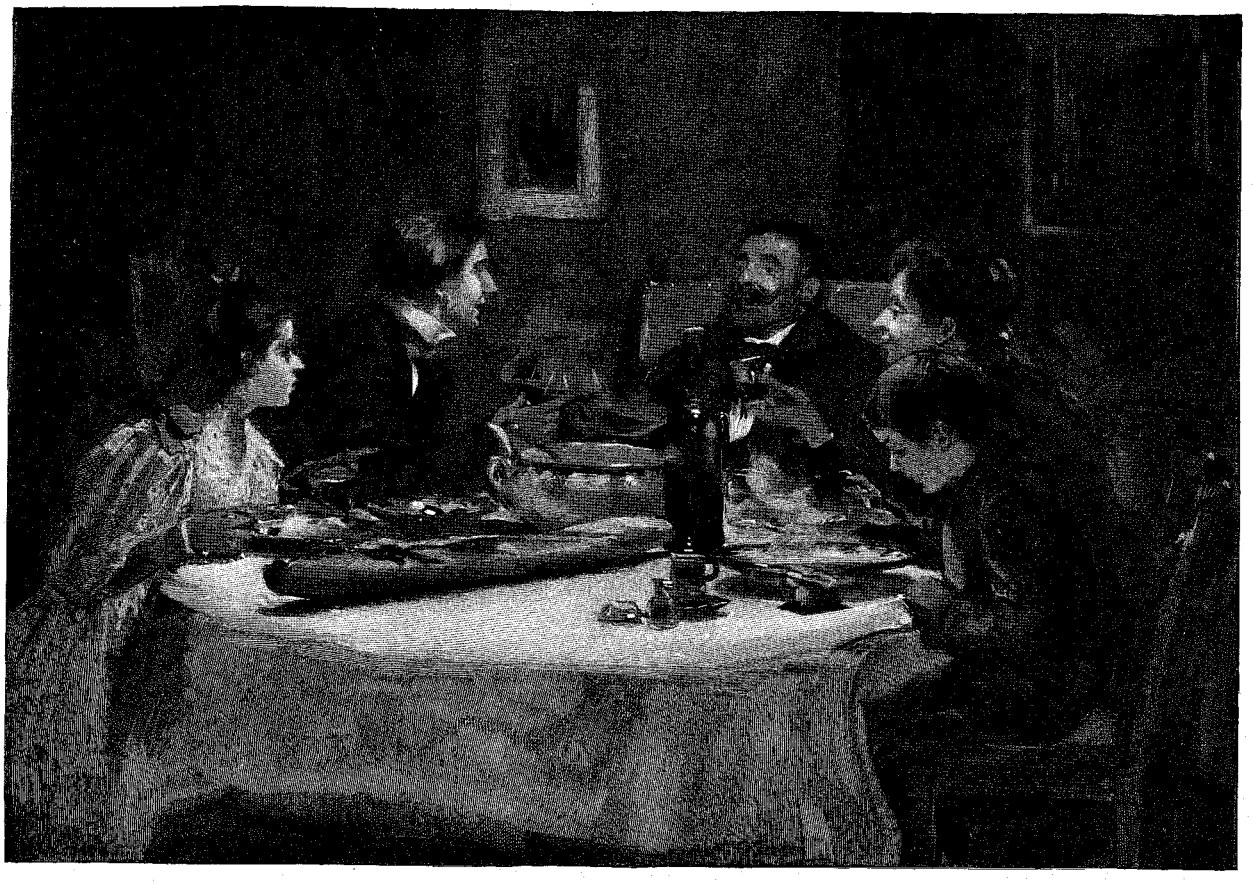

In return, Murray invited the whole family to dine.—Page 60.

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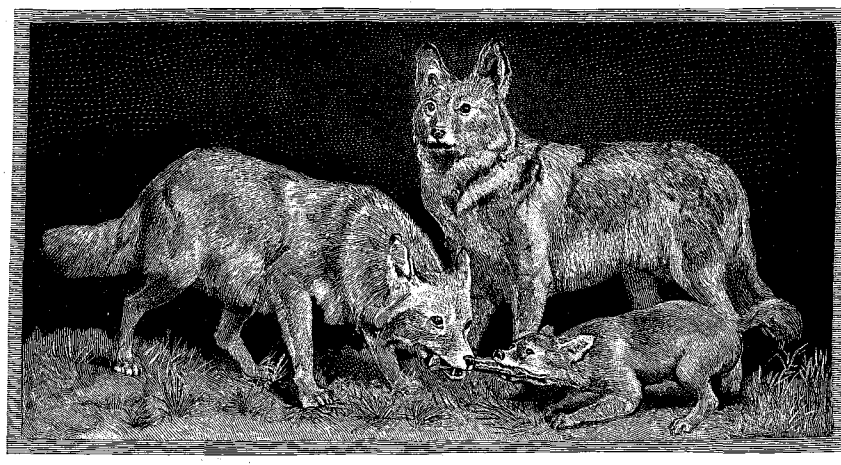

A Group of Coyotes (by William T. Hornaday).

A NEW ART

By J. Carter Beard

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Head of Musk-ox (by Professor Jasper, Brown University).

TAXIDERMY, a name heretofore suggesting nothing more æsthetic than dusty collections of hides of beasts roughly upholstered and stuck in stereotyped attitudes upon varnished platforms, or incongruous pyramids of birds under bell glasses, now lays claim to designate really artistic work; once used, principally to impress superstition and excite vulgar curiosity, the property of quacks and alchemists, it is now employed in the interests of both art and science. Few crafts have been as completely revolutionized and perfected in as short a time as this.

Agassiz, speaking of mounted specimens of mammals, is reported to have said, "to stuff a skin is to ruin it," and in view of the methods and results of taxidermy, even so late as ten or fifteen years ago, the justice of his verdict, at the time it was delivered, cannot be impugned. The majority of the older taxidermists neither knew nor cared enough for either nature or art to preserve a correct contour of an animal in their completed work. It seems to have been taken for granted that a pelt from which the body of the creature it covered had been taken, needed only to be filled out again, like an empty glove, to reproduce the form it before fitted. The looseness of the cuticle upon the form it clothes, and its almost unlimited capacity for stretching and shrinking, was apparently forgotten or disregarded, and the only object of the operator in many cases appears to have been to give his subject every possible right and title to the popular appellative "stuffed." The skin, in examples still unhappily too often present in our museums and collections, stretched to its utmost tension, as it is in drowned and bloated things left on

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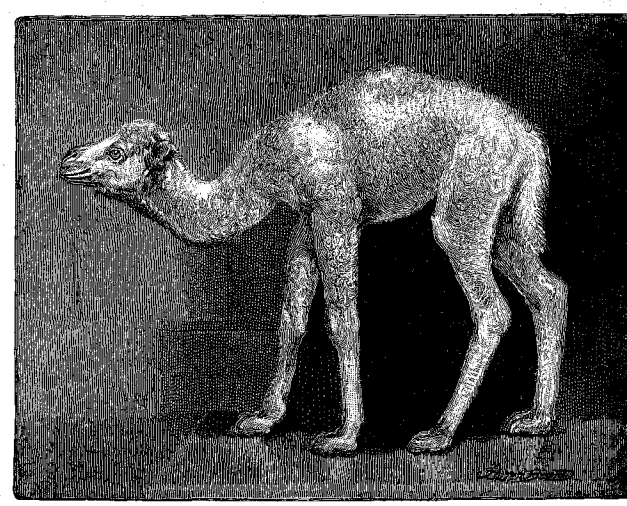
the sands by retreating tides, produces a most unpleasant impression which no particular in the ramshackle make-up fails to confirm and strengthen; the ill-fitting and, sometimes, mismated glass eyes protrude from painfully distended sockets, the feet rest with the ball of the after part upon the support, while the claws, "if claws there be," are upreared hap-hazard fashion in every direction, and the whole crazy structure, emphasizing by its impossible position, as well as by its misshapen framework, its complete contrariety to life and nature, leans stiffly out of balance.

The reform in taxidermy, so apparent in our collections, particularly in that of the National Museum at Washington, began about fifteen years ago. A young man, returning from a collecting tour in the East Indies, upon which he had been sent by a large taxidermist's establishment, conceived the bold idea of using his craft as a means of embodying an essentially artistic idea. Nothing like it had ever before been attempted. It is true two or three groups of beasts had been stuffed and mounted with more or less success, but their proper place can certainly not be found in any collection in which the work here described may be suitably placed. In London Edwin Ward had designed a combat between a lion and a tiger, and Rowland Ward a combat of red deer. A Frenchman, Jules Vernaux, had constructed a sensational and gory piece of work, an Arab courier attacked by lions; it is, or was, a short time ago, on exhibition at the New York Museum of Natural History; but should, without doubt, be relegated to a chamber of horrors in a dime museum.

The young artist mentioned, Mr. William T. Hornaday, afterward, for eight years, chief taxidermist of the United States Museum at Washington, D. C., and author of confessedly the best manual of taxidermy ever published, proposed a very graphic and realistic composition which he calls "A Fight in the Tree-tops," illustrating a characteristic episode in the lives of certain great apes, orang-utans, whose habits he had studied in their native forests, and whose skins and skeletons he had himself collected. Every minutest detail of the locality where they were found had been carefully studied, and such portions as might be of use in the work preserved. A sketch was prepared and submitted to his employer, with an eloquent plea for its adoption. With the exception of the groups mentioned, all mammals had, up to this time, been mounted singly in certain prescribed attitudes upon varnished platforms, and the project offered for consideration by Mr. Hornaday was not only a hazardous experiment from a taxidermist's point of view, transcending all limits heretofore assigned to the craft, but one involving months of labor and the expenditure of a large amount of money. It is not surprising that considerable hesitation attended such a proposal. At last, however, the coveted consent was given and the work prepared according to the design. Innumerable difficulties remained to be overcome, but these difficulties, appertaining to the work itself, only enhanced its interest and the delight of the craftsman in overcoming them. New mechanical devices for supporting different parts of



Baby Camel (by Mr. Rowley of the New York Museum of Natural History).

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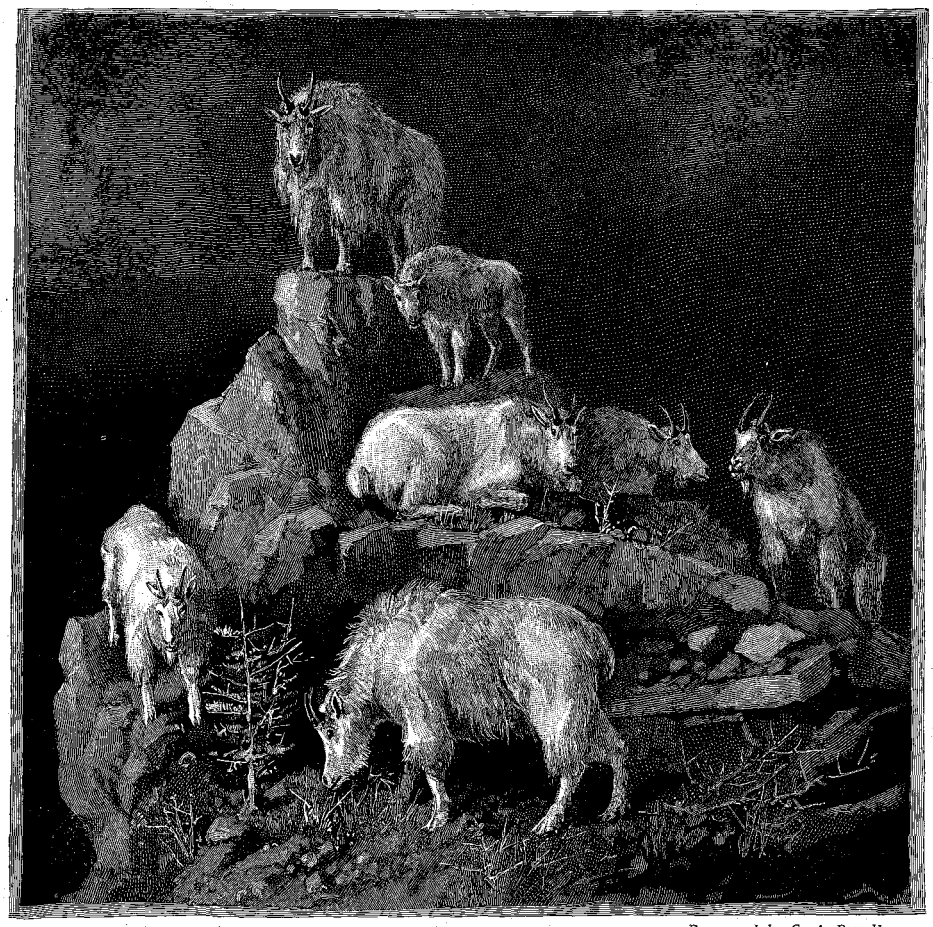

Engraved by C. A. Powell.

GROUP OF ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOATS.

(By Professor Lewis Lindsay Dyche, of the State University of Kansas.)

the group were elaborated, the forest-trees and their foliage, where the subjects are placed, were carefully reproduced, together with adherent vegetation —vines, orchids, and moss—and the external anatomy of the apes perfected from the naked bodies of fellow-workmen. The work as completed exhibits a characteristic mode of attack of orang-utans which it shares with most, if not all species of the larger apes. One of the animals—both are enormous and hideously ugly orang-utans—has seized the hand of the other and forced the ends of the fingers into his mouth; while the latter screams with pain and anger as he feels the teeth of his assailant. The attack is made to obtain possession of a female, that, with a young infant at her breast, is hastily quitting such a nest as it is the custom of these apes to construct in the tops of the trees they inhabit, to seek refuge elsewhere. Aroused by the noise of the battle another member of the family, "the production of the year before, is gazing down from another nest," in open-eyed wonder, upon the scene below. The nests are literal and accurate reconstructions of individual nests built by orang-utans.

It is perhaps not too much to say that the group is so artistically composed, the figures so correct in drawing, and so animated in gesture and expression, and the whole idea of the work so original that no less skill, knowledge, and talent are exhibited in the group than in many

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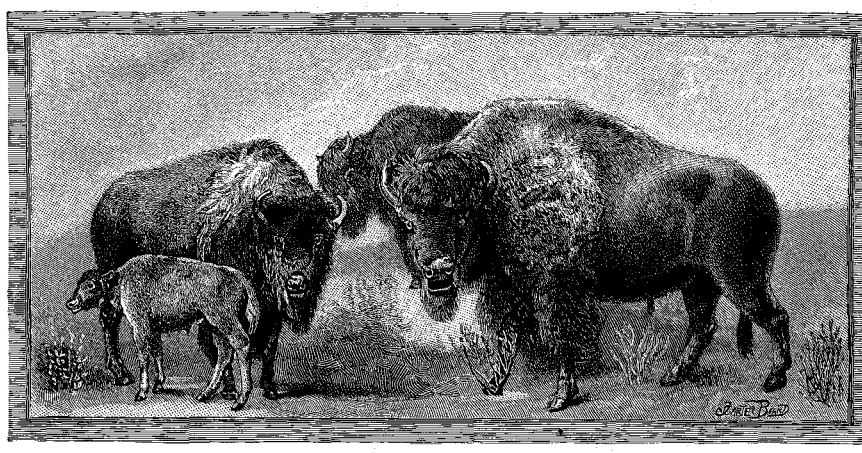
a prominent piece of painting or statuary.

This production, the completion of which marks a new development in taxidermy, was purchased by the National Museum, at Washington, where it is now on exhibition. "Its price, two thousand dollars," says Mr. Hornaday, "prevented its immediate sale, but in a short time another group of orang-utans, of a very different design, was ordered for the American Museum of Natural History by Mr. Robert Colgate, of New York. This group represents the orang-utan at home, a peaceful scene in the top of a Bornean forest. It includes five orang-utans of various sizes and ages, feeding upon a curious native fruit called durion, sleeping in a nest, climbing, sitting, and swinging." The price received for this group was $1,500. The public interest aroused by such efforts led to the formation of a society of taxidermists, which was organized at Rochester, N. Y. The first exhibition of the work of its members took place at that city. Among other valuable groups, including Hornaday's battle in the tree-tops, was shown an extremely meritorious piece of work by another taxidermist—a group of flamingoes. This artist, whose work is unsurpassed in delicacy and finish, while he exhibits great skill in all branches of his profession, seems to have made something of a specialty of birds, whose dainty plumage and graceful forms he loves to reproduce in all the crisp, clean comeliness they ever possessed when instinct with life and action. I remember as a peculiar instance of what can be done by modern taxidermy, and of his skill in particular, that he falsified the old saying, "You cannot have your bird and eat it." He made a savory stew of the flesh of a bird, of what species I have forgotten, and ate it. He then articulated and set up its skeleton, and afterward constructed an artificial skeleton on framework, upon which he shaped and modelled its skin, so that from one he practically obtained three birds. At another time, having a tiger rug to make up, and also a tiger's head to furnish for a trade-mark, he ingeniously supplied both from a single pelt. Cutting off the head he constructed another from the white hair upon the under parts of the animal, which in such a rug as he designed would otherwise go to waste. Spots from which the hair had been worn away he re-haired by fastening individual hairs, hair after hair, in due order, with some adhesive preparation, to the bare hide. After he had shaped the second head and dyed it, and colored in the black markings, he fastened it to the remaining skin, and the rug was complete, and in every way a fine-looking piece of work. I have only to add that there was no deception in the matter, as the purchaser of the rug knew how it was made. An exhibition of the American Society of Taxidermists, held in Boston two years af-



Buffaloes (by William T. Hornaday).

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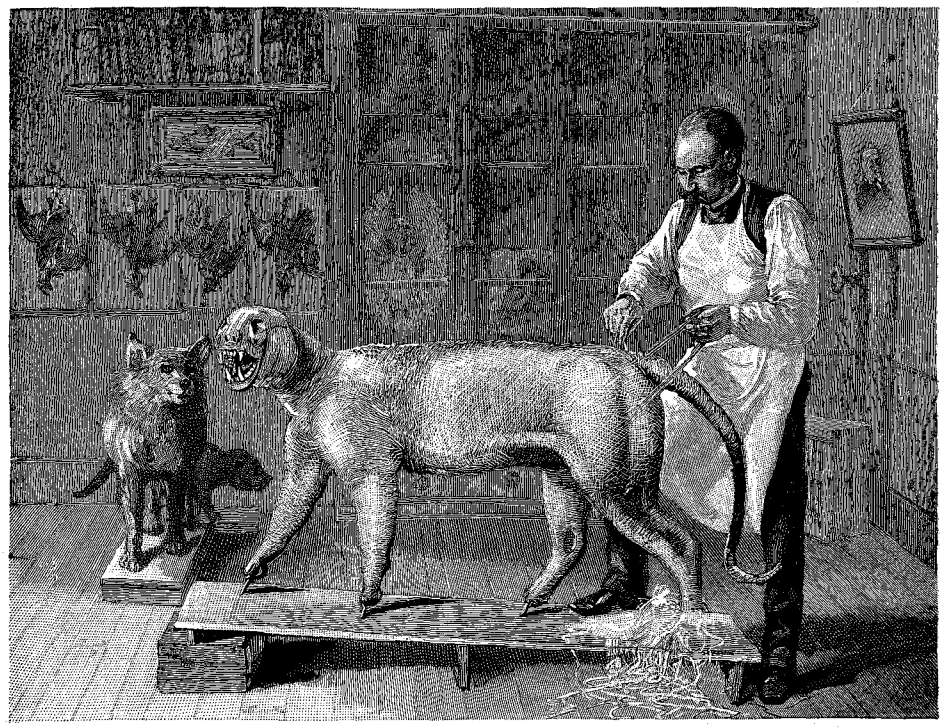
ter the one mentioned, showed a marked improvement in the work of its members, and a subsequent one at New York was better than the two preceding exhibitions. Contrary to expectation, Boston, from whom we are taught to expect countenance and reward for every meritorious effort toward improvement in art or science, gave little recognition to the society; and while the New York exhibition witnessed the sale of almost every piece of any importance, that at Boston proved a pecuniary failure. Since the exhibition at New York the association has had no meetings, the great expense, the uncertainty of remuneration for the work involved, and the insufficient recognition of the results and possibilities of taxidermy as a new art on the part of the public in general, have acted adversely to the further progress of the society as constituted; but, as R. D. Shufeldt, in his admirable monograph on taxidermy in the report of the United States National Museum, 1892, suggests: "It is very much to be desired that this society should be reorganized, and that upon a basis of organization of some of our best societies in the arts and sciences. The need of such a society is great."

In the methods now used in taxidermy the word "stuffing" is a misnomer; the method employed is called dermoplastic, and consists in enveloping a skeleton or framework with tow wrapped and sewed into a rough approximation of the shape required with pack-thread or cord, and coating the whole with clay, afterward to be modelled into the forms required; in very large specimens the framework is made hollow, a process almost exactly the equivalent to that sometimes used by sculptors in constructing large originals. Upon this the skin is stretched and made to conform in every particular. There is, therefore, no difference in the requirements of the best work in sculpture and taxidermy, except that one is principally employed in treating the human figure, and the other exclusively the forms of animals. The rapidity with which many forms of life, especially



Mr. Hornaday at Work on his Bengal Tiger (now at the British Museum).

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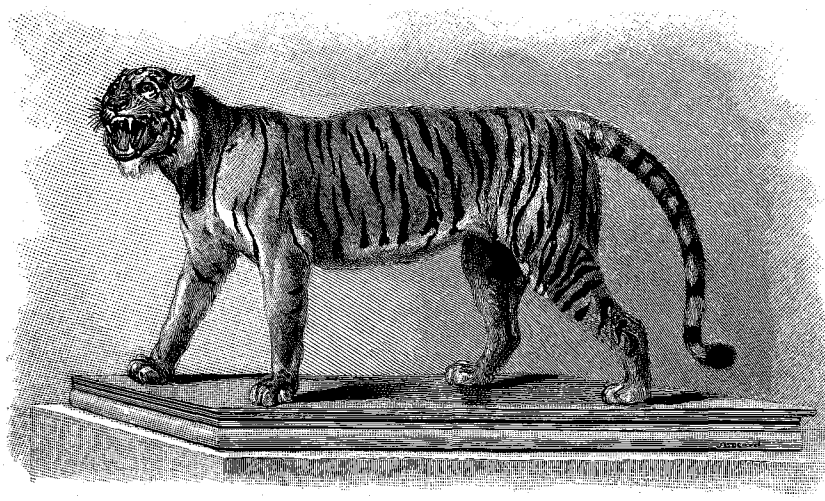

Bengal Tiger (by William T. Hornaday.)

upon our own continent, are disappearing, gives the subject a value and importance scarcely to be overestimated, not only from a strictly scientific standpoint but one of general and public interest. Judging by the estimation in which sundry imperfect mounted specimens of animals that have recently become extinct are held, subjects of the taxidermist's skill, reproducing living forms, soon inevitably to become extinct, will prove of enormous and inestimable value. One of the most important and perfect of such works is the magnificent group of bison at our National Museum at Washington, and also a somewhat similar one at the New York Museum of Natural History. The accessories in these works are perfect; the plants all came from the buffalo ranges, and the very soil upon which they stand has been brought all the way from Montana. A family of coyotes, well grouped and finely mounted, furnishes another triumph of the craft, that will certainly not grow less valuable although the coyote himself will fight final extinction a long time.

An important group is that of the Rocky Mountain goat, by Professor Dyche, important because of its scope, its general excellence, the difficulty of collecting the rare animals that compose it, and that it comprises the only group of such animals yet furnished us. Other family parties of mammals, either furnished or in course of construction, exist, the mere enumeration of which without notice of their many excellences is impossible in the space allowed the present article, which, in dealing with taxidermy as an art must perforce treat of its general principles with but a few examples to illustrate them. There are, too, branches of the craft, as, for instance, mounted heads of mammals, well worth considering, that are a specialty in themselves. These have shared the general improvement in the art, and we see fewer "goose-necks" and goitres in the necks, or high-shouldered-looking heads with but little neck at all, than formerly. A fine specimen of a musk-ox, from the hands of Professor Jasper, is given as an initial; the head is well modelled, a matter worthy of remark, as it is the general practice to neglect modelling in long-haired specimens. A very promising line of work is now in course of production by a young artist of the New York Museum of Natural History. A young camel is especially worthy of remark as showing the superficial anatomy of the animal beneath the soft woolly covering that completely envelops it. It remains, however, to say that even now, though undeniably great advances have been made in both, the improvements in taxidermy are, perhaps, after all, rather more in the direction of better mechanical appliances and processes than in really artistic results. The best work

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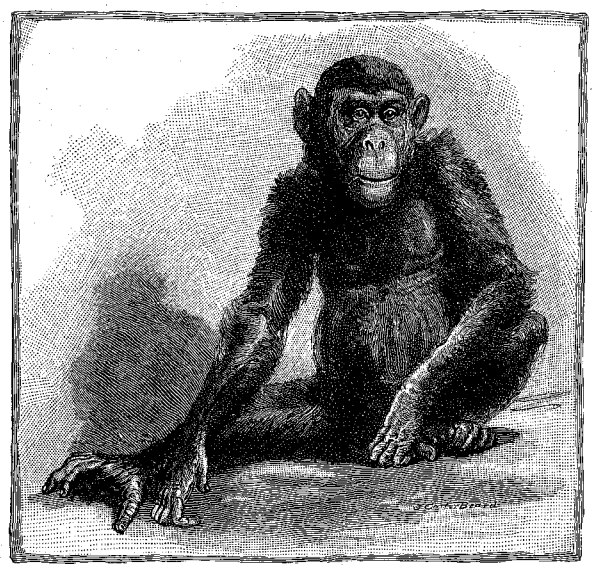

"Chico."
(By Mr. Rowley of the New York Museum of Natural History).

still lacks the look that nature has, of infinite plasticity and form. Enough attention is not yet paid to eliminating stiffness and a certain wooden formality from the posture and to reproducing that distinct connection and articulation of parts which, constituting the external anatomy of animals, indicates, in its entirety, the suggestion and possibility of every muscular motion of which the living animal is capable. Look at any mammal, your dog, for example, see how full of form or variation of surface is every fraction of a square inch upon his body—creases, wrinkles, projections, recesses, hollows, protuberances—all the natural symbols and expression of his natural movements and condition, and as indispensable a part of himself as his teeth or eyes. This is modelling, and this is what taxidermists have yet to add to the other excellences of their handiwork. In the best mounted mammals are to be found smooth, even, impossible spaces that give a hard, tight, stiff effect to the general make-up, and for which no attention to correct proportion of parts or mechanical finish can compensate. It makes no difference whether the specimen be represented as emaciated or in good condition, the modelling is as necessary in one case as the other. It is the lack of this that makes it possible for any competent artist to infallibly distinguish between a photograph of a living animal and that of a stuffed specimen. Rather in their necessarily fixed and unalterable postures should all indications of possible motion be insisted upon, as they are by the best artists in sculpture and painting, to the verge of exaggeration, than reduced in extent or degree; for it is to such treatment more than to any other appurtenance of manipulation the taxidermist must rely to make his work look as if it lived and breathed. The taxidermist, unlike the sculptor or painter, can claim no allowance on account of the necessary limitations of his means of expression, or the material with which he works; explicit statement rather than suggestion, reconstruction and not idealization is the aim and purpose of his work, and in its perfection it cannot stop short in anything but actual life and motion, of an absolute counterfeit of nature. There can be no impressionism in taxidermy. The mechanical difficulties in the way of such perfection are, I am assured, very great. The sculptor has but to give his plastic wax or clay the slightest touch, it yields and retains the impress of contact, but the fresh pelt, pulled, hammered, and moulded into shape by main force, shrinks in drying, and shrinking bridges over depressions and distorts delicate and careful modelling, especially about the mouth, eyes, and ears. No rapid or easy method has been invented to overcome this difficulty, and the taxidermist who produces the first specimen involving the subtile and perfect representation of external anatomy of a subject can scarcely expect to receive an adequate remuneration for his labor. Such a specimen, studied from life and exhibiting this last perfection of the craft, has been prepared at the New York Museum of Natural History. The subject is a rehabilitation in all his native ugliness of Chico, the largest ape ever brought alive into this country.

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IN COLLUSION WITH FATE

By Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen

E. Perry Pemberton, artist, connoisseur, and prosperous vagabond, was perusing the following letter, which he had just received from his sister, Mrs. Arlington, resident in New York:

"Tuesday Morning.

"Dear Brother: Circumstances of a peculiarly detestable kind have conspired to deprive me of the European trip to which I looked forward with so much pleasure. And now I am worried to death at the thought of poor Valeria, who, as you know, is at school in Fontainebleau, and whom I cannot now bring home, as I had intended. Then it came to me as an inspiration, dear Perry, that you might take my place and spread your protecting masculine wing over the dear child, and convey her in safety across the Atlantic. As you are her own uncle, and her senior by no end of years, there could, of course, be no objection on the score of the proprieties. But the question is: Are you willing to ruffle the glossy plumage of your bachelor comfort ever so little for your sister's sake? I should dislike very much to give my daughter in charge of some German or English steamboat captain (the French, of course, are out of the question), and have her shipped across the great pond with her name and address on a label, sewed on the collar of her dress. I have known that to be done, and no harm resulting. But then there was no brother or other relative to appeal to, who might justly regard it as a reflection upon his own reputation for trustworthiness, if a stranger were preferred."

There was a great deal more, the bearing of which upon the question at issue was a matter of feeling rather than of argument. Pemberton read and reread it with frowning attention. It annoyed and perplexed him. Was it a service which his sister asked of him, or was it a favor which she conferred? As far as he could infer from her letter it was both. She had apparently started with the former assumption and ended with the latter. But from whatever point of view he chose to regard it, there was no denying that it was a serious affair. A handsome bachelor of thirty-one, self-absorbed, fastidious, and precise, with a taste for bric-à-brac—to whom his own peculiarities were matters of scientific interest—how could he undertake to chaperone a young lady across the Atlantic? He remembered his niece vaguely as a noisy and alarmingly enterprising child of twelve, who prided herself on various unfeminine accomplishments, such as taking headers, swimming on her back, treading water, riding bareback, etc.; and his general impression of her resolved itself into a fatigued resignation alternating with an uneasy apprehension as to what she was going to do next. He remembered that she had professed no great liking for him; and that he had cordially reciprocated her sentiments. That was six years ago, and of course six years are a long time in the life of a girl. Fontainebleau had, no doubt, polished her off and acquainted her with some of the arts of civilization. She was probably polyglot, odiously "smart," and bent upon having a good time, regardless of European proprieties.

Pemberton, having viewed the subject from all possible sides, was strongly inclined to cable his sister some polite fiction, explaining his inability to comply with her request. He was in Ostend at the time, and though it was in the height of the season, he found the place mortally dull. The doll-like little villas on the *digue*, where ladies might be seen making their toilet in the full light of publicity, had ceased to interest him, and the eternally repeated promenade concert at the Cursaal, had become a positive affliction.

In an artistic way he had accomplished nothing of any consequence

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since he left Rome, four months ago. He seemed to be suffering from fatigue of spirit; all the world wore a thick coating of dust, which dimmed its color and blurred its outline. That fresh distinctness of vision which he had brought with him from home, ten years ago, had become blunted, and the absence of any vigorous stimulus to effort had made effort increasingly difficult. He had undoubted talent; nay, he had been told by his Parisian master (who was a star of the first magnitude in the firmament of art) that he lacked but one qualification for becoming a great painter, viz., poverty. His father, who had never taken Perry's art seriously, had intended him to become a banker; and finding him after a brief trial to be of the stuff that bankers are not made of, transferred his paternal hopes and ambitions to his second son, and permitted the elder to drift as he pleased.

It was in deference to an inferred parental wish that he had gone to Harvard, and managed to leave behind him a not discreditable record at that famous seat of learning. He was the sort of man that without the least effort becomes extremely popular. Nay, his very indifference to the arts, which are supposed to be conducive to college popularity, testified to a superior kind of self-esteem, and made him seem a very desirable acquaintance. He was so well-dressed, so gentlemanly, and altogether the ideal friend to take home with you for the Easter vacation. His superb imperturbability might, at first glance, be mistaken for hauteur; but on closer acquaintance you soon discovered that he was neither conceited nor proud, but simply reserved. He liked to confer favors, and hated to accept them. He held himself, no doubt, to be a superior article, as men go; but that opinion implied no disdain of his neighbor who might be less happily circumstanced. There is always a danger in being too gently reared, in having life bolstered and cushioned for you from the very cradle; and I shall not maintain that Perry Pemberton, with all his fastidious refinements, was as robust a personality as he would have been if he had known the discipline of hardship.

It was in no agreeable frame of mind that Perry walked up and down the *digue* at Ostend, considering the various aspects of the problem which his sister's letter had thrust upon him. It was all very well that the young lady was his niece; in whatever way he chose to regard her, she presented herself in the light of an embarrassment. What under the sun should he do with her during the two weeks that would elapse until the date for which he had engaged his passage? But, on the other hand, having engaged his passage for July, and having communicated this fact to his family, how could he, without the most brazen mendacity, wriggle out of an obligation which was so obvious, so rational, so inexorable? He might let the girl do as she liked, and merely exercise over her the lightest sort of avuncular supervision. He might kiss her good-morning and good-night, if she was so inclined, in token of the relationship; but it must be a strictly perfunctory avuncular kiss, destitute of all tender significance. He must treat her a trifle *de haut en bas*, so as to exclude undue familiarity, or perhaps with that humorous tolerance which he had extended to her in her pinafore period. At any rate, it began to dawn upon him that a *modus vivendi* might be established. The tangled skein began to unravel. And at the end of an hour he had composed a cablegram to Mrs. Arlington placing himself at her disposal, asking for instructions. To this a reply arrived the next day, requesting him to meet Valeria at Brussels, July 3d, at the Gare du Midi. He would have time enough, then, to arrange all details, and adjust himself to his novel situation. Truth to tell, the next week was considerably pervaded by the thought of Valeria; and there were moments when he regretted his rash generosity. However, there was no help for it now. The die was cast. He had crossed the Rubicon.

II

At 5 P.M. Pemberton found himself in the midst of an elbowing crowd at the Gare du Midi in the Belgian capital. It was the train from Paris

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which was expected; and there were evidently a considerable number of Belgians, who on that day were returning from a jaunt across the border. There were scores of people who looked like parents expecting sons or daughters; and he had an impression that not a few resembled uncles sent to welcome embarrassing nieces. However, that may have been a mere delusion, conjured up by a bad conscience. For, to be frank, he wished his own niece at this moment in Jericho. The train came rolling in—not with the terrific clangor, snorting, and uproar of an American train, but with an unobtrusive and half-muffled rumble, so that Pemberton scarcely noticed that it was there, before he saw a multitude of passengers descending from the closed coupés which the guards were unlocking. He pressed forward to intercept the young woman he was in search of; but for fully two minutes he stood staring helplessly, having scarcely the remotest idea of the style of lady he ought to look for. He remembered that Valeria Arlington was a dark-eyed brunette; and that she had two heavy braids hanging down her back. But might she not have discarded those braids, with her pinafores and short skirts, in which case he would have to trust to luck for her identification? He wished he had thought of asking for a recent photograph, or at least a description of her travelling costume.

There was a great commotion round about him. All sorts of tender demonstrations were in progress, and there was a perpetual running hither and thither of excited people, which was highly confusing. Then all of a sudden he saw a tall and beautiful young damsel rush toward him with extended arms, whereupon he found himself embraced and kissed with delightful girlish vehemence. "Oh, you dear uncle," she cried, with a sort of joyous tearfulness, "how glad I am to see you!"

Pemberton was about to assure her, as politeness required, that he heartily reciprocated her sentiments, when, as he disentangled himself from her embrace, a sudden chill stole over him. What did it mean? Could he be mistaken? The young lady was blond! The idea shot through his brain that women possess the art of changing the color of their hair, and that his niece was scarcely to be condemned for disguising herself in accordance with the present fashion. But then — there were her eyes—the color of which he had always supposed to be fast. A horrible doubt seized him. Drawing back a step, he lifted his hat with extreme politeness to his charming assailant, who was now blushing furiously, and said:

"My dear young lady—pardon me—but I fear you have kissed the wrong uncle."

He spoke playfully, half wishing and even expecting to be refuted; but, to his unutterable dismay, the girl darted away from him as if she had been burned, and with lovely confusion faltered: "Are you—are you not—Mr. Carleton Humphrey, of Baltimore?"

"No; I wish on your account that I were, but unhappily I am Mr. Perry Pemberton, of New York."

The situation was getting simply unendurable. The less said of it the better. He had an insane impulse, which he promptly dismissed, to treat the matter lightly, and offer to return the kiss with which he had been wrongfully favored. But he saw in an instant that that would make the matter worse.

"If there is any reparation I can offer you," he began; but that, too, was obviously wrong; for she drew herself erect with chilling hauteur, and an angry tear trembled on her eyelashes. Presently he discovered a man of about his own age and size, and wearing a peaked blond beard, staring about him in a vaguely inquiring way, until he caught sight of the young lady, whereupon he walked rapidly up to her and said:

"Well, I suppose you are my niece Polly. Shouldn't have known you, by Jove; you've grown stunningly handsome."

"Yes, Uncle Will," she answered demurely and without the least demonstration of pleasure, "I am Polly. But you, too, have changed. I never should have recognized you."

"Well, *tempus fugit*. No help for that, my dear. But your aunt is wait-

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ing for you at the hotel. Give me the receipt for your luggage."

They walked along the platform as they talked, and were soon out of hearing. Never once did Polly look about to give Pemberton a parting greeting or in any way relieve the weight of embarrassment which oppressed him. It was evident that she had not chosen to relate her adventure to her relative, or to explain to him how he came to be defrauded of the kiss of welcome, to which he was evidently entitled, and which it had been in her heart to give him.

Pemberton waited at the railway station until the last passenger had departed; and seeing no one who by any stretch of imagination could be presumed to be his niece, he returned in a much perturbed frame of mind to his hotel. There he found, on inquiry, that a telegram had arrived for him at noon, which by some one's negligence had failed to be delivered. It read as follows:

"*Shall arrive by nine o'clock train. Do not fail to meet me.*

"VALERIA."

Pemberton repeated to himself this odd message half a dozen times, as he strolled up and down the tessellated esplanade in front of the Hôtel de Flandre, and the more he thought of it the less he liked it. A certain disrespect seemed to be implied in the emphatic injunction to do what as a gentleman he could not very well omit doing. At nine o'clock he was in a less amiable frame of mind than he had been at five; but resolved to disguise the fact as far as possible. The train arrived on time; and as there were but a few scores of first- and second-class passengers, he had no difficulty in recognizing a tall bustling girl, with a flaring big hat, as the one addressed to him. She was accompanied by a little, dumpy, and vivacious Frenchwoman, who was spying anxiously about her, talking all the while with bewildering Gallic fluency. Pemberton lost no time in introducing himself to the two ladies and informing them that he had a carriage waiting for them. His niece, who was superbly stylish and handsome, gave him her cheek to kiss, in the cool and perfunctory way adapted toward elderly relatives; and he had an impression that she was subjecting him to a rather critical inspection, and concluding with a sense of relief that he would pass muster. "This is my uncle, Mr. Pemberton, madame," she said in French to her companion; "Mr. Pemberton—Madame Bournouville."

Pemberton lifted his hat once more and executed an elaborate bow to the lady, who, he observed, was viewing him with marked approval. But as he had had no announcement of her coming he was at a loss to know what position to assign her. Was she a chance travelling acquaintance, or was she a teacher whom Mrs. Arlington, on second thought, had engaged to accompany her daughter and release him from his responsibility? If the latter hypothesis was correct he had, indeed, been most shabbily treated. But putting this grievance aside for future consideration, he promptly relieved the ladies of their shawl-straps and handbags and led the way to the carriage. A vague embarrassment possessed him, and apparently also Valeria; while Madame Bournouville was perfectly at her ease and poured out a stream of light talk about everything under the sun. "*Il est bien distingué, votre oncle,*" he heard the lady remark, *sotto voce*, to Valeria, as they mounted the stairs of the Hôtel de Flandre; "*il est tout-à-fait gentilhomme.*"

He was falling behind for fear of overhearing more complimentary comments, and had just reached the *entresol* (where he had engaged rooms for his charges) when he heard a girlish shriek of delight, and he saw Valeria rush into the arms of some one who responded with a shriek in the same key and a shower of enthusiastic kisses, "Why Polly Stanton—you dear old thing! How *did* you get here? How awfully, *awfully* glad I am to see you."

Then more embraces, more kisses, more shrill staccato ejaculations! There seemed to be just a suspicion of theatricals in the scene to Pemberton; and he fell discreetly still farther in the rear, with an acute sense of being *de*

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trop amid all this noisy femininity. He could not suppress a vague annoyance and irritation. It seemed eminently proper that he should excuse himself, at least temporarily; he was stepping forward with this intention, when, behold! he found himself face to face with the lady whom, since five o'clock, he had vainly endeavored to dismiss from his memory. There was something of alarm—almost of hostility in her startled glance of recognition, while Valeria, with the blandness of ignorance, presented each to the other.

"Why, Polly, you must know my uncle, Mr. Pemberton," she cried with *empressement;* then turning to Pemberton, she proceeded in the same tone of exaggerated animation, "and you, Uncle Perry, you must know my dearest bosom friend, Miss Polly Stanton."

The young man stiffly raised his hat and stared at Miss Stanton in hard perplexity. He wished to leave to her the option of accepting or repudiating his acquaintance. There was a troubled intensity in the gaze she fixed upon him in return, as she made a scarcely perceptible inclination of her head, in response to his greeting. Then, with a creepy disappointment, he saw her draw back a couple of steps, struggling with an unconquerable embarrassment, and give Valeria her hand as if she were about to retreat. But when the latter with eyes full of puzzled reproach seemed at a loss to comprehend such a precipitate withdrawal, she paused and made a visible effort to master herself. With an air of recovered lucidity and composure she stepped forward again, and, with a charming little laugh, said:

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Pemberton; Valeria and I are, as you may perhaps have heard, chums at school; and you may imagine that we have discussed all our relatives, both near and remote."

"Then I may, perhaps, be so bold as to hope that you are not wholly unacquainted with me," he remarked, smiling down upon her flushed face.

It was far from his purpose to allude to the scene at the railway station; but she was in a sensitive frame of mind and seemed to ponder for an instant whether she ought not to take offence. She was like a wary bird, ready to take flight at the least suspicious movement. His most vivid impression was that she was adorably young; yet she was neither awkward, self-conscious, fidgety, nor angularly youthful. There was a certain fine salubrity about her, a beautiful maidenly vigor, and barring her momentary perturbation, a great fund of warm and sweet womanliness. Her eyes, which were dark blue, with flame-like lines radiating from the pupils, seemed to have a quiet depth in them which gave hints of a charming personality. He had heard more than once, and as frequently endorsed, the remark that girls of eighteen are not individuals but merely specimens of the feminine gender. But he observed, while looking at Polly Stanton, how utterly crude and untenable such generalization was.

It is always a difficult thing for a man of thirty-one to talk naturally and without patronage or condescension to a young lady under twenty. The years somehow interpose invisible obstacles which he has perpetually to be climbing, or to run his head against, if he does not suspect them. And in the case of Pemberton and Miss Stanton, there was the ghost of that embarrassing incident which rose up between them and refused to be laid. He had kissed that lovely mouth. He could not get over that fact. The kiss yet burned upon his lips. And she—no matter how much she strove to get away from it—felt with a sense of outraged modesty that this stranger had held her in his arms, and she had bestowed upon him vehement caresses which only close blood-relationship warranted. She had not seen one of her own kin for so many years, that her joy had carried her away; and she had probably made a goose of herself. After her mother's death, six years ago, her father had sent her to the school at Fontainebleau, and as he had married again and had children by his second wife, she could well understand why he had not betrayed any anxiety to get her home. But now, as she had not only completed the course in the seminary, but (in order to perfect herself in a variety of accomplishments) had stayed

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one year beyond, in the capacity of a "parlor boarder," her stepmother's ingenuity was no longer equal to inventing excuses for delaying her return. Her uncle Humphrey, her mother's brother, who had been spending the winter at Cannes, on account of his wife's health, had finally settled the matter by volunteering to pilot her across the Atlantic; and being himself childless, had declared his willingness to adopt her, if her father would relinquish all claim upon her. This her father had, however, hesitated to do, in spite of his wife's persuasions; and the matter was left in abeyance until some good reason could be found for deciding it one way or the other.

Valeria, who had a dim perception that something was wrong, put her arm about Miss Stanton's waist, and nodding to her uncle, dragged her toward the door of her room, which a bell-boy had opened; Pemberton, with a sense of ill-usage, and somewhat ruffled in spirit, remained behind, looking inquiringly at his hat, which he was holding in his hand.

III

Pemberton had abundant opportunity for becoming acquainted with his niece during a prolonged *tête-à-tête* in the railway coupé which conveyed them from Brussels to Ostend; and he had a further surfeit of her company on the steamboat which carried them to Dover, and the train which deposited them late in the afternoon in Southampton. It was perfectly irrational, of course, on his part, to hold Valeria responsible for Miss Stanton's disappearance, and yet he could not help thinking that there was some sort of collusion between them, and that they were privately having a little fun at his expense.

Madame Bournouville, whom they had left behind at Brussels, he learned, incidentally, was a faded gentlewoman who had once had a great salon, but was now teaching in the school at Fontainebleau. Mrs. Arlington had engaged her services for Valeria's chaperon to Brussels, paying her something over and above her expenses. And this led to a conversation on school-life in general, during which Pemberton asked the sort of questions that one asks little girls, to all of which his niece responded with cheerful amplitude, while he lost himself in abstraction, starting up every now and then with a spasmodic effort to be agreeable. The fact was, he was in a fever to elicit some information regarding Miss Stanton; but he was quite ashamed of his interest in her, and lacked the courage to avow it. How lovely was her confusion when she discovered her mistake; how she quivered with a sense of outraged modesty; how adorably feminine was her ignoring of him afterward, and her flushed precipitancy to escape when chance again brought them together! He caught himself again and again in mentally reviewing the incident. It was imbecile, it was silly; it was unworthy of a grown-up man with a serious pursuit. But then, on the other hand, it had its artistic phase, too, which he might be capable of utilizing. He had never in his life received such a beautiful vivid impression of womanhood.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon, on the day after their arrival in Southampton that Pemberton and his niece boarded the tug which took them alongside the great German steamer, the Transylvania, anchored in the outer harbor. Fully two hours were required to transfer the passengers, the mail-bags, and a mountain of baggage from the smaller to the larger vessel, and Pemberton, after having taken possession of his state-room, and installed Valeria in hers, seated himself on the upper deck, lighted a cigar and began to make desultory sketches of sailors and fellow-travellers. Presently the screw began to make some spasmodic, experimental revolutions, a slender steam escape began to hum with a strained, throbbing intensity; the gangway was hauled aboard, and the great, beautiful monster of a ship glided out to sea with majestic calm. It was a most impressive spectacle, and to Pemberton seemed every time to signalize afresh the last and highest triumph of man. There always seemed to him to be a more complex and imposing combination of the subtlest brain labor of generations in these marvellous marine structures than in

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any other contrivance of human ingenuity or skill. He could never contemplate a ship like the Majestic or Fürst Bismarck without tacitly congratulating himself on being a man.

There was a great commotion on board. Among the hundred and fifty odd passengers who had embarked at Southampton a goodly number were engaged in finding their steamer-chairs, securing the best seats at the table, and experimentally asserting all sorts of rights with a ruthlessness which made their more civilized countrymen ashamed of them. Amid all this confusion and occasional uncaging of beasts, which on shore are rarely seen at large, Pemberton saw his niece making her way toward him with tear-stained face and a much perturbed manner.

"Why, Uncle Perry, I have hunted for you everywhere," she began in a key of high excitement, "and I could not find you."

"I have been sitting here sketching for at least half an hour."

"But, Uncle Perry, you surely engaged my state-room for me alone, didn't you?"

"I certainly did."

"Only think of it, there is a dreadful German woman there, who says she has engaged half of it—that is one berth—and she refuses to budge."

"There must be some mistake surely. I remember distinctly telegraphing for a whole state-room."

He rose with vague annoyance, shut up his sketch-book with a snap, and reflected within himself that nieces were not an unqualified blessing.

"Come, my dear," he said aloud, "we'll go to the chief steward and have this tangle straightened out."

She took his arm with girlish confidence and clung to it, while they gently pushed through the crowd. She was glad that she had a male protector of her own kin, and she was conscious of a vindictive gratification at the prospect of his energetic intercession in her behalf. But alas, he was destined again to disappoint her. His statement of the affair to the chief steward was exceedingly mild—so mild, in fact, that she had to interrupt it repeatedly with indignant exclamations. So far from desiring to oust the intruder by summary process, he proposed to negotiate with her with a view to persuading her that she was a trespasser, as if she did not know that already! Valeria was ready to choke with wrath at such pusillanimous behavior, and she made the distance between Uncle Perry and herself as wide as possible when they returned to the deck pending the steward's decision. Truth to tell, Pemberton was acutely conscious of having fallen short of her expectations. He did not feel in the least heroic. But surely he could not invade a lady's state-room and forcibly eject her, even though she were a trespasser. With a somewhat troubled conscience he seated himself on a camp-chair outside one of the deck cabins and again hauled out his sketch-book, while Valeria, with startling suddenness, burst into tears.

"I suppose you—expect me to sleep—sleep—on deck—" she ejaculated between her sobs. "I ought to have known—that an old bachelor—like you—wouldn't care what—what became of me. What do you think—mamma will say, when she hears that you allowed—a horrid German woman—to take my state-room—state-room—away—from—from me—under your very nose?"

IV

Pemberton heaved a sigh, and swore inwardly a long, voluminous and satisfying oath; when there slowly defined itself to his vision a luminous figure which eclipsed the officer upon the bridge, the snorting engine, the shouting sailors—nay, sea and sky and the very daylight. For a moment he seemed to be having his head up in the rigging, and looking down upon her; but in the next instant he was standing up, with his eyes slightly above the level of hers, confronting Polly Stanton at his full height, with a sort of imperious inexorableness. He was not exactly surprised to meet her; it seemed so completely, so delightfully reasonable that she should be there, that he could only rejoice rather than wonder. Was it the intensity of his desire which had conquered the inertia of matter and forced her to follow him. "Miss Stanton,"

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he said, lifting his hat, and ignoring her blushes, "you see it is useless to repudiate me. For five or six days, at least, you are my prisoner."

"Why, Mr. Pemberton," she responded, with a strained little smile, "I surely have no wish to repudiate you. And there is dear Valeria, too," she added, rushing forward, and embracing her friend, "how perfectly lovely to see you again, and how did it happen that you didn't tell me you had taken passage by the Transylvania?"

"I didn't know it myself," Valeria replied, pressing a handkerchief, done up into a ball, against her moist eyes.

"Nor did I know it," for that matter, Polly observed, "that is, not until I met Uncle Will in Brussels."

"I know you will think me horrid for saying so," Valeria remarked, pouting, "but I wish I had never *seen* the Transylvania."

"Why? Are you not comfortably fixed."

"No, I am most detestably fixed."

Valeria hastened to relate the tale of her woes, with dramatic touches and decorations, and a fresh burst of tears seemed imminent, when Pemberton, being consumed with a desire to talk with Polly Stanton, made an effort to stop her. But she would take no hints, and relentlessly persevered. Then it was that Polly was suddenly seized with a luminous idea.

"Why, Valeria," she cried in glee, "how perfectly lovely! I have a whole state-room to myself—and it is a deck cabin too. You are welcome to half of it."

"Polly," exclaimed her friend in ecstatic accents, "you are simply an angel! You are perfectly grand."

Then followed a little interlude of protestations, asseverations, and affectionate gabble, which ended (as was foreseen by both from the beginning) with Valeria's acceptance of Polly's offer. The German lady was left in undisputed possession of her usurpations, and two passing waiters were pressed into service to transfer Valeria's movable property to her new and highly desirable abode.

Pemberton would have liked to retard the speed of the Transylvania as she ploughed her way at the preposterous rate of sixteen knots an hour through the shining waters of the British Channel. He wished he had taken the slowest Dutch steamer at Rotterdam—if Miss Stanton were but his fellow-passenger—or even a sailing ship, where they might have had six spacious weeks at their disposal. He had no very great confidence in his powers as a charmer. He was a fairly good-looking man, and fairly well placed in the world, but as a compensating disadvantage he accounted his lack of dexterity, lack of feminine experience, and his comparative inconspicuousness as an artist. He had never painted with his heart's blood; his works had never sprung warm and throbbing out of his own experience. They had been more or less clever, superficial observations which he had caught on the wing and transferred with a good deal of point and dash to his canvasses. Could a young girl of eighteen, presumably ambitious and romantic, be expected to take an interest in a man who had crawled so noiselessly, so listlessly, across his thirtieth meridian, and now was sauntering at the same leisurely pace toward his thirty-fifth?

He had not yet found any probable response to this query, when, at the end of an hour, Miss Stanton reappeared on deck, in a new and exceedingly becoming costume. She wore a blue sailor cap, with the German imperial crown above the visor, a blue cloth dress, very high in the neck, a silver dog-collar, and dark russet leather shoes which were neat and delightfully sophisticated. There was something marvellously fresh and alluring in the free and graceful way her head was set upon her shoulders, and simply ravishing was the effect of her neck and chin above the dim lustre of the silver collar. The light ulster, which was cut to the figure, had two very mannish pockets, and flapped in the breeze when Polly began her brisk walk up and down the deck, turning the corners of the smoking cabin with an abruptness and despatch which were distinctly nautical. She was presently joined by her uncle, Mr. Humphrey, who was attired from head to foot in coarse, grayish-brown tweed,

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of the most perfect fit. His cap matched his clothes, and his mustache very nearly matched his cap. He was artistically complete, single eye-glass, slight stoop, British drawl, and the rest. No one but an Englishman could possibly have mistaken him for an American. When Valeria presently came on deck, in equally stunning toggery, Pemberton was moved in pure self-defence to get up and promenade with her in the opposite direction. The two girls nodded gayly to each other when they met, and the two gentlemen, after having passed and repassed each other half a dozen times, could scarcely escape being confronted and subjected to an introduction. Both submitted with good grace, shook hands with glacial formality, and grunted some polite assurances, which sounded like vague subterranean rumbles, indicating that all was not peaceful within. The fact was, the two gentlemen took a violent dislike to each other at first sight. But Pemberton feasted his vision upon Polly's loveliness, as she stood there so bright, clear-eyed, and touchingly inexperienced, with her fair bloom and her sweet, alert look, listening to their interchange of courteous platitudes. He would cheerfully have endured the Humphreys, for the sake of the impression he received, newly aroused, whenever he saw her, of such pure, unspoiled girlishness, such rosy suffusion of hope and health, such placid equipoise of mind and body. There is a jealousy in the masculine creature which resents even the suspicion of a predecessor in the affection of the beloved one, and there was to Pemberton something deeply comforting in the thought that Polly had spent six years within the cloistered walls of a French seminary.

It seemed an enviable lot, indeed, to be the first to arouse this slumbering soul, to awaken all the beautiful sentiments that now lay curled up like pale petals in the bud, unconscious of their wealth and warmth of color.

V

I do not believe that any Ariel could frame more favorable conditions for courtship than those of a great ocean steamer. You are reduced to a sort of paradisaical isolation with the girl who attracts you. You are detached from your environment; the great world has receded out of sight and out of hearing, and the vast blank of sea and sky has, somehow, the effect of projecting you and her against the background of eternity. Though she be as shy as a wren and as retiring as an oyster, she becomes, with every day that passes, a more absorbing phenomenon from whom there is no escape. You have no choice but to meet her twenty times a day, and fate takes a cruel pleasure in thwarting your half-hearted designs to eschew the desired rendezvous. The rest of the ship's company fade into insignificance; you do not see them, or you see them through the small end of a telescope. They have no sort of reality to you, and their uncharitable comments on your behavior, which you suspect, are to you matters of sublime indifference. You begin to realize why Adam could not in that gloriously empty world have escaped falling in love with Eve, and what serious consequences would have resulted if he had resisted her attractions.

Perry Pemberton passed through all these moods, and a dozen more, during the first day of his sojourn on the Transylvania. He had fallen completely under the spell of Polly Stanton's eyes. He knew that he was furnishing a spectacle, and an amusing one, to his fellow-passengers, and he swore to himself that he would play whist in the smoking cabin all the afternoon, and take no moonlight walks on deck in the evening; but when he caught glimpses of various odious young men hovering about Polly, he would suddenly forget what was trumps and make his partner tear his hair. While Valeria made indiscriminate acquaintances, and was no less interested in the young man who was travelling for a Massachusetts shoe house doing a business of two million and a half a year, by George! than in the Honorable Algernon Clavering, the brother of Lord Bullerton, Polly strictly confined the area within which her sweetness shone, and was gratifyingly arctic outside of that delightfully tropical zone. But to Pemberton, though

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he was himself a dweller in the sunny clime of her favor, her tropical zone was much too populous to suit his taste. There was first the Honorable Algernon, not to speak of two Yale youths, who were so young that they did not even suspect how young they were. They could talk nonsense with a joyous grace which made Pemberton wither with envy, and when Polly laughed at their sophomoric wit, as she was constantly doing, he could have strangled them with enthusiasm. For her laugh had never that gay and hearty ring when he told her his studio jokes, or related the last brilliant saying of Gérôme or Bouguereau or Detaille. He did have some enchanting moonlight promenades with her, during one of which she permitted him the discreetest little peep behind the curtain of her private relations. Her father's second marriage; her stepmother's youth and beauty; her small, unknown brother and sister, etc., were lightly touched upon, as if they were the most natural things in the world, and not the remotest chance did she afford him to expend any sympathy upon her. For all that, he more than suspected the tumult of feeling which her placid exterior concealed. Though no word of hers would have justified the inference, he fancied that she looked forward with more dread than pleasure to the meeting with the new Mrs. Stanton, and he disliked that lady quite cordially, and felt her intrusion into the family to be unwarranted. He was by no means superstitious; but there was yet a sort of fascination to him in the thought that the kiss which she had given him had established an airy bond between them; that it had a prophetic significance and gave him a claim upon her confidence. Wherever she went, however long she lived, she could never wholly destroy the subtile tie which bound them together. Again and again he caught a swift, strange glimpse in her eye of a similar consciousness on her part. Though she appeared to have utterly forgotten it, he had a conviction that she was no less intensely conscious of this kiss than he was, and by a half fantastic reasoning he persuaded himself that she also recognized the ethereal claim which he lacked the courage to assert.

During the first three days of the voyage the weather had been delightful. Late in the afternoon of the fourth day a sudden damp chill pervaded the atmosphere, and a gray wall of fog, which for a full hour seemed to be stationary on the northern horizon rolled its fleecy sheet out over the ocean. The ship went at half speed; the distressing fog-whistle began to blow, and blue and red lanterns were swung from the spars and the mastheads. In the saloon the passengers were amused by an exhibition of living pictures, in the arrangement of which Pemberton easily outstripped the Honorable Algernon and the Yale youths, while Polly, variously draped in plain and gorgeous garments, represented a Spanish Infanta by Velasquez, the Duchess of Devonshire by Gainsborough, and a Dutch market-woman by Van Ostade. She looked ravishing behind the gauze in whatever guise he chose to exhibit her, and as his draping was exceedingly effective, his partiality was humorously and not maliciously commented upon. Valeria and half a dozen other ladies were likewise pressed into service as Madonnas, Judiths, Dianas, and what not, and an equal number of men posed as Mars, Moses, St. Peter, St. John, and other pagan and Christian dignitaries. The success of the entertainment was most pronounced, and everybody went to bed a little after midnight in an animated frame of mind and with Pemberton's praises on their lips. Perry himself retired in the most preposterously light-hearted mood to his state-room, and repeatedly surprised himself, while undressing, by bursting into unmelodious song. He had kissed Valeria good-night, simply because he had to kiss somebody, and Valeria had asked him, half reproachfully (though not *à propos* of the kiss), why, if he could be so enchanting, he did not choose to let his amiability shine before men a little oftener. That query gave him a good deal to think of, and he resolved in future to be less chary of his favor, less haughtily aloof, less condescending and more matured, as it were, with the milk of human kindness. With this laud-

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able resolve he turned off the electric light, stretched himself out in his narrow bunk, and was soon peacefully slumbering, in spite of the hoarse screams of the fog-whistle.

VI

He did not know how long he had slept when he was awakened by a heavy thud, followed by a tremulous shock, as if something was scraping along the sides of the ship. Then came a moment, that deadly alarming silence produced by the stopping of the machinery. Then a wild piercing shriek of terror. Pemberton leaped out of bed, stepped into his slippers and flung his big ulster about him. In the hall he ran against a young woman in the lightest of negligés who clutched him desperately, and with a white face asked him if they had struck an iceberg, and implored him to assure her that there was no danger, and then, before he could give any sort of reply, hurried up the stairs to the saloon. Pemberton, remembering that Valeria and Polly occupied a deck cabin, rushed after her, encountering on the way scores of white wraiths of the elegant people from whom he had parted in the best of spirits an hour ago. Some of the ladies were crying, but most of them seemed half-stupefied with dread, and ran aimlessly to and fro, wringing their hands in agony, stopping this one and that one to ask senseless questions. He heard the word "iceberg" again and again, and there is no denying that it sent a shiver down his spine. But he had, nevertheless, perfect command of himself, and was, barring an inward numbness, much calmer than would have been expected.

On deck there was an ominous stillness, except for the sound of axes and the same aimless running to and fro, as if everybody had lost his head, and were merely moving because of the impossibility to stand still. Orders had been given to lower the life-boats; but as the painted ropes were too stiff to slide through the pulleys they were being cut, and two officers were shouting the names of the crew of each boat, summoning them for service. Through the dense darkness Pemberton groped his way to deck cabin No. 8, and to his astonishment found it locked. He thumped on the door with all his might, and presently heard a frightened voice asking what he wanted. "There has been an accident," he replied in his coolest accents; "dress as quickly as you can, and come out."

He had scarcely uttered the words when Valeria tore open the door, and both girls, wrapped in long, fur-lined cloaks, came rushing out. They clutched him one by each arm, and shivering with cold and with terror stood staring helplessly into his countenance.

"Are we—are we—going to the bottom, Uncle Perry?" asked Valeria, with chattering teeth.

"I don't know," he answered; "I wish I did."

Through the dense fog there came a strange, wild yell, which seemed to cleave the fog like a knife and float away over the ship.

"Why, that came from the sea," cried Pemberton; "it's not an iceberg we have struck, but a ship."

"O God—O God," moaned Valeria, wringing her hands, "what *shall* we do?"

"Let us find out," began Polly bravely; but the rest of her sentence stuck in her throat, and it was with a piteous break in her voice that she finished, "what it is best to do."

"I am not sure that anything we could do would be of the least use," Perry responded, drearily, "unless," he added, more cheerfully, "we try to find out what our chances are of looking at to-morrow's sun."

"Yes, let us do that," said Polly, in a strained whisper. It seemed suddenly to him as if she were crying to him out of a deep and dark abyss, and for the first time he realized with an icy shudder what the next minutes might bring. With a horrible benumbing force the sense of his own helplessness overwhelmed him. Though the wind was not high, the wild gusts that swept with a fierce hum through the rigging gave him an impression of a mighty, uncontrollable fury, that filled the vast vault of the sky, and might in the next

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instant engulf the ship, and all that it contained. There was something awful in the thought of the cold chasm which he felt with little rippling shudders yawning beneath his feet.

Fully five minutes had now passed, two of the life-boats were launched, but he could not observe that the ship lay deeper in the water, nor did it careen, but kept tossing with a terrible, listless monotony on the heavy ground-swell. The cries in the water sounded like feeble child voices that were blown skyward and were lost; and they seemed more and more distant.

"Let us go forward and find out something definite," said Perry, suddenly rousing himself as from a hideous trance. He drew his breath vehemently, and strove to dispel a vague, aching contraction in the region of his heart. Putting his arm about Valeria's waist, and then, without further ado, also about Polly's, he pushed his way through the crowd in the steerage. The deck seemed to rise before his feet and he had no sensation of touching it, except by a benumbed shock, which the contact caused. People ran against them, and would have knocked them down, if he had not with the same ruthlessness knocked against them. The captain's great voice rang through the fog; but it was not reassuring. A score of frightened women in night-dresses, with shawls and plaids flung over their shoulders, were pressing in a shivering group about the purser, who shook his head dismally but could give no information. After many collisions, entailing bumps and bruises, Pemberton reached the forward hatch, where there was a clear space, with a dim lantern swinging from the fore-yard. "Here is where we struck," he said, with forced calm; "if we can open this hatch we can look into the forward compartment. If it is not full of water there is no danger."

He released the two girls, and stooping down was about to pull up the hatch, when a strange pulsating sound struck his ear, and again that fierce gusty resonance swept through the air above him. His knees shook, and he felt wilted in his very marrow. Savagely he braced himself to overcome a disposition to shiver. He scarcely dared to lift the hatch. That dull pulsation could only mean that the water was pouring in. But through the cold whirlwind that threatened to sweep him off his feet, he seemed to feel the warm, trustful gaze of the young girl, to whom his show of energy was so deeply comforting. With a mighty pull he tossed the hatch aside—when, lo, two ship carpenters, each carrying a lantern and an axe, appeared on the ladder below, and thrust their heads out of the opening.

"Are we going down?" asked Pemberton, clinching his teeth quickly, lest they should chatter.

"No; we cut her clean in two," replied one of the men in German; "luckily she was a rotten old hull; scarcely a scratch did she give us."

"No water in the compartment?

"Look for yourself."

The two carpenters stepped down a couple of rungs and held their lanterns at arms' length. Pemberton descended behind them, and observed with an intense relief that the compartment was dry though in the wildest confusion. The trunks which had been piled high along the walls had been knocked helter-skelter, by the force of the collision, and the contents of many were strewn over the floor. The reaction from the intense strain was so sudden that it almost unnerved him. His head was in a whirl, and the ladder swayed under his feet, as he rushed up on deck and seizing both Polly's hands cried out:

"There's not a drop of water there. There is no danger!"

Scarcely had he uttered the joyous words when the girl fell forward, fainting, and he had just time to catch her in his arms or she would have plunged down the hatchway. Valeria, who had sunk down upon a coil of rope, wept silently, while the wind blew her hat across her face.

"Why, Uncle Perry," she cried, suddenly, as the carpenters with their lanterns passed in front of her, "Polly's foot is bleeding."

Pemberton begged the men for the loan of one of the lanterns, and discovered with amazement that the girl, who yet lay unconscious in his arms, was

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barefooted. She had lost her slippers in the crowd, and in her excitement scarcely felt the wound which some iron-heeled boot or sharp tool had inflicted. She lay pale and limp as he carried her back through the surging crowd to her own state-room. There he placed her upon the lounge, and left her to Valeria's care, while he hastened out to assure the passengers of their safety.

"There is no danger," he cried at the top of his voice; "I have just been in the forward compartment and there is not a drop of water coming in!"

He became instantly the centre of an eager group of ladies, some of whom in their delight could scarcely be restrained from embracing him. Again and again he repeated the welcome message, and dishevelled women, young and old, in all stages of disarray, with an utter disregard of the proprieties, clung about him and wept on his shoulders, in the mere need to give utterance to their overcharged emotions. Among the envious spectators he observed Humphrey, who was sitting in a state of semi-collapse on a sofa, glowering at him with a morose scowl, and Sir Algernon, who, with tumbled hair and arrayed in a gorgeous dressing-gown, was pacing up and down crying, derisively: "By Jove—ah! by George—ah!"

There could be no thought of sleep after such an excitement. Pemberton, disentangling himself from his tender persecutors, hurried to his state-room, where he completed his toilet, and betook himself thence to deck cabin No. 8, which was now brightly illuminated. In response to his knock he was told that Polly was all right, and that both ladies would join him as soon as they were dressed. In less than ten minutes they appeared, clothed and in their right minds, though a trifle pallid, tremulous, and distraught. The second officer met them with the assurance that there was no cause for alarm, and they thanked him as cordially as if they had had no previous information. The life-boats were now returning, having picked up all the survivors from the wrecked vessel, and the passengers leaned out over the bulwarks in their eagerness to catch a glimpse of the rescued men. It took a good while before the boats could heave alongside, and then fully fifteen minutes of shouting and swearing before anyone mounted the gangway-ladder. Then seven men, all except two in their night-clothes, came crawling up the steps, dripping wet and shivering with cold. Presently the machinery of the Transylvania began to rumble experimentally; the screw resumed its grateful throbbing, and the big ship ploughed its westward way under a full head of steam.

Never had Pemberton been more exuberantly happy than he was that night, groping his way through the populous dusk with Polly clinging so trustfully to his arm; Valeria, with rare intelligence, had excused herself, and was promenading with one of the Yale youths, who talked sport and boasted of his noble score from the foot-ball field. Polly and Pemberton viewed them with benevolent superiority. There was a sort of glorious, snug privacy in their own relation, and they were so blissfully indifferent to all the cackling crowd that surged to and fro, noisily discussing the catastrophe. They seemed so close to each other; and so complete was their mutual understanding that speech seemed superfluous. He knew, of course, that unless she chose to regard it in the same light, this community of intimate experiences gave him no claim upon her which he could confidently assert, but he felt in the very pressure of her hand upon his arm a vague assurance that she did so regard it, that she saw in the hints of destiny the same happy augury that shed its glamour over his future.

They were in the midst of a murmured monosyllabic conversation, and Pemberton was proclaiming himself thrice blessed in having so sweet a face to gaze upon, though only intermittingly, as they passed a chance lantern or illuminated doorway. He had to combat all sorts of affectionate impulses which rose imperiously within him, and, truth to tell, Polly, possessed by the same uncontrollable mood, did not seem to be at pains to second his laudable endeavors. For there was a cooing softness in her speech, which was

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simply distracting, and a warm radiance in her glances which neither fog nor darkness could obscure. They were just hovering on the verge of tender avowals when they were abruptly confronted by the second officer, who seized Pemberton by the lapel of his coat and asked him if he understood Italian.

"The fact is, he said," the skipper of the bark we ran down — it was the Vittorio Emanuele of Palermo—is in the captain's cabin, and he is going on like mad, cursing and howling, and none of us can understand a word of what he is saying. The captain demands a sworn declaration of him as to exactly what happened, and how the accident occurred, before he has time to concoct a story and confer with his mate. It is therefore of the utmost importance to find two passengers who understand Italian, who can act as witnesses and interpreters."

Pemberton, being thus ruthlessly buttonholed, was in the plight of the Wedding Guest in "The Ancient Mariner," "who could not choose but hear." He gave himself up to reluctant meditation. He could not deny that he understood Italian and he therefore had to admit it.

"But where are you going to get your second witness?" he asked, dimly hoping that a second witness might not be found.

"Perhaps—perhaps—the lady there is competent," cautiously suggested the officer.

And to Pemberton's amazement Polly chirruped, with the greatest promptitude:

"Yes; I am at your service."

"You speak Italian?"

"Yes. I've spent two winters in Rome; I speak it quite fluently."

VII

The captain's cabin was magnificently upholstered and decorated with marine charts, telescopes in leather cases, compasses, and other instruments. Upon his desk stood framed photographs of his wife and children. It was but fitting that the commander of so large a ship should be a large man. His blond, slightly puffed, and weather-beaten face had something of the heaviness of that of a St. Bernard dog; while the swarthy, wild-eyed Italian, who stood opposite to him, was lean, wiry, and savagely alert like a tiger-cat. The captain rose with cumbrous marine gallantry as Polly entered, offered his chair to her, and gave Pemberton a seat at his side on the sofa. The Italian skipper, who had thrown a borrowed military cloak over his wet underclothes, stood gnashing his teeth and glaring suspiciously at everyone who entered. The second officer seated himself at Polly's side at the desk, apologized for incommoding her, and seizing a pen nodded to the captain.

"What is your name?" asked the latter, addressing the skipper.

Pemberton repeated the question in Italian, and received in reply a torrent of angry expostulations, which he did not translate. After a conciliatory colloquy of five minutes he was able to report that his name was Eltore Cherubino.

A number of questions were asked, each of which seemed to arouse the wrath of the excitable Italian, and Pemberton had need of all his diplomacy to pacify him and elicit intelligible replies. He ventured to suggest to the German captain that he permit the unfortunate man to put on dry clothes before proceeding with the investigation, and he offered to lend him what he needed from his wardrobe. But he received a curt refusal.

"If he will answer my questions plainly, I will be done with him in five minutes," the Teuton declared; "and I will myself supply clothes both to him and his men. I have a great responsibility to bear; there will be a trial in New York, and I will not give him time to invent a false but plausible story."

The interrogation was accordingly continued. It turned largely upon the question whether the sunken vessel had complied with the marine regulations with regard to lanterns and other precautions against accident. The Sicilian stoutly maintained that he had; but on cross-examination, he was tripped up, contradicted himself, and grew terribly excited.

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"You ran me down," he cried, shaking a threatening forefinger in the direction of his antagonist. "I saw your big ship loom out of the fog and bear right down upon me. I commanded hard a-port, and I would have slipped by under your stern, when you turned hard a starboard and cut my ship in two."

"I had no choice," the German captain replied, sternly. "You would not have slipped by under our stern, but you would have struck us squarely a little below midships; and I could not take the risk of that. I have fifteen hundred human lives on board; you had seventeen. I did run you down; because if I had not, you would have run me down."

Pemberton found it very hard work to translate this ferocious candor into the soft vowels and liquid consonants of Boccaccio's speech. The perspiration burst out upon his brow, and he halted repeatedly as he watched the effect of each word upon the fiery southerner. To his surprise, when he came to the comparison between the seventeen and the fifteen hundred lives, the Italian flung himself across a chair and burst into passionate weeping.

"Ah, *Gioconda mia,*" he cried, with piteous sobs; "*carissima! E morta, nel onda frigida. Oime oimè! Poverella mia!*"

Pemberton, while he tried to comfort the poor man, could not but feel a trifle awkward. Gioconda was his wife, it appeared, and she was making her first voyage with him from Messina to New York, when the disaster occurred.

Polly was so moved by the wildly melodious lamentations that she was unable to restrain her tears, and let them course freely down her cheeks. To Pemberton this ready sympathy was so beautiful and shed such a lovely light upon Polly's character, that he became half unnerved and was not indisposed to drop a few tears of his own upon the memory of the dead Gioconda. The captain sat square and explosive, with a little spark of irritation smouldering in his eye, waiting for this emotional interlude to come to an end. Cherubino who, in spite of the violence of his grief, perceived that the situation had changed in his favor, half rose from the chair upon which he had been lying, and appealing with an eloquent gesture to Pemberton, burst forth:

"You have a heart, signore! I see by your face that you have a heart. How would you feel, if your own beautiful wife there were drifting about, dead, among the horrible sharks, that will devour her lovely body?"

Pemberton made a prompt effort to stop him; but, heeding no interruption, he continued, vehemently:

"You love your beautiful wife! So did I love mine. She was only twenty-two years old. I see your sweet lady shedding tears for my sake——"

"Stop," cried Pemberton, putting his hand upon his arm; "no more of that! If you have finished the examination," he continued, addressing the captain, "will your secretary kindly read the declaration, and Miss Stanton and I will both affix our signatures?"

He glanced at Polly while he spoke, and saw the blood mount to her cheeks, until her face and neck were suffused with the deepest scarlet. Her eyes, in their effort to avoid his, were roaming about the room, and at last were fixed in painful confusion upon the floor. He was troubled and grieved, yet he could do nothing to relieve her embarrassment. It was a shock to him, to observe how she writhed under the imputation of being his wife. He had fancied that there was an understanding between them—that she had met his advances, not unkindly. But perhaps he was mistaken, she might have regarded him in the light of a passing acquaintance, and indulged in a little steamboat flirtation for her own amusement.

Cherubino, dumfounded by the peremptoriness of Pemberton's tone, lapsed into a moody silence, and stood glowering at the captain as if he would like to spring at his throat. The minutes were read and found to be correct, and the signatures were attached, testifying to the accuracy of the translation.

When the two witnesses, after having been thanked for their services, stepped out into the passageway, the sky was clear and the stars shimmered brightly upon the vast nocturnal vault. Except the officer on the bridge and the look-

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out in the mast, not a soul was to be seen. The passengers had flocked to the saloon, where an improvised meal was being served, and the promenade deck was deserted. There was something festal and solemn in the stillness. The pulsation of the machinery was like the beating of a great heart, that was felt rather than heard. It pervaded but did not break the silence. Grand, inexpressibly grand, seemed the huge ship, as it glided through the night, with its strong and steady motion, a little world by itself, carrying so precious a cargo of human lives with their hates and loves, indolence and ambition, aspiration and despair.

It was long before Pemberton could find speech for the emotions which throbbed within him. He had resolved to postpone his proposal until he had made the acquaintance of Polly's family, and could in due form apply to her father for her hand. But now the feeling was forced upon him that he should, in that case, lose her altogether. He must speak now, or the chance would never be his again. He was quivering in every nerve with the sense of what the Italian skipper had been saying. Polly, strange to say, was no less agitated than he, but the blush upon her cheek, which the clear dusk could not hide, was not yet free from embarrassment. The strong and bracing air and the vastness of the sky above calmed and soothed her. She was walking at his side with downcast eyes all aglow with the delicious sense of loving and being loved. She was in no haste to precipitate the declaration. There was something in the unspoken assurance which was so delightful that she would have liked to hold it fast, linger over it —extort its last drop of sweetness.

The watch on the forecastle rang four bells, and a voice somewhere above them chanted: "All is well."

Lovers will catch at a straw. That melodious voice out of the night seemed to Pemberton a good omen.

"Miss Stanton," he said, placing himself squarely in front of her, "it is no use denying it. I am in collusion with Fate. You cannot escape me."

I do not know what Polly answered; nor am I sure that she answered at all.

"That kiss which I—I mean—which you but placed sealed my fate—and I hope yours. Polly, from that moment until this, I have only had one wish and that is that you loved me as much as I love you."

"How much is that?" Polly was tempted to ask; but the spirit of mischief was swept away by a stronger emotion. Her face, as it was turned up to him, with its parted lips and the gentle glow in the dilated eyes, looked ineffably sweet. He seized it between his hands and kissed her. A little shiver shook her frame. Her breath seemed to come and go tremulously between her lips.

"I knew it had to come," she murmured, as he drew her softly into his arms. "I knew it from the first moment! It was all on account of that mistake," she added, with comical perplexity, as they sauntered toward the entrance to the saloon. "I knew it would be no use trying to correct it."

"It is vain to kick against Fate," Pemberton responded, with a happy laugh. "I verily believe that the collision, the fainting fit, and the Italian skipper's blunder were all incidents of the same conspiracy which has given me the loveliest girl in the world to have and to hold forevermore."

"I beg your pardon," Polly interposed, with a menacing light in her eyes.

"Why?"

"The fainting fit——"

"Oh! I beg yours a thousand times. I meant—the wounded foot."

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SOME PORTRAITS OF J. M. W. TURNER

By Cosmo Monkhouse

For a man who had the greatest objection to have his portrait taken, and who, notwithstanding the interest he took in photography during the last years of his life, was never photographed, Turner has left a good many portraits behind him. Fortunately his dislike to be taken came upon him, or came upon him more strongly, in his later years. The very early portraits which belong to Mr. Ruskin and myself, and that in the National Gallery, at about the age of twenty-seven, show that up to this date he had no great objection to the perpetuation of his features. An unfinished sea-piece in the possession of Sir J. C. Robinson, of about the same date, contains an unmistakable likeness of himself, very like the oil portrait in the National Gallery. Belonging to the same period, that is before he was over thirty, possibly before he was over twenty-five, are two pencil sketches in the British Museum, said to be by Charles Turner, the celebrated engraver, and also the portrait by George Dance. But in addition to these portraits of the period 1790–1802, there is another which would exceed all the rest in interest if it could only make good all its pretensions. This is a life-size oil-picture of a young man, belonging to Mr. C. Wentworth Wass, the well-known engraver and connoisseur, who presides over the Fine Art Section of the Crystal Palace. He himself has been a life-long student of art, and has engraved a portrait of Turner (that by John Linnell, to which we shall come presently), so that his opinion in the matter is not lightly to be set aside; but this opinion has been fortified, and that in the most formal and unmistakable manner, by Professor Ruskin, who, after having seen it more than once, and examined it with great care, gave voluntarily to Mr. Wass the accompanying written statement of his opinion:

Turner at the Age of Sixteen (1791).

From a water-color miniature by himself in the possession of Cosmo Monkhouse.

"The portrait shown me to-day by Mr. Wass is, I have no doubt, a painting of Turner when young by himself, and is of extreme interest to me, though slighter in work than the one in the National Gallery; for that very reason seeming to give, in all probability, the truest image extant of the man at that time of his life.

(Signed) "John Ruskin."

Unfortunately this portrait differs considerably from the portrait by himself in the National Gallery, and that by Dance, both of which represent a man of about the same age. Mr. Wass assigns to it the date of 1797, or when Turner was twenty-two; that by Dance is three years later than this, and according to the catalogue of the National Gallery the portrait there was painted about 1802. Mr. Wass's portrait is of a handsome young man, with fresh complexion and fine, large, blue eyes; the hair is light and wavy, trained over the forehead, a characteristic of nearly all Turner portraits; the mouth is full but well-shaped, the jaw square, and the nose straight without a trace of a high bridge. The portrait has the air of a man of breeding and fashion, confident but unaffected, and not at all like the slatternly and unstylish individ-

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Turner as a Young Man.
From a pencil sketch in the British Museum.

ual we see in the National Gallery portrait. The painting, if slight, is extremely dexterous; the elaborate costume, with its voluminous and carefully-tied neck-cloth, the many-buttoned shirt front and many-buttoned waistcoat, are touched in a masterly manner. I can find nothing in it which clearly identifies it as Turner's handiwork, but on such a point Professor Ruskin's opinion will be considered decisive by many persons. It would go far to meet the difficulties of accepting the portrait as a self-likeness of Turner, if we also accepted the theory that it is the very portrait mentioned by Thornbury, in the fourth chapter of his "Life" of the artist, as having been painted for Turner's first love. Unfortunately the history of this first love is very shadowy, but Thornbury states that he heard it from one who heard it from relatives of the lady to whom she told it. All that can be gathered from Thornbury's account is, that Turner fell in love with the sister of one of his school-fellows at Margate, and that at some time not stated, but probably about 1796 or 1797, vows having been exchanged, the artist went off on a tour. His letters were intercepted, and when two years afterward he came to claim her, he found her on the eve of her marriage with another. We are assured by Thornbury that "Entreaties and objurgations were unavailing; all a lover's arguments were employed in vain; and Turner left her in bitter grief, declaring that he would never marry, and that his life henceforth was hopeless and blighted."

Now, if all this be true, and this be the very portrait which he left the unknown Miss —— as a pledge of his affection and constant image of his absent self, its interest would be extreme. Here we should have the young genius with his best clothes (nay his very best face) on, using all his art (and it must be remembered that he worked for a little while in the studio of Sir Joshua Reynolds) to please his mistress, intensifying the depths of his blue eyes, concealing the too obtrusive bridge of his nose, making himself look as tall and gallant as possible. It is to be regretted that Mr. Wass failed to extract from its last possessor, a Devonshire clergyman, anything very precise as to its history, and we fear that there is no link of positive evidence to connect this picture with the girl that Turner "left behind him" at Margate. It was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1888,

"A Sweet Temper."
From a pencil sketch in the British Museum.

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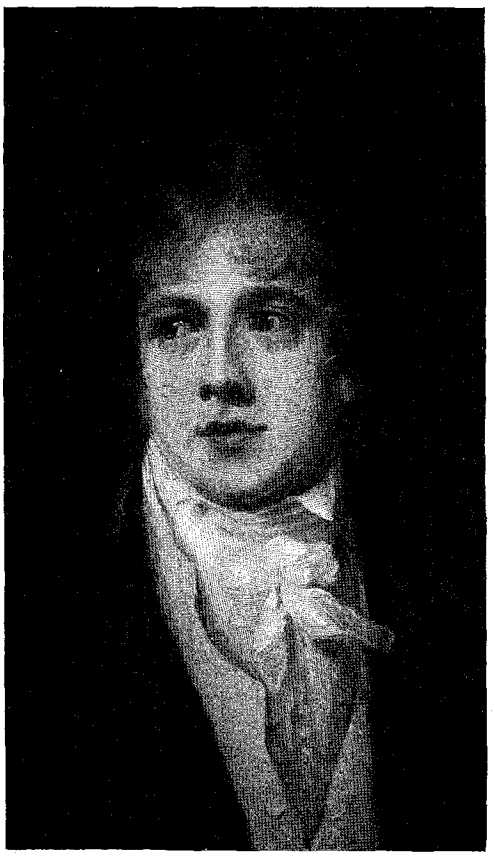
and at the New Gallery (Victorian Exhibition) in 1891–92. In spite of all doubts the dream is too pleasant to be dismissed without a struggle, and if it lacks confirmation Mr. Wass has still a beautiful picture, and Mr. Ruskin's authority for asserting that it is a genuine portrait of Turner by himself, at about the age when the artist's affections are said to have been blighted for the first time.



At the Age of Twenty-two (1797).
From an oil painting in the possession of Mr. C. Wentworth Wass.

No doubt a change came over the man in his early manhood. The pencil sketches ascribed to Charles Turner and the portrait by Dance all testify that there was a time when Turner was a good-looking youth, and not a little of a dandy, careful of his costume and the dressing of his hair. He might well have been proud of himself, for he was generally regarded as the first landscape painter of his day, even before his election as associate of the Royal Academy at the age of twenty-four. He was not only an associate, but a full academician, in the year when the National Gallery portrait is supposed to have been painted, but there is none of the gayety of the British Museum sketch, and none of the spruceness of Dance's study. The face is melancholy, the costume and the manner of painting slovenly, as though he did not care for his subject and had painted it only as an exercise, without any desire to please himself or anyone else. He never painted himself again, and tried to prevent anyone else from painting him for the rest of his life. Yet he was not twenty-seven, and had just reached the summit of honor in his profession—a position which most artists only attain when they are nearly twice his age. He had all the more reason to be proud because he had won it as a landscape painter.

Constable had to wait till he was fifty-three for a like honor, and was then told by the president that he was very lucky, as there were some figure-painters waiting election. And yet if we judge from this portrait he was not happy, though, if we judge from other portraits, he had been happy enough only a few years before.

Of my own little portrait I hesitate to say much, because it is mine, but it has the interest which attaches to the first of anything, and it is the earliest portrait of Turner by himself that is known. It was (according to the inscription on its back) executed in 1791 or 1792, when he was staying with his father's friend, Mr. Narraway, a fellmonger, who lived in Broadmead, Bristol. His drawings of Bristol are well marked by their curious scheme of color, in which strong yellows and orange-reds contrast with deep greens and blues. Even in my little portrait there is much the same scheme of color, for the background is of sky-blue (or the blue he used for his skies), his jacket is of striped green with large yellow

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buttons, and his waistcoat of striped orange, while the dusky hair is not unlike the tint he then used for the boughs of his trees. It is carefully but timidly drawn with a light hand, all apparently with the point of the brush, the face cross-hatched in gray in the shadows, in red on the cheeks. It has many of the characteristics of his latest portraits, the hair falling over the forehead; the large, striking blue eyes; the arched eyebrows, with a great distance between them and the eyes; the long nose with a high bridge and tendency to proboscis; the face narrowing from the cheek-bones rather suddenly, like a pear, and ending in a round, prominent chin with a dimple; the mouth with an upper lip like a Cupid's bow and rather overhanging the under one; the frilled shirt and buttoned-up coat. If it had not been for the inscription on the back, I should have thought the portrait to be earlier than even 1791. Though only sixteen in this year, he had attained a little celebrity as a "prodigy." In that small barber's shop in Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, his drawings, beginning with colored copies of engravings, and by this time, no doubt, including sketches from nature at Margate and on the banks of the Thames, had attracted the attention of his father's customers, among whom were Stothard and probably several other artists. These drawings added a little to the scant grist of his father's mill. Sold at first for a few shillings, their price rose to a pound or two, and they were sought by Dr. Thomas Monro, the famous mad doctor and connoisseur of Bedford Square and Fetcham, and afterward of Adelphi Terrace and Bushey. At his house Turner and his friend Girtin were received in the evening, taught, and employed at the same time by the good doctor, who gave them outlines to fill in with black and white and colors, and drawings to copy out of his collection of Sandbys, Cozenses, and Gainsboroughs. It is generally stated that the scene of these evenings was the doctor's house in Adelphi Terrace, and that the doctor gave his pupils a good supper and half-a-crown a piece in return for their evening's work. It now, however, appears that Dr. Munro did not leave Bedford Square for the Adelphi till 1793, when both these artists were too far advanced to need the training, and too well employed to need the half-crown. Turner became a student of the Royal Academy in 1789, and he exhibited his first drawing, "View of the Archbishop's Palace, Lambeth, in 1790." It was not till 1793 that he exhibited any views of Bristol, but in this year he sent two—a "View on the River Avon, near St. Vincent Rocks, Bristol," and "The Rising Squall, Hot Wells, from St. Vincent Rocks, Bristol"—both, no doubt, sketched when staying with Mr. Narraway. About this time he set up a studio for himself in Hand Court, Maiden Lane, close to his father's shop, and what is more interesting in connection with this early portrait, he received his first commission for a series of drawings to be engraved. This came from Mr. J. Walker, the proprietor of *The Copper Plate Magazine*, who afterward employed Girtin in the same way. This set him on his first sketching tour, for which he departed on a pony lent to him by Mr. Narraway.

At the Age of Twenty-five (1800).
From a drawing by George Dance, R.A.

The portrait, with some other relics of Turner, passed from a connection of the Narraways into the possession of Mr. Ruskin, from his into that of Mrs.

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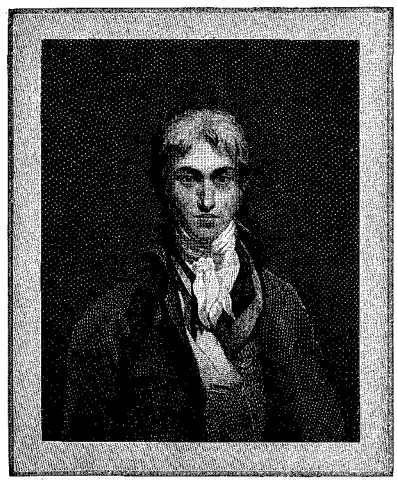
Booth, in whose house at Chelsea Turner was living for some years before his death, and I acquired it from her son, Mr. Pound. And here I am glad of the opportunity of stating my entire disbelief in most of the stories and all the scandal regarding the relationship between Mrs. Booth and Turner. Mrs. Booth was no new acquaintance of Turner when he took up his residence in her little house on the banks of the Thames. Mr. Pound (Mrs. Booth's son by a former marriage) had been educated at Turner's expense. They were very old friends, and both very old people. The only indiscretion of which they were guilty was in passing under the same name, and the only motive of the indiscretion was Turner's desire to conceal his retreat.

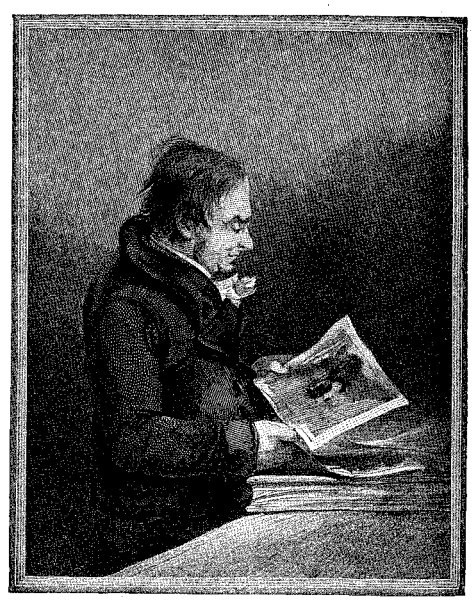


About the Age of Twenty-seven.

From the oil painting by W. Holl in the National Gallery.

Next in order of date is Mr. Ruskin's portrait of Turner by himself, when about the age of seventeen, which was exhibited with Mr. Ruskin's drawings at the Fine Art Society's Galleries, in New Bond Street, in March, 1878. This is in oil, and is the portrait referred to in Mr. Hamerton's "Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.," p. 26. "Turner," he writes, "began by painting soundly in oil; his unsound work belongs to his full maturity. We know on excellent authority—the authority of the owner—that the portrait which Turner painted of himself, at the age of seventeen, is still in a perfect state of preservation. The pigments used in that portrait, and the manner of applying them, were alike in accordance with the Academic tradition of the time." Of this portrait Mr. Ruskin tells, in the catalogue of the Exhibition just referred to, that "it was given by Turner to his housekeeper [in Queen Anne Street], and by her [Mrs. Danby] bequeathed to me. It, in the first place, shows the broad and somewhat clumsy manner of his painting in the 'school-days;' in the second, it is to me, who knew him in his age, entirely the germ and virtually capable contents of the man I knew."

It would be somewhat difficult to fix the date of the two very lively and able pencil studies of Turner which are in the British Museum, if it were not for the profile by George Dance. The plate of the latter was not published till 1829, but it bears the information that the drawing was made in March, 1800, or the year after Turner was elected an associate of the Royal Academy. This is the only portrait for which he is known to have sat. He has evidently got himself up very carefully for the purpose, with voluminous and carefully tied white "choker," and coat with high velvet stand-up collar and broad lappets. His long hair is carefully trained



Turner Examining a Print in the Museum (1816).

From a drawing by J. T. Smith in the British Museum.

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over his forehead, and gathered behind into a *queue* tied with a ribband. The characteristics of the face—the high, arched eyebrow; the large, staring eye; the long, high-bridged nose; the full, curved mouth, with tilted upper lip and drooping lower one, are well marked. If we compare it with the three-quarter face ascribed to Charles Turner, we shall find the strongest resemblance in all respects. They might almost have been drawn from the same person on the same day, though I am inclined to think that the British Museum sketch is earlier by a year or so, possibly belonging to 1798, after the great success which Turner achieved at the Royal Academy in that year with the "Norham Castle" and other fruits of his first journey to the north of England, in 1797.

It is less melancholy than the "Dance," and is indeed the most animated of all his portraits, representing him in the prime of his early manhood, full of spirit and confidence, and conscious not only of his talent and success, but also of a personal appearance which could not have been without considerable attraction. The other portrait of Turner, by the same hand and about the same time, though it may be a few years later, shows us that the young artist was not always in a pleasant mood even at this age. It is ironically described "A Sweet Temper," and is an admirable picture of a young man in the sulks. Dr. Whitaker, who about this time employed Turner to illustrate his "Parish of Whalley," speaks of him (in 1800) as having "all the irritability of youthful genius." (See "Turner," in "Great Artists" series, p. 45.) Thornbury speaks of a sketch by Mulready, the description of which would suit that we are now considering. "Mulready also," he says, "once showed me an inimitable little sketch of Turner *furens*, taken by stealth at a sitting of the Academy Council whereat the artist was thwarted. He looks ready for a spring. Achilles chafing in his tent could not have appeared more grandly furious. Mulready has caught the true though momentary expression."

Turner (inscribed "Dream, 1841").

From a drawing by Charles Turner in the British Museum.

No one who compares the "Sweet Temper" sketch with Turner's portrait of himself in the National Gallery, can have any doubt that the two represent the same person; but Turner's image of himself is the least attractive, notwithstanding the "temper" of the other. It is a dull face with tow-like hair, and a heavy shadow under the nose. It is almost without expression, except a stupid stare. It was well engraved by W. Holl for the *Art Journal*.

After this portrait of about 1802, Turner, as I have already said, drew no portraits of himself, nor would he allow others to make them, and during the period of his middle age, though many were taken by stealth, none can be regarded as entirely successful. The most assiduous attempts to produce more than a sketch were made by both Charles Turner and John Linnell. The picture of the latter, which has been engraved by Mr. C. Wentworth Wass, was the result of a commission, and arrangements were made to place Linnell opposite to Turner at several dinner-parties. The date assigned by Linnell himself to this picture is 1837, or when Turner was sixty-two. It was entirely painted from memory, and gives the head and shoulders of the artist about three-quarter face, rather smaller than life. Turner wears a coat with a fur collar and large lappets, a red velvet waistcoat,

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and a stiff stock with long ends secured by a coral pin. The features are coarse and the eyes have a strong stare. Opinions among those who knew Turner were very much divided as to the accuracy of the likeness, and there can be no doubt that it is far from a pleasant one. It is now in the possession of the Linnell family.

Charles Turner's portrait represents him at about the same age, seated in a landscape with a sketch-book in his hand, on the open page of which is, not a sketch, but an elaborate composition, a regular "Turner." The reproduction on p. 93 is from a colored drawing in the British Museum which may have been a study for this picture. It is very carefully worked up, and the face is almost identical with that in his engraving; the only distinct difference between the two figures is the frilled shirt-front, which is replaced by a scarf in the engraving. The drawing in the British Museum is inscribed "Dream," and dated 1841. It is evidently drawn from memory of what Turner was like in former days, when their relations as artist and engraver were intimate. Having quarrelled with F. C. Lewis, who aquatinted the first plate of the "Liber Studiorum" (the only aquatint in the series), Turner applied to his namesake Charles, who agreed to mezzotint fifty plates at eight guineas a plate, but the two Turners quarrelled before they got half-way through. This was about 1809, when J. M. W. was thirty-four years old. Charles Turner's "Dream" looks older than this, but the hair is still thick and without a touch of gray. Turner is no longer the slim, long-faced youth, but sturdy, robust, and round, with features set and determined. It is evidently drawn by a man who has no ill-feelings toward his subject despite old misunderstandings, but it yet reminds one a little of a description of Turner by one who was not well disposed toward him, the artist Rippingille, who, as reported by Thornbury, said, "There was a vulgar, half-suppressed giggle, that seemed imprisoned in features too rigid or obstinate to let it escape; while in the twinkle of his eye there was a kind of triumph and self-satisfaction, as much as to say, you might look but you could not make him out."

Turner Putting the Finishing Touches to a Picture on "Varnishing Day."
From the oil painting by W. Parrott in the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield.

Turner at his Easel (about 1841).
From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R.A.

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I am inclined to regard this drawing by Charles Turner, and his large mezzotint with the landscape, as the most characteristic of all Turner's portraits between early manhood and old age. Of the others, the most amusing is the drawing by J. T. Smith, the engraver, the author of "The Antiquities of London" and other works of the same kind, but now better known as the writer of "Nollekens and his Times," and "A Book for a Rainy Day." He was appointed keeper of the prints in the British Museum in 1816, and it was in the print-room there that he saw and drew Turner examining a print. He has no doubt caught something of his comical expression of scrutiny, and the eyebrow will be recognized as authentic. On the other hand, it is clear that the head is too square and the perpendicularity of the forehead as seen in profile grossly exaggerated; for Turner's forehead, if high, was very sloping. There is much the same fault in Sir John Gilbert's portrait of him standing by an easel, palette and brushes in hand, and a handkerchief drooping out of his tail coat pocket. This is the portrait by which he is best known, as it has been frequently reproduced on wood for books and periodicals. According to Thornbury, Sir John took his sketch in 1841.

Turner at a Reception. (Probably a few months before his death in 1851.)

From a drawing by Count D'Orsay.

On the whole, the portraits of Turner in after-life cannot be said to be satisfactory or convincing. Turner's was doubtless a baffling face, full of character, which was difficult to seize without caricature, showing little of the fine spirit and poetical feeling which were displayed in his works, and becoming coarser and redder as he advanced in life—a face that rejected all attempts at idealization, at least in the hands of those who tried. None of the written descriptions of him are very attractive. "A red Jewish face with staring bluish-gray eyes, the smallest and dirtiest hands on record. His complexion was very coarse and weather-beaten; his cuticle that of a stage coachman, or an old man-of-war's boatswain;" this, according to Thornbury, was the impression he made on "less enthusiastic friends." "Turner had fine intelligent eyes, dark blue or mazarine," said Mr. Trimmer, his old friend; "but, as it is said of Swift's, they were heavy rather than animated." Leslie writes: "There was in fact nothing elegant in his appearance, full of elegance as he was in art. He might have been taken for the captain of a river steamer at first sight, but a second would find far more in his face than belongs to any ordinary mind." Unfortunately no artist has recorded that "second" sight. Mr. Watts, if he had tried, might have done so, but who else?

If, however, we have no picture which seems to reveal to us the finer qualities of Turner's genius, we have two portraits of him in his old age, which seem in comparison successful.

In these the artists have not sought to idealize, have not even been afraid of caricature. They have only attempted

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to give a faithful impression of the queer little old man, the "character," with his comical figure and curious costume, which was to be seen at picture galleries, and occasionally at dinners and evening parties; the greatest landscape painter that the world had seen; the stingy old curmudgeon, as he was reported to be; the author of the "Fallacies of Hope," who illustrated that incoherent manuscript with even more incoherent splashes of chrome and vermilion, the mighty genius run to seed. One of these is an oil-picture signed "W. Parrott, from life," but unfortunately not dated, which has recently been acquired by the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield. By the kindness of the trustees we are enabled to give a print of it here. It represents him putting the finishing touches to a picture on "varnishing day." Perhaps the scene is the Gallery of the British Institution, perhaps the picture is the "Mercury and Argus," which was exhibited there in 1840, when Turner was sixty-five years old.

I have tried, but failed, to identify, up to the present, the other artists who are introduced.

The other portrait is later still, and was drawn by Count D'Orsay, with, it is said, the assistance of Sir Edwin Landseer. There seems to be no reason to regard this as a caricature, except, perhaps, in the figure and the stubble on the chin, but even these were probably true to the life; while the features, taken one by one, are little altered from those in Dance's profile drawn about half a century before, and there is still the wisp of hair over the forehead as in the portrait of and by himself, as a boy, which he drew for Mr. Narraway, at Bristol. It is quite as pathetic as it is humorous, this portrait of the old man stirring his tea in some brilliant salon, perhaps that of Lady Blessington, the mark of attention for his great genius and also for his ridiculous appearance, shortly about to leave the centre of one of the gayest scenes of society, for a mean lodging at Chelsea, to change from the "great Turner" into "Puggy Booth." Soon, within a few months, perhaps a few weeks, to undergo a greater transformation still.

For it could not have been long after this that his friends discovered his retreat, on December 17, 1851, the day before his death; and there his last portrait was taken by his friend, the late sculptor Woolner — taken in plaster from his face. The cast is now in the possession of Mr. William Ward, of Richmond, well known for his exquisite fac-similes of Turner's water-colors. By his kindness I have now before me photographs taken from the cast, but they are too ghastly for reproduction here.

Finally, I must warn my readers that my paper does not pretend to be an exhaustive account of the Turner portraits. I have confined myself almost entirely to portraits which are undoubtedly genuine, and were taken from Turner in his lifetime, and of these I have selected those only which appeared to me to be useful in showing the changes in his physiognomy which took place from his youth to his age. But it may be useful to future workers in the same field to give my notes of other portraits, always excluding those which are based upon pre-existing ones, like the frontispiece to Turner and Girtin's "Picturesque Views," which is based, like many others, on the D'Orsay portrait, and those which were made after his death, like the Turner medal, and the statues by Bailey and MacDowell. I must give them very shortly. 1. *Bailey's Magazine*, 1857, engraved by J. B. Hunt from an original sketch. 2. Bust as an old man, wood-cut, colored (I have a copy but its origin is unknown to me). 3. A drawing by Edward Bird, R.A., in British Museum. 4. Silhouette in black paper in National Gallery. 5. Lithograph profile to right, in large hat. 6. Oil-portrait by Sir W. Allan, P.R.S.A. (was in Victorian Exhibition, 1892). 7. Wood-cut, full length, with sketch-book (see *Illustrated London News*, May 10, 1845). There is also a small etching of this. 8. Head when young by Daniell (see *Notes and Queries*, Second Series, vi., 159). 9. Rude wood-cut in Willis's *Current Notes* for January, 1852. I have not seen this, and it may be identical with No. 2. 10. Oil portrait by himself, exhibited by Mr. W.

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Llewellyn in the National Portrait Exhibition, at South Kensington, in 1868. (Very doubtful.) 11. Mr. Fawkes's Caricature (see article on Farnley Hall, in "Old Yorkshire," N. S., 1889, p. 190). 12. Doubtful sketch by D. Maclise, R.A., in South Kensington Museum (has been etched and published as authentic, with "The Fighting Téméraire" introduced below it on the plate). 13. A rough pen-drawing in British Museum. 14. A portrait recently sold at Christie's and said to be by Hoppner, of Turner when eight years of age. (Very doubtful.) 15. A full face in later life, probably genuine. The picture, I am informed by Mr. G. Scharf, was once offered to the National Portrait Gallery.

RENUNCIATION

By Louise Betts Edwards

YEA, bind the sacrifice with cords,
Lest underneath the knife—
No more! I give Thee, Lord of Lords,—
Ere Thou hast asked—this life.

No tear shall soil its plumage bright;
Altar and gift are Thine;
The yoke is sweet, the burden light.
What heaviness is mine!

I bear me as befits Thy priest;
Incense of prayer I lift,
And songs as suits a solemn feast;
Thou lov'st a cheerful gift.

Yet—oh, it struggles in my hand,
It holds me with its eyes!
I would recall the breath that fanned
The fires of sacrifice!

Lord, dost Thou smile, or sigh, to see
How vain my piteous art?
Whom shall I show, if not to Thee,
The sadness in my heart?

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THE CONFESSION OF COLONEL SYLVESTER

By Clinton Ross

SHE stood against the doorway of the manor house as I rode up, and she was handing her bridle-rein to a fat Dutch boy. If her faded green habit told of sun and rain, it told no more than the thin, flushed face and the eyes that questioned my approach. I fidgetted, thinking of woman's tears, dismounted as clumsily as a boy who is learning the saddle; bowed as awkwardly as any lout. Yet I might not have been so troubled, I'll confess it, had she been old and ugly.

Not that she was reckoned, by standard of feature, attractive; but there was something piquant in the turn of her nose, and in the moulding of her lips which seemed to hold either laughter or severity.

"I wish to see Colonel Van Brule, if I may?"

I thought she paled.

"He is not at home, sir. Who shall I say?"

"John Sylvester. May I not wait for him?"

"He will not be back to-day. What do you want?"

The question was direct, and, I dare say, I should have used subterfuge, but something in her eyes forbade. I did not like my mission at all, under their scrutiny.

"I came to take him to General Washington."

"Mr. Washington wishes my father?"

"General Wash——"

"Ah, I forgot, sir. You are a rebel officer. But we can't address a person who has not the king's permit by a title, other than the common one."

"It doesn't matter about titles, Miss Van Brule, but facts, you know. I believe Lord Howe had a little dispute about them, and ended by calling the General, General Washington." I was piqued by her contemptuousness.

"His Lordship has need to be politic. Yet, although we are on different sides of the question, Mr. Sylvester, I'll try to be hospitable, remembering you have had twenty miles in the saddle. If you'll come in I shall be glad to offer you tea."

"I shall be glad, but——"

"I had forgotten a rebel would sooner drink poison," and she laughed softly in my face.

"You see," said I, fidgeting, "I really came here to arrest Colonel Van Brule, and your invitation is such a coal of fire——"

"Oh, is it? I only thought it simple good manners, but if you want——"

"Oh, I will—gladly—if you will excuse my embarrassment. Really this mission was not to my mind. I am sure General Washington intends only to detain Colonel Van Brule for a few hours, and——"

But she did not appear interested.

"And now, sir, if you'll do us the honor."

She went before, turning around with a curious expression that I could not explain. Was she trying to give Colonel Van Brule chance to escape. I had seen no one except her and the boy. The hall, extending the length of the house, the square room into which I was ushered, both were deserted; and here, with a smile, a little bow, she left me.

I stepped to a deep-set window, the thick shutters fixed with heavy iron bars, looking out over the green slopes, to the Sound. Some men were harvesting—a strange sight when all about was war, and rumor of war. An opening door led me to turn about, when I saw a curtsying serving-woman, who laid out a service of tea and cakes. The silver bore the Dutch arms; the china was some rare sort; and just then the door opened on the mistress of the manor, who had changed her gown to one that might not have been misplaced in town. She said something to the woman, who went out.

"Will you have tea? The fact is my father and I are the only members of

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our family, and, now, the times being so disturbed we do little visiting. Let me see—I have been nowhere for a week, when I was a day at the Philipses."

"Really this is the most delightful hospitality."

"Particularly because unexpected," she said, with a curious expression in that well-toned voice. "Oh, I'm a poor player. This is false hospitality—for—I have you here, as prisoner."

"A prisoner," said I, looking at this undeniably handsome lady of the manor, and wondering if she might be mad.

"Yes, prisoner. I really am sorry to say it, but it's necessary——"

"And why?" And then recovering myself, with a weak attempt at gallantry, "I'm not an unwilling one, I'm sure."

"You don't care to be in the battle which will be on Long Island to-morrow?"

"A battle?"

"Oh, yes, a battle; and it was necessary for me to detain you here, because my father has gone to Long Island, and I didn't want you to know it, as you would if you left here."

"But I can go, can't I?" said I, as if she were jesting.

"A man with a musket is behind each door.

"And my men?"

"Are disarmed, and guarded in our stable. You would better sit down," said my hostess, demurely. And then I noticed by her plate a little pistol. Seeing my glance, she said, flushing:

"And I know how to use a pistol. I do not rely entirely on my men."

"Yes, frankly," said I, collecting my wit. "I have my sword and pistol. You have your pistol, your charming self, and some Tory servants——"

"About twenty, Mr. Sylvester," she said, looking me over.

"But why would my knowledge of Colonel Van Brule having gone to Long Island be dangerous?"

She hesitated; and I saw that although she knew it was more discreet not to tell, a common feminine weakness—a wish to flaunt her triumph—led her to the fact.

"I don't know why I shouldn't tell. My father is this moment showing Sir Henry Clinton an unguarded pass among the Bedford Hills. By occupying it the king's troops will be able to turn the rebel flank—is that the right term?"

I did not apologize for what I said.

"Please to sit down. We will dine directly. Don't go to that door. I'm in earnest in saying I have a man stationed there with orders to shoot you down if you try to go."

"But why should I be detained? How could I have had the information—which you give me yourself?"

"I was afraid you might find out from some spy, and stop my father before he could reach Long Island."

"But why do you tell me about what he intends?" I still questioned.

"I suppose to justify my false hospitality. I really don't like what I'm doing."

"It's very extraordinary of—a woman."

"Oh, is it? But all's fair in war."

"Love and war," said I, reflecting; and at twenty-five one doesn't like to show too much chagrin before a pretty woman.

"The poets are silly. There's a lot that's unfair in both."

"Yes; I think this is unfair," said I, trying to appeal to her sympathies.

I must outwit this little intriguer. I must get word to New York. If there were to be a fight, I too, must be in it. And it was certain that we stood every chance of being surrounded, should Sir Henry get behind General Putnam; should the ships of line beat up the bay.

My hostess had been noting me, and, I think, reading my thoughts.

"I'll speak to Gretchen about bringing the dinner in here—instead of the dining-room."

"Why here?"

"I can guard this room more conveniently. Will you excuse me."

I noticed she held the little pistol close. As the door shut I heard a key turn on the outside. Quickly I walked to the window out of which I had looked; and then I heard her voice.

"Really, Mr. Sylvester, it is only fair to warn you that if you get out that window you'll be shot down."

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'Twas a shot from her eyes I had, debating the chances of running, and warning my chief of the plot I had found in this Westchester manor. But I did not see very clearly how I should; for I had not doubted she spoke truly, and that I was too well guarded to have any chance left. She stood in the room now, looking me over with triumph, her hands crossed behind her.

"I confess, Miss Van Brule, I am your prisoner," after waiting for her to break the silence.

"Apparently," said she, with a suspicion of a smile.

"If all the Tories are like you, I suppose we may as well give up now as any other time."

"Oh, your case is hopeless. Frankly, I'm sorry for you. But how can a man of your position take up with the wrong side?"

"My personal opinion—that is all. My brother is as decided for the King as you."

"I suppose if you once had taken my father to New York, he would have been thrown into prison like Major Matthews."

"I think he was called to New York simply that he might be questioned."

"And by what right would they question him, who is responsible only to the King's Government?"

But how could I answer a question of opinion on which the whole dispute hung.

"Your mission was contemptible. If I may have played you a trick, I'm not ashamed of it. I am only sorry I thought proper to apologize."

She said this spiritedly, eyes flashing, face reddening.

"Oh, I don't blame you, Miss Van Brule."

"Do you think I care whether you may or not?"

"That's the trouble," said I, "you don't. I wish you did."

"And then you might have a chance to get out of this fix," said she, smiling.

The same old woman, as the afternoon paled, came in, removing the tea-table, and making ready the dinner. I did not see the evidence of any one at all in the hall when I peered into its recesses.

"Oh, you need not look, Mr. Sylvester. Your guard is not far away."

"But if I took the chance."

"I should hate to have you shot." I fancied the serving-woman smiled.

"I don't exactly fancy it myself, being rather fond of life, you know."

"You should not be too serious. You forget it's unbecoming at dinner," said she lightly, passing the bread.

"You must pardon my poor manners—under the circumstances."

"They must be put to rather a test," looking at the little pistol beside her plate.

"Now suppose I should snatch that?" I began.

She snatched it herself, trembling, and reddening as she had a way of doing, I had found.

"But you wouldn't, Mr. Sylvester."

"And why not? Because it would be ungallant? I easily could take it, and frighten you into letting me go."

"Yes, you might; but I have been warned."

"Oh, I will not. Put your pistol away, Miss Van Brule."

"Really; on your word of honor?"

"I have said I wouldn't?"

"Well, then, I will put it there by the plate."

"Thank you. I have to thank you for much—first an invitation to tea—and then dinner."

"And imprisonment."

"A delightful one—on account of the gaoler."

"Oh, you are very gallant. I dare say you have had practice enough."

"Now I have provocation."

"If you don't mind, I have small taste for pretty speeches."

"I can't help them."

"Possibly not. But, to change the subject, I am bound to amuse you in some way. What do you say to chess."

I played an indifferent game, I told her, when she took out the board, and the servant began to clear the table. Candles were brought, and we sat down, she having the first move. Watching her, I easily was checkmated, and of course asked for revenge, saying it was only fair, seeing she had checkmated me, not alone in chess. And so we sat there in the old house,

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I the prisoner, and she the gaoler, moving our pieces, while down in the city, and on Long Island, the game of war was playing. Suddenly she grew distraught, making some mismoves, out of keeping with her skill.

"You have lost your queen."

"Oh, I can't play," she cried, bursting into tears. "I hate it."

A woman in tears, I don't know what to say, and do; and now I made the most clumsy attempts, apologizing for what I knew not, and asking what I could do, and she laughed; but said, gravely:

"I was thinking of my father over there on Long Island. He may be in danger—he is."

"But the game. I shall checkmate you this time."

"No you won't, because I won't play."

"Now that's truly feminine."

"Yes, it is—to give in because I know I'm beaten."

"I suppose that is the case."

"Oh, I see you know women."

"Well I'm not so sure."

"Oh, I thought you were."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. The young lady who takes a prisoner of war certainly perplexes one a bit."

"Does she? Ah, does she?"

And she changed the subject.

The clock, somewhere in the hall, sent out a sepulchral ten.

"Jacob will show you your room."

"My dungeon, I suppose."

"Oh, well, our houses may not be so comfortable as those in Maryland. Jacob!"

"Yes, 'um." The boy seemed to have been in hearing, and now was in the doorway, round, fat, curious.

"I believe your parole doesn't extend to trying to get away?"

"Only to seizing your pistol, and turning into an escaped prisoner."

"There's one window in your room, but a man will watch under it."

"Oh, I dare say."

"It's a pity you're on the wrong side."

"It's a pity you are, if you will allow me."

"You are incorrigible. Good-night."

"Good-night," said I, extending my hand. "I have had a delightful evening."

"It's quite as if you were only my guest."

"Quite." I could not resist pressing the hand, when she withdrew it angrily.

"By the way, I hope my men are comfortable."

"They have every attention under the circumstances."

"So it appears, have I?"

She did not answer this sally, and I followed Jacob into the hall, and upstairs.

"When would you like to have me bring your shaving-water?" said Jacob.

"But I haven't razors."

"I'll fetch Colonel Van Brule's, sir."

He took the shilling with a grin, showing his teeth like a Maryland darky. But I could not prevail on him to tell me about the force of the manor. He locked the door behind him, and I saw it was heavy oak, and could not be broken in easily. It was very dark, but I thought I could see a figure under my window on the lawn.

And, then, I sat down to think over the extraordinary adventure.

Here I was caged by a girl, as many a man before, and since, has been; and I knew—because I could not deceive myself—that I doubtless had not tried to get away as I might have if this young lady had been, say, Colonel Van Brule. I could not make out why she should detain me unless indeed it had been all as she had said, and the Colonel really was showing the pass in the Bedford Hills. Would she let me go in the morning when the mischief was all done; or turn me over to the British? She really was quite capable of it. At any rate she was an extraordinary young woman. I fancied she was opposite me at the chessboard. We were playing a most exciting game for some stake that I held dear, and I always was checkmated; and always was that smile from the enigmatical gray eyes. And in my bad temper I overturned the board, when the low boom of guns broke in on the stillness—probably the men of the manor, carrying out their mistress's orders.

I was rubbing my eyes. The August dawn was contending with burnt and sputtering candles. But if I had been dreaming all night there in the chair, the rumble was distant, yet unmistak-

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ably that of heavy guns. The wind was in the right direction; and I knew that the fighting at last had begun on Long Island. But how was it going? Was the position indeed surrounded? Was the fleet shelling the town?

Asking these questions I was now looking out of the window where the darkish dawn was scattering the shadows from the hollows of the hills. If I had fancied I had seen a figure guarding there was no one now in view. Opening the window, I measured the distance, some thirty feet, debating whether I should try it. Should I, it doubtless would be with the consequence of a broken arm or leg, and that only would hinder my chance of escaping. If I could not help the situation by giving the warning, I, at least, wanted to be in this fight. I had been in none yet, and at twenty-five I longed for it, wondering whether, like Frederick of Prussia, I should run. All the drilling we had done with Smallwood's, all our talk over what we should do, returned with an insistence for action on my part. I tried the door and saw again I was not equal to breaking it in. And again looking out of the window, I threw myself on the bed, while a plan began to formulate which was connected with Jacob and the shaving.

And while I considered, and the hours passed, the far-away guns kept up a dull chorus.

But finally as I had expected, came the knock, and Jacob's voice, and when I answered the creaking key, and Jacob with the shaving-water, and a civil "good-morning, sir," I asked him to put the pitcher on the table, and then, as his back was turned, I was on him, holding his arms, with a hand over his mouth, and bearing him to the floor. Strong as he was, I was wiry and had the advantage. We must have made a fearful noise in the house, overturning chairs and the table. Every moment I expected interruption; but kept on, choking the poor Dutch boy just enough so that he gasped, giving me chance to tear the sheets from the bed, and to bind and gag him. He stared in a pathetic way; felt keenly, I knew, his duty to his mistress. But I had no time, and taking my sword went hastily into the hall, and there half way on the stairs she met me. No one else was in sight, and, suddenly, something occurred that made my position ridiculous. What, if from the first she had been tricking me? What, if there were only she, the woman, and the boy, in the house? And I had submitted as easily as you could wish.

"Where are the others?" said I, pausing at the head of the stairs, sword in hand against this girl.

"I—I don't—" she began in confusion, and I saw she was haggard in the morning light.

"You fooled me, Miss Van Brule. There were none."

"Two men in the stable, while I certainly should have shot you myself if you had tried to get away."

"You're cleverer at this game than at chess. And I believed you——"

"Yes, you did."

"And you, doubtless, intended delivering me to the British."

"Frankly, I did."

"Oh, I've been prettily deceived——"

And I pushed past her.

"What did you do with Jacob?"

"I killed him," said I, wickedly.

"You wretch! You dared."

There were tears in the gray eyes, and in an instant I had added,

"Oh, I didn't at all. That firing made me desperate——"

"And me. My father may be in it."

"And I will be."

At this moment I heard heavy steps, and suspecting I might be caught after all, I dashed down the stairs, almost knocking down a fellow with a musket. And then I heard her voice.

"For Heaven's sake don't fire. Let him go."

That was odd, wasn't it. But I did not pause to think about it, but ran out through the door, and down the slope to the road, and over the fence. I must have made a strange appearance in the scarlet and buff of Smallwood's, with a drawn sword in my hand, running there in the Westchester fields. (When I had joined the General's staff I still kept my Maryland uniform.)

And then I paused, and fell to laughter over the joke. What a silly fool! This girl had turned me about her fin-

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ger. An adroit tactician, indeed, I! But folly usually is culpable. By my blindness I had failed to give the warning that might now be turning the day against us over there on the Island. My pretty Tory had tricked me neatly.

I had forgotten my men; and I turned back. The trickery shouldn't extend that far.

I walked boldly now to the stable door, no one hindering. A big fellow was currying a horse.

"My men, rascal!"

He stood in open-mouthed wonder and fear, for I must have appeared vicious.

A pounding on an inner door here began, and the cries of my two fellows, one of them declaring that the door wouldn't break. He had been trying it all night, with his strength.

"Open," said I, threatening the groom with my sword. He decided to open, growling his remonstrance. My two would have killed him then and there, until I had to swear at them—a thing I'm loth to do at one's inferiors; but sometimes it is necessary. They were hungry and sad-looking crows; for although they had been driven into the little dark harness-room at the butt of the musket, their captors had not dared to go near them. I told them to get the horses; and then better satisfied with myself, I sauntered up to the house.

She stood before the door, looking at me defiantly.

"Good-day to you, Miss Van Brule."

She tossed her head disdainfully.

"The game is my way."

"Why shouldn't it be. You're a man."

"I regret I must exact reparation."

"What do you mean?"

"I must take you to New York as a dangerous Tory."

Her eyes flashed, and she stamped her foot.

"It's like you rebels—to make war on women."

"You started it."

"Ah, I did keep you here," she cried; "and Sir Henry has them surrendered, I know."

I called to my men to bring up my horse. They were still murmuring over their treatment, and eyed the mistress of the manor malevolently. But I stared at them, and told them to ride on before, which they did grumblingly.

"Good-by," said I to her.

And she looked me full in the face.

"But I'm sorry—to have tricked you —really——"

Have I not said my pulse was easily made riotous.

"Don't be," said I.

"You're silly," said she. "And——"

"And what?"

"We don't know each other—and you're rebel."

"That means you always will hate me."

"Oh, I didn't say that. Why don't you go on after the men?"

"I will—when you tell me to call again."

"Oh, do, if you only go."

There was that in her eyes telling more.

"How dare you," said she.

As I rode away, I looked back at the little trickster of the manor, who stood blushing as I had left her, and I doffed my hat, and called back, "We shall meet again;" and we did, as you know. But that morning, with the dull boom of the guns from the battle at Brooklyn in my ears, I whipped up after my men on my tardy way to the war.

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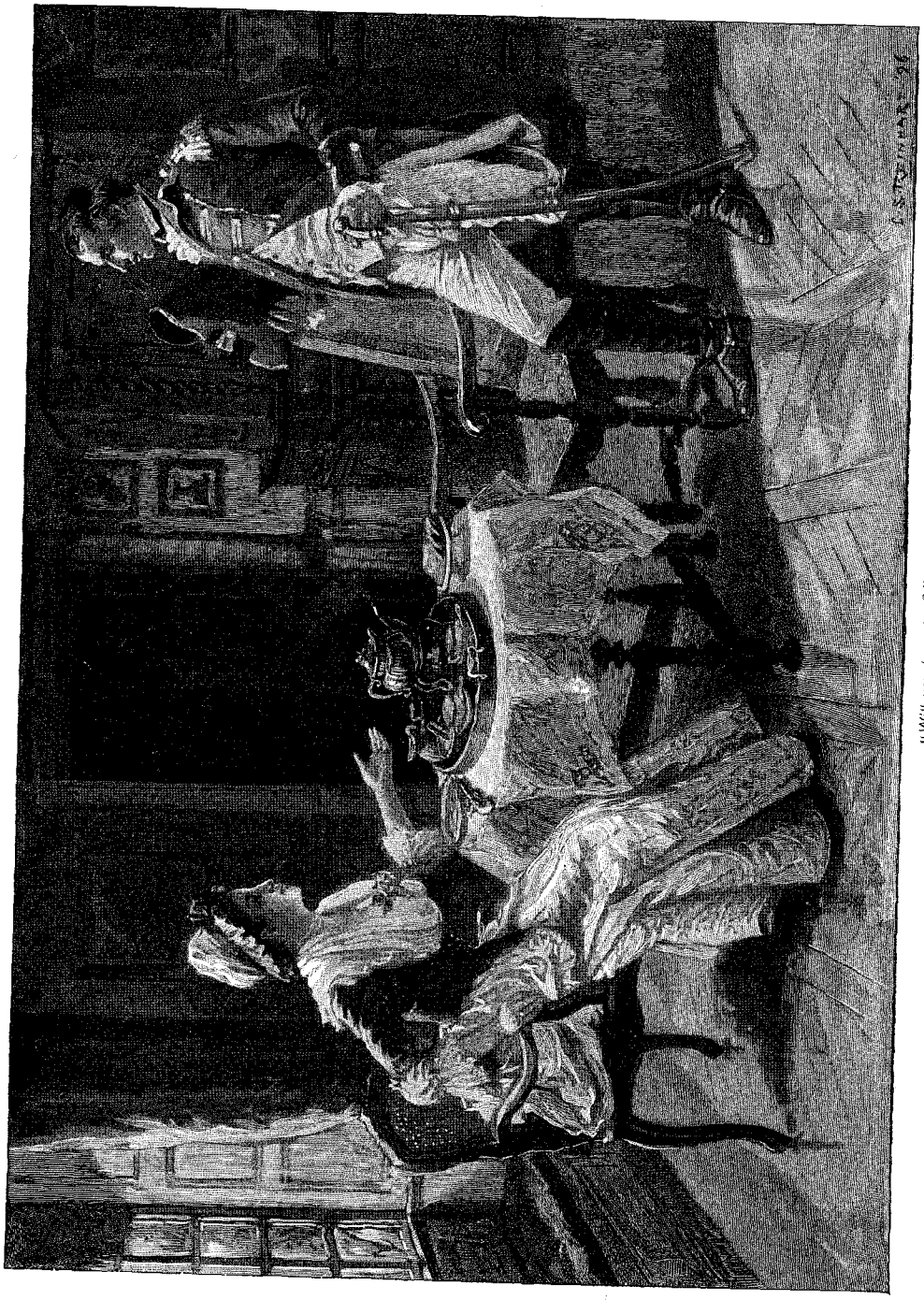

"Will you have tea?"

See *The Confession of Colonel Sylvester*, page 99.

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The Lay of the GROLIERITE

W. D. Ellwanger.

THE love of maids,
the love of maids,
'Tis sunshine
when they smile;
But if they frown,
how black the shades
Which shroud
my heart the while.

The maids I love, the maids I love,
How pride doth hedge them in!
They hold their favor far above
My humble wit to win.

The maids I love, the maids I love,
Whoe'er would win such prize
Had need be harmless as the dove,
And, as the serpent, wise.

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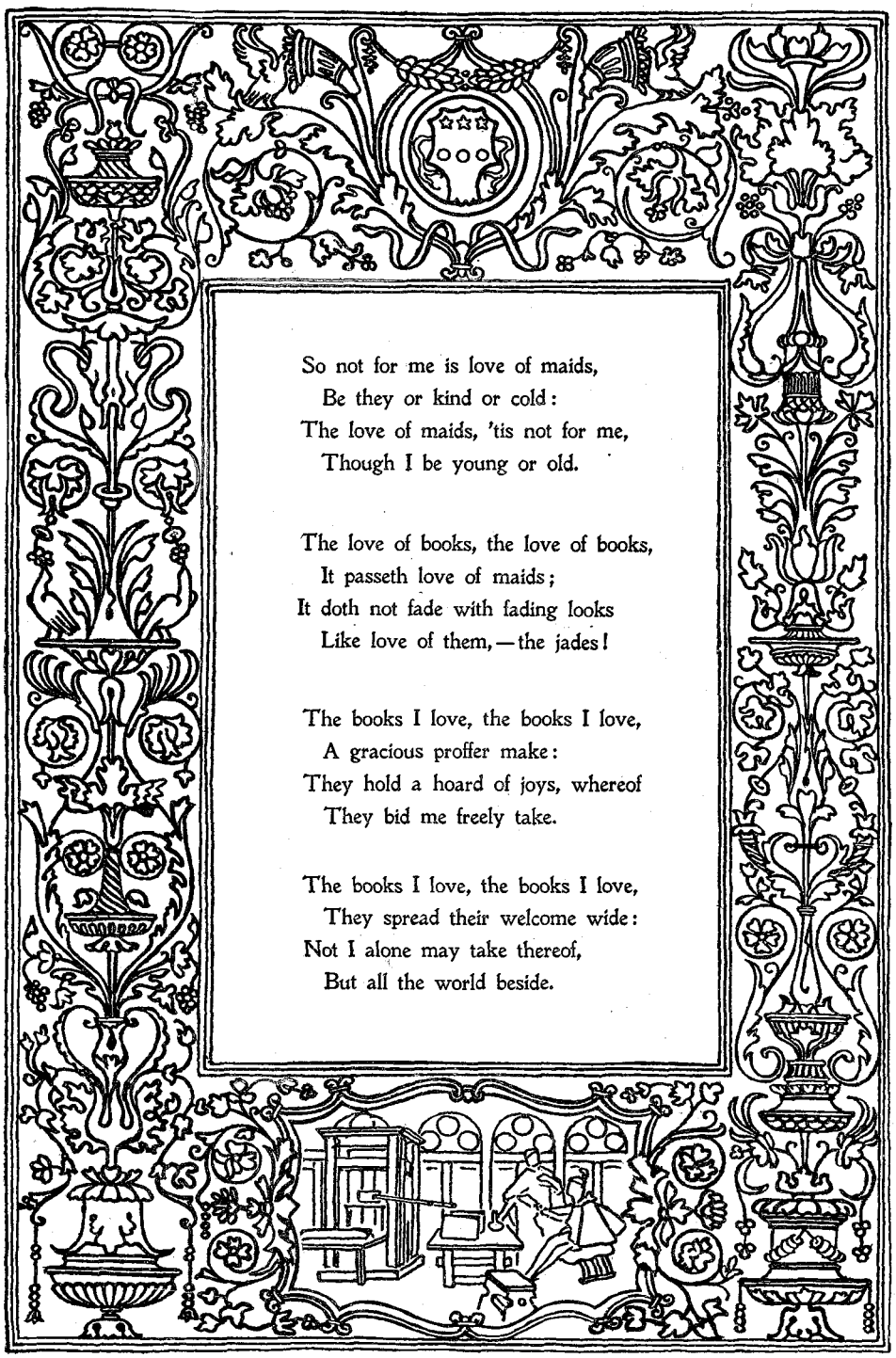

So not for me is love of maids,
Be they or kind or cold:
The love of maids, 'tis not for me,
Though I be young or old.

The love of books, the love of books,
It passeth love of maids;
It doth not fade with fading looks
Like love of them,—the jades!

The books I love, the books I love,
A gracious proffer make:
They hold a hoard of joys, whereof
They bid me freely take.

The books I love, the books I love,
They spread their welcome wide:
Not I alone may take thereof,
But all the world beside.

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Robert Browning and Joseph Milsand.

A FRENCH FRIEND OF BROWNING
— JOSEPH MILSAND —

By Th. Bentzon (Mme. Blanc)

A VERY remarkable book appeared in Paris in 1893, six years after the author's death.* It is a book consecrated in great part to English literature and philosophy, and was written by Joseph Milsand, the friend of Robert Browning. By a mere chance this French friend of the great poet was not counted

* "Littérature Anglaise et Philosophie," par Joseph Milsand. Librairie Fischbacher. Paris, 1893.

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as an American, for one of his ancestors came from the United States to France in 1718, at the time of the great excitement caused by the famous Mississippi schemes of the financier Law. This M. Milsand established himself at Dijon, in a beautiful old house, called the House of the English Ambassadors, where his family still lives. It is a jewel of the architecture of the Renaissance, and here was born, of the vigorous Burgundian line, a thinker and writer in whom we are forced to recognize many Anglo-Saxon qualities. In this same way France herself lost through emigration the poet Chamisso, whom Germany claims: it would be most interesting to discover what share may be given to inheritance, in the works of a transplanted genius, to the conflict between inherited traits and a man's education and surroundings.

The intellectual and moral endowment which Joseph Milsand had from his Puritan ancestors rather injured his popularity in the country for which he had a deep filial love, even while England was in many respects the country of his choice. Born a Catholic, he became a Protestant in middle life, and in him one found an inflexibility of belief and principles, a certain tendency to work systematically, with a horror of any conventionality or vanity which seemed to be borrowed, without his wishing or even suspecting it, from the Quakers, upon whose characteristics he has often written. His style itself, a very personal style, had, so to speak, a foreign accent. A critic said of him, after his death, that he had "a way of his own of expressing admirable things in a language which defied superficial attention."

That language, original and strong like the thought which it clothes, sometimes lacked *clarté*, according to the sense which the countrymen of Voltaire give to that word. Browning did not agree with this; of a paper printed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, he once wrote from Florence: "In what is it obscure?—Strong, condensed, and direct it is, and no doubt the common readers of easy writing feel oppressed by twenty pages of such masculine stuff, as the habitual sippers of *eau sucrée* would at the proffer of a real *consommé;* and as vanity suffers less in saying 'This is bad of its kind,' than 'It is more than I can digest with comfort,' you hear more, I doubt not, of the former than of the latter plea for passing you by. You must bear it, because you can."

Mr. Milsand bore it indeed with the greatest philosophy, leaning as he did upon such high approval, and upon some other appreciations of great value to him. François Buloz, the eminent founder of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, who so well understood men, always showed for him an esteem and confidence which he granted to few. The best of the philosophical and literary periodicals were eager for his work, to which he did not care to give the definitive form of books. It was an excessive modesty in him. While so many authors publish in a hurry, he never gave but two volumes to the press, but these will last when much literary work of his time is forgotten. "English Æsthetics," the first, was inspired by the work of Ruskin, and the second was about classical instruction.

This distinguished scholar came very near taking another road in life than that of literature. Having early gained a prize for painting in his native town of Dijon, he went to Italy, intending to finish his education as an artist; but the spiritual evolution which made him pass from the beliefs of the pious Catholic family in which he was brought up to those of the Reformed Church, began soon after. He found an opportunity in Italy of becoming acquainted with the works of Ruskin; from the study of art in itself he quickly passed to a study of the conditions of art, and wrote even at this time to explain the influence of Protestant education and belief upon the conceptions of beauty and æsthetic development. His son-in-law, Pasteur Blanc, has noted this very strikingly, showing by what path his mind passed from art to philos-

*** The illustration prefixed to this article is from a photograph made of Browning and Milsand as they stood looking at a painting by the younger (Robert Barrett) Browning. The photograph was used in a privately printed memoir, whence it is reproduced by permission.

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ophy to the examination of religious questions. "After that," says M. Blanc, "he stopped no more, and until the end he was engrossed with the problems of the soul and its relations to a Creator. Gradually and unawares, he invented for himself Protestantism."

The well-known disdain of M. Milsand for everything that belonged to worldly glory and ostentation explains his forgetfulness of so much important material. This he gathered and published in reviews, meaning always to work at it again and to return to it later. The preparatory notes with which these papers are overladen, and which were meant to complete them, show this most plainly. Only last year his widow and daughter allowed the writer of this sketch to select, from among a mass of papers, the essays for the volume already spoken of, which will probably be followed by another. The warm welcome with which those studies upon the poets and novelists of Great Britain have been received, is an encouragement to the publication of other essays, among which will be found some that Robert Browning thought the best of all. He wrote about a forgotten article upon Proudhon: "I have been reading Proudhon lately, the 'Confessions d'un Révolutionnaire,' and think I remarked many of the inherent faults of his original views of human nature; you bring them out fully, admirably, nor do I know that there is, so far as this article goes, one point where we break company. All I could even *wish* of you would be that ultimately, after I accept, as I do entirely, your representation of human nature, with its inevitable inequalities of all sorts, you should agree to try and suit as well as we can the outer symbols and expressions of those inequalities to the real state of the case, and facilitate to the individuals composing your physician's natural *régime* of graduated capacities, the disposal of each in his proper rank. That is all I want or hope for. It is ignorance to say there is not a *born* general, colonel, captain, corporal, rank and file, down to the sutler and camp-follower; and even an arbitrary and conventional bestowment of these grades, as a reminder that they exist in nature, is better than the ignoring them altogether, which is ruinous. But it is unjust and detrimental to double and yet neutralize this natural inequality by pertinaciously putting the social badge of distinction on the wrong man. A humpback with a strong arm is terribly misfitted by his tailor if his coat comes to him with a sleeve in the back and a protuberance under the shoulder. This seems very tame liberalism nowadays, does it not? I cannot understand going a hair's-breadth beyond, however. Do you know Proudhon? He could not be in the least offended at your criticism. There, now, is a man absolutely *free*, as far as the intellect is concerned; he gives it full wing and free course; then, according to his own doctrine, it never errs; yet it is not infrequently that he tells you: 'I was *bête* enough to think this, *lâche* enough to believe the other;' how had it been, then, with a freedom of power commensurate to that of intelligence and will? What but *bêtise* and *lâcheté* in action, and vehement action enough! And with a nation of emancipated Proudhons, whether combining or opposing each other's *bêtise* and *lâcheté*, were the result so desirable? But I won't begin on this here, needing to close the letter already with so little said!"

This letter of four pages of close writing is dated February 24, 1853.

The Proudhon and Carlyle essays must appear later, with some superb pages about Montesquieu, but the material which has been already published is sufficient to show with what conscientiousness and perseverance M. Milsand pursued his international work, and fulfilled the task of a pioneer, opening for his French readers new regions of English literature, philosophy, and art. He drew attention to Constable and Turner when they were still unknown on the Continent; he undertook to show the beauties of English poetry from the time of Byron; and it was then that he wrote upon Browning those judgments which, however incomplete and related only to the earlier poems, go to the depths of a genius by no means easy to sound. This extraordinary penetration was duly acknowledged by the poet

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himself, for during many years he sent his manuscripts to this modest friend in France, asking him to look over and correct them. Several letters which I have before me prove this; the following and some others have been quoted from by Mrs. Ritchie (Miss Thackeray) in her charming paper upon the Brownings; but it will be necessary to give them here at length in order to represent fully this intimate friendship.

"May 13, 1872.

"DEAREST FRIEND: The two proofs about which you inquire, the 'doubles' corrected, were sent inadvertently, I think: whenever you get the whole series, corrected, you will see for yourself—what I fail to make you understand—how *inestimable* your assistance has been. There is not one point to which you called attention which I was not thereby enabled to improve—in some cases essentially benefit. The punctuation was nearly as useful as the other more apparently important assistance. It is true, there is some misunderstanding of mine, or else divergence of English practice, with regard to the colon and semicolon, we, or at least *I*—employing one where you employ the other: but I like your corrections, even to the substitution of one sign for another; and shall one day punctuate all my past work on that principle. But the other changes and elucidations are of vital importance: you cannot think me so ignorant of what your purpose is in making a correction, that, if I found it, in my opinion, no improvement, I would adopt it all the same. The fact is, in the case of a writer with my peculiarities and habits, somebody quite ignorant of what I may have meant to write, and only occupied with what is really written—ought to supervise the thing produced. And I never hoped or dreamed I should find such an intelligence as yours at my service. I won't attempt to thank you, dearest friend; but, simply in my own interest, do not undervalue your service to me—because in logical consequence the next step ought to be that you abate it, or withdraw it.

"For the poem, I got rather tired at the end; it is just sent to press, and you will receive perhaps three proofs more and so conclude; without those sheets, however, you will not have understood the design of the thing. Be as good to the last as you were to the first of it! The poem will reach you in about a fortnight. I look forward with all confidence, and such delight, to finding us all together again in the autumn. All love to your wife and daughter.

"Ever affectionately yours,

"R. B."

II

IT would be well, perhaps, to say a few words just here of the circumstances which brought together two minds so well fitted to understand each other. In 1852 M. Milsand revealed to France, as he alone was then capable of doing, the author of "Men and Women," and "Paracelsus." He was also ready to make known the woman whom, although not yet the author of "Aurora Leigh," he pronounced to be an honor to her sex and to her country. He admired in Mrs. Browning the fire and charm of feminine imagination united to "that passion for justice and truth" which leads to the noblest poetry. In order to give more life and interest to the studies which he had already begun, M. Milsand wished to know more of the personality of the poetess whose work he appreciated with so much sympathy. Friends of hers, of whom he inquired, advised him to mention the tragic episode which had so much influence upon her character, and even her genius. The death of a brother drowned in boating left, as she has said, a nightmare in her life. So M. Milsand in his paper showed the source of the sincere melancholy and the deep religious feeling which pervade her work, however great may be at times the rush of imagination. When he had ended he was afraid of wounding her in speaking of this incurable sorrow, and to relieve his conscience he went directly to Browning, who was then in Paris, and declared that he was ready to cut out the page which he so much valued.

Browning, with the expansiveness peculiar to him, grasped both his hands, saying, "Only a Frenchman would have

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done this!" And so began a friendship which lasted as long as life itself. Mrs. Browning acknowledged the review in the following letter:

"AVENUE DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES, 138,
January 16, 1853.

"DEAR MR. MILSAND: Will you let me thank you gratefully both for the honor you have done me in your admirable review, and for the pleasure which, in so honoring me, you have given to my husband? I desire to justify your good opinion by producing better works hereafter. It will be the worthiest apology for the faults of these.

"I am full of gratitude to you in another way. I mean for the sympathy and sensibility which saved me much pain, as my husband explained to me a few evenings since. Your consideration deeply touched me, and him for my sake, and we both feel that, having shown us so much of your nature and mind, it will be almost ungenerous of you if you will not complete the obligation by becoming our friend in the good warm sense of that word; the true enduring sense of it.

"For my own part, long before you had been kind to me, I was bound to you as the critic who of all others, in or out of England, had approached my husband's poetry in the most philosophical spirit and with the most ardent comprehension. The justice you did to *him* is even more precious in my eyes, allow me to say, than the kindness you have done to myself.

"But we both are very much your debtors, and would willingly, if you will not say no, be from henceforth your friends,

"ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
and ROBERT BROWNING.

"Pray remember Tuesday, when I hope to be more happy than I was last time."

Mrs. Browning always shared her husband's affection for M. Milsand, and deep natural affinities certainly existed between *herself* and him—the same eagerness for truth, the same straightforwardness, the same large comprehension of humanity, the same indifference to boundary lines or natural prejudices. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the great Englishwoman, had as warm a love for France as Joseph Milsand, the Frenchman, had for England. Here is a small proof of that love and confidence which I find very touching. One day, in leaving Paris, Mrs. Browning discovered that she had lost her purse, and asked M. Milsand to look out for it, being entirely sure, as she said, that in France it would be found again, and wishing him to give the sum of money which it held to the person who should bring it back. The purse was found as she expected; a school-boy had carried it to the police-office, and was rewarded by a very fine desk, which came from a lady of whose fame he probably was quite unconscious.

How often M. Milsand has told me of his charming conversations with this exquisite woman, whose shining superiority was always concealing itself under her unconscious goodness and lovely simplicity. Neither Mrs. Sutherland Orr nor Miss Thackeray had yet written about her, and everything was new to me that he told me of this life, so imprisoned in suffering and only free in thought, until the day when so kind and robust a *génie* had come to break the bonds, and carry her in his arms through the years that lay before them. It would be hard to find another example of the marriage of two artists, a man and woman, so equal in intelligence and devoted to the same work, who loved and admired each other without the least rivalry or jealousy. When M. Milsand spoke of his friends, one felt proud to be numbered among the few to whom he gave that name.

The meetings between him and the Brownings were always at long intervals; they stopped in Paris on their way to Florence or Venice, but the months of separation were filled with intimate correspondence. Many letters from Browning prove that the tenderness that his work often lacked was not absent from his life, showing itself with a sort of grace which touches us when we think of the loftiness—sometimes even a little rough and rocky like a mountain-side—of his poetical conceptions. He repeats over and over again in his

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letters that Paris had given him nothing like the knowledge and love of this new friend, though Paris had given such valuable things; and Mrs. Browning, sure of M. Milsand's sympathy, spoke to him of her child in many delightful pages like these:

"My Dear M. Milsand: It is the more vexatious to us that we find it impossible to see England this summer, when we look at your letter and remember that we might have seen it in your company. Will you wait till next year and take the chance of us? True that you may calculate on the comets and not on us. But we, too, come round in time—and, come when we may, we shall come with the same mind and heart toward you. You may rely on us at least for that.

"We could not get to Rome last winter, and so we must wait through another winter, that we may secure Rome. Afterward we shall belong to you in the north. What vexes me the most, I do believe, in this delay, is that my child will be growing out of his babyhood, and that some of the pretty dimpling grace of the very young child may have 'scaped from him before my friends can say 'How pretty.' Can you understand anything so foolish? Whenever he pronounces a word more rightly than usual, I do not like it. In every gain seems something lost. I am 'conservative' in the matter of my child. If he said 'Paris' instead of '*Palis*,' I should feel inclined to look pensive like a Tory under pressure of the 'age's' activities.

"You will have heard, and gladly, through your kindness, of the success of 'Colombe's Birthday.' At the same time, we cannot expect it to be what is called a 'drawing play' with our English audiences, who require broader and coarser outline and color than you do in France. That it should have been understood and appreciated at all, surprised me, I confess. Then the acting, except Helen Faucit's, seems to have been bad. Your poetry is interpreted into prose, under all such circumstances. I would rather keep mine, . . . and therefore still more my husband's (which is better worth caring about) from the enunciation of such a 'gross mouth.' I want him to write dramatic poems for the world, and not dramas for the players.

"We are so glad that you go to see Lady Elgin. You will like her more as you know her more—for her simplicity and truth—which, you know, are intellectual as well as moral qualities. You see our sister and father, too, sometimes— Ah—we hear of you, M. Milsand, and it is always with pleasure.

"I wish you would come to Italy this summer, and go with us presently up into the mountains to hide from the sun! That is, if the sun means to be strong enough to make it worth while for us to hide from him this year—for it is an anomalous season—un cielo coperto—clouds, rain—the Italians uncover the picture of the Madonna at the 'Santissima Anunziata,' all in vain—the almanachs and the prophets talk of earthquakes—indeed we have had some precursive shocks, . . . and the oldest inhabitants are thrown back on their youngest recollections for 'qualche cosa di simile.' It seems to be exceptional weather throughout Europe, so we ought not particularly to complain.

"What of war? Will the Czar venture it against us all? I am glad that France and England should stand together on such high ground. Tell us more about France. You seem satisfied—and there is a development of better food, wider freedom, to be looked for—is there not? That potentiality of the future should be considered a part of the present. What of Wordsworth? You are writing, I do hope. Remember us with the affectionate thoughts we bear you. "E. B. B."

The letters which follow were written after the publication of "Aurora Leigh," and the meetings during that autumn season in the Champs Elysées, which Mrs. Thackeray Ritchie and Mr. Hamilton Aidé recall so vividly. These friends often met one another in the house of a distinguished woman, whom I also had the happiness of knowing, Mrs. Corkran, who was enthusiasm and eloquence and sympathy combined. She was passionately fond of

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France, known to her through the personality of the best men, leaders of every sort. Such Englishwomen are unfortunately very rare, and their opinions can hardly prevail against those of their country-folk who see Paris only from the outside and from the Boulevards. Nothing can be more interesting here than these two letters in one, with their different handwritings; one traced with a firm hand and an iron pen, and the other so flowing, so delicate, that you fancy a swan's feather touching the paper lightly as the woman wrote, lying on a couch with her little son near by.

"FLORENCE, January 31, 1858.

"MY DEAR MILSAND: The sight of your handwriting made us very happy, though I feel the *unimmediateness* of all letter-writing so much as to hinder myself of getting the real good that *is* obtainable by that process, just because the greatest good is hardly obtainable. You know what I mean and would express: I wish you could walk in here every day and sit down without our needing to say: 'How glad we are to see you!' Let me fancy you *are* sitting there by the fire, in an empty, large chair we have, and we will begin talking at once. Truest thanks for all you have done and offer to do about the translation, with a renewed caution to you not to do us more harm than good, as you easily may, if you make a serious labor out of the mere supervision and control which will be quite valuable enough. I understand, I am sure, all about the projected translation—what such a thing might be conceived to realize of perfection—what it probably or certainly will present of imperfection—and I accept the latter very heartily; for if there is any vitality in the work itself, supposing it to suffer no more than needs must—or *almost* needs must be in such a version, I count on its doing something for itself, as all such works must have done; even in the average hasty and careless translations the popular instinct has *seen through* to them in all instances. Take that of 'Faust,' which in England at least was pretty exactly consigned to its proper place on the strength of two or three miserable and incomplete attempts at rendering — because one's common-sense is prompt to take for granted that in such a case there is the least done possible—that if *anything* is recognized at all through the fog of the intervening foreign language, it would be found to be distinct in all its details could one get closer to it; so here, the positive advantages of giving a fair idea of the work, with your supervision, which will do far more than that (I mean that not one translation from the modern English that I ever heard of can have been equally favored)—these make us accept M. Riou's service very gladly, and we confirm all our rights over his translation to you, and, if possible, reserve to ourselves the right of authorizing another version *in case of the failure of this present one* only—indeed, its success would take out of our hands the power of doing so, and may just be alluded to as an incentive to diligence. There! And now, and ever,—succeed the version or fail,—we are wholly bound to you, who will have done your utmost for us, whether we will or no. (Did you ever see a review of 'Aurora' in the *Revue Britannique* a year ago? It was made up of extracts from English journals, and one of them, *Blackwood*, having alluded to the *Aunt* in the poem,—who is never named therein,—as 'Aunt Margery' (a *nom chargé* as if he had called her 'ma mère l'oie'), the new reviewer constantly gave her that name in his account of the poem, as if he had found it there.

"I shall let my wife say a word; she is suffering from the cold, which is intense—but does not alarm me as at London or Paris. Pene is quite well and sweet-tempered, even more than of old, we think; the cold weather is lighted up and warmed for him by the masking which begins to-day! I sympathize wholly with you about the execrable and cowardly crime we all have been shocked by. God bless you, dearest friend.

"Yours affectionately ever,

"R. B."

"I feel as if I would rather not write about 'Aurora,' my dear friend, I am so grateful to you that my sense of your

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kindness goes better in Robert's words than in any of mine — and especially this must be so to-day, with the sort of half-soul and no-body feeling to which the severe weather has reduced me. Think of Arno being frozen for the first time since 1827! And in Rome and Naples it freezes and snows, they say, till the 'sweet South' has turned 'bitter North' over the distracted magnet.

"One gets warm through it all, however, to think of the attempted crime in Paris. Whether Penini or I was the most furious, it is hard to say. I think he—for he cried out that he 'would stay a year in prison himself, to have those wicked people well punished,' . . . a sacrifice which didn't occur certainly to me. '*Poor* Napoleon,' said Penini, with a most pathetic tone of voice. I am so glad that you think there is something in 'cet enfant-là,' because really I think so too.

"I ought to have written to you long ago in reply to that kindest and most welcome letter you wrote to me on my book. Let me say now that it gives me intense pleasure."

The event to which Mrs. Browning alludes was an attempt upon the life of Napoleon the Third. Her affection for the emperor bursts out in this letter; she admired in him the liberator of Italy. M. Milsand had delighted her by translating into French one of her poems, "A Tale of Villafranca." He did not, however, quite share the feelings of his English friends upon this subject, and as his criticism had nothing to do with flattery, he only praised with reticence a very beautiful book, "Casa Guidi Windows," in which the feeling of a mother and political enthusiasm are strangely blended. He frankly declared that political poetry and *politique de sentiment* were to his mind anomalous.

I find in Mr. Browning's letters to M. Milsand other passages which deserve to be printed here.

". . . The vice I hate most in what little English literature I now see, is the inveterate avoidance of simplicity and straightforwardness. If a man has a specific thing to say, little or great, he will not say it, he says something else in altogether an alien tone to the real matter in hand, such as it is, and though, thanks to the triviality and obviousness of the matter, you understand it readily enough *by rebound*, as it were, yet you are expected to get along with and over and above the matter itself first. A pretty illustration of the same, and next a notion of the same, and next a notion of the writer's being always above his subject, not so level with it, so impressed by it as to be wholly careless of aught but *it*. On the contrary, you see, he cares for the illustration as well. To give an example: In a novel, suppose the real intelligence to give is simply that 'B—— replied to A——.' You will have some such phrase as: 'B—— proceeded to turn the enemy's flank by observing so and so.' Of course one might substitute scores of such parallels. The reader at present, while the mode of writing is not stale, goes on translating easily and almost without notice; but one day the trick will grow wearisome, and then good-by to the books that have used it! Just as with the old euphuists who had their vogue in Queen Elizabeth's day, who addressed a beautiful woman as 'Your Beauty,' and so on. Well, the absence of anything in your own articles but the precise thing you wish to say there, makes them hard to read, if you please, but not obscure in any way that I can account obscurity.

". . . My wife is suffering a little from the cold, which has come late, not very severely either, but enough to influence her more than I could wish. We live wholly alone here. I have not left the house one evening since our return. I am writing, a sort of first step toward popularity (for me!), 'Lyrics,' with more music and painting than before, so as to get people to hear and see. . . .

". . . I enjoy altogether your enjoyment of Bébé, and wish that *grand-mère* (Madame Milsand) may be tyrannized over more and more Turkishly: it is the good time. Give my true love to whoever will take it of your joyous party.

"We hail the announcement of your speedy arrival as ever."

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III

I NEVER saw Robert Browning in his own home, but I know well from several of his worshippers who were familiar with his house in Warwick Crescent, and later with the house in De Vere Gardens, that he was sometimes the victim of an almost indiscreet enthusiasm. The members of Browning societies besieged him; ladies brought offerings of flowers; mountains of cards were heaped upon his table, and he had so much to do in answering the letters which accumulated that he had scarcely time to write a line for himself. I am glad, after all, to have met him outside the circle of adulation, and in a very different surrounding; at Neuilly, in the pretty suburb of Paris where his friend Milsand lived. As I entered the parlor of Madame Milsand one day, I saw comfortably seated near the fireplace, a square, solidly built man, with white hair and beard, dressed in rough gray cloth, and wearing an air of bourgeoise dignity and pleasant bonhomie which betrayed nothing to me at first sight of the author of the "Ring and the Book." When we were introduced to each other my heart leaped, and it is useless to add that my imagination helped me to recognize immediately the signs of genius in the broad forehead and penetrating eyes under their heavy brows. But what really impressed me in Browning's look and in his talk was kindness; simple, open, and buoyant kindness. All the chords of sympathy vibrated in his strong voice. What touched me more than anything was the relation between the two friends, and the deference of the greater man toward one whose moral energy he so much respected. It was impossible to have found them more unlike in outward appearance: both were short of stature, but Mr. Browning was vigorous and expansive, Joseph Milsand, on the contrary, was thin, nervous, and reserved, with an exquisite sensibility which showed itself in all the lines of his stern and spiritual face, from which Mrs. Cameron made her wonderful photograph, that might stand for St. Paul or for a prophet in Israel. Notwithstanding these differences they appeared at first glance to be two representative English gentlemen; though Mr. Milsand was anything but a man of fashion, being completely indifferent in the matter of dress. I remember that instead of taking afternoon tea, we were given some of the famous yellow wine which was nowhere to be found except in Mr. Milsand's own cellars. He possessed in Burgundy some of the most valuable vineyards among *les grands crus*.

As to the conversation of this very intelligent company it was, strange to say, almost entirely about animals, for whom M. Milsand had a most tender heart, calling them "poor four-footed souls." He said that at the age of sixteen, being devoted, boy-like, to hunting, he was so shocked one day by a look in the eyes of a wounded bird that he never afterward could touch a gun. Ever since then he could not help a feeling of impatience when sportsmen talked of their feats, which seemed to him to be crimes, and his anger made him sometimes almost the enemy of their dogs, as if they were accomplices. On the contrary, he had a curious liking for cats, the dogs' natural enemies, understanding marvellously their temper and habits. Many wonderful cat stories were told that afternoon, everything was most intimate and simple. Browning spoke delightfully of M. Milsand's four young grandchildren, who were often brought from the south, where they lived, to the house of their grandfather in Paris. M. Milsand himself had the deepest love for children. Once he said to me: "While in our relations with our friends we are constantly wishing for more than we receive, we always love little children, whatever they may do, as if they gave us heaven and earth. Only there is a danger: I try hard not to forget that it is not because they are lovable that we love them, but that because we love them we find them lovable."

Browning was then on his way to Italy. In such visits to Paris, after Mrs. Browning's death, he never failed to give a great part of his time to his friend, who in return went almost every spring to London, where he spent some

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weeks in Warwick Crescent with Mr. Browning and his sister. They also met often in France by the sea-shore; from 1866 until 1870 the Brownings came every year to Saint-Aubin, in the Calvados, where M. Milsand had a cottage. This neighborhood was delightful to both men. Browning loved the quiet rusticity of the Norman beach and its little village; every morning he might be seen walking along the sands with the small Greek copy of Homer which was his constant companion. On Sunday he went with the Milsands and their daughter, then unmarried, to a service held in the chapel of the Château Blagny, at Lion-sur-Mer, for the few Protestants of that region. They were generally accompanied by a young Huguenot peasant, their neighbor, and Browning, with the courtesy he showed to every woman, used to take a little bag from the hands of the strong Norman girl notwithstanding her entreaties. Some English friends came to Saint-Aubin from time to time, Miss Thackeray among others; to her the poet dedicated his "Red Cotton Night-cap Country," which is no other than the Pays de Caux, near Saint-Aubin. The description of Browning's own house is near the beginning:

"That, just behind you, is mine own hired house:
With right of pathway through the field in front,
No prejudice to all its growth unsheaved
Of emerald luzern bursting into blue.
Be sure I keep the path that hugs the wall,
Of mornings, as I pad from gate to gate!
Yon yellow—what if not wild mustard flower?"

It was one of those wild mustard flowers that an English admirer, who had with difficulty discovered his hiding-place, took away with her as a remembrance of his life at Saint-Aubin, here called Saint Rambert.

Mr. Browning has paid an affectionate tribute to M. Milsand in the following lines:

"Talk to him for five minutes,
Nonsense, sense, no matter what. . . .
There he stands, reads an English newspaper,
Stock still, and now again upon the move
Paces the beach, to taste the spring like you
(Since both are human beings in God's eyes):
That man will read you rightly head to foot.
"He knows more and loves better than the world
That never heard his name and never may.
What hinders that my heart relieve itself!
'O friend! who makest warm my wintry world,
And wise my heaven, if there we consort too.'"

One day the Milsands had given an informal luncheon to which they had asked their British friends. When a huge fish was brought to the table the poet took a napkin under his arm and began diligently to serve the ladies. Mademoiselle Milsand, who afterward became Madame Henri Blanc, told me this with many other small incidents which, brought into relation with his high gifts and powers, made the poet seem to her greater still.

The year of the war, 1870, Browning stayed longer than usual at Saint-Aubin. Never did his devotion to his friend show itself more clearly. Every day the two men could be seen on the beach, the arm of Browning always round Milsand's shoulders, as in the photograph where they are represented admiring the picture of an old woman which the poet's son had painted. Everyone looked at this pair of comrades so closely united in sorrow, and notwithstanding the bad news which came fast and faster, the days passed for them less unhappily than could otherwise have been. "How fortunate it is," Browning was always saying, "that it is not France and England that are at war!" The stupidity of some peasants in a neighboring village, who, mistaking the foreign accent of Browning, thought him to be a Prussian spy, forced him to return unwillingly to England. It was indeed necessary, for from day to day there was danger of communication being at an end between the two countries. He insisted upon taking his friends with him, but M. Milsand refused to leave France, no matter what might happen.

The old days in Saint-Aubin were always a favorite theme for conversation in later years. Soon after the opportunity I had of meeting Browning the elder, I met, also at Neuilly, Robert Browning, the son, whom I had only known before by the name of "Penini," or "The Little Florentine," and from Hawthorne's description,

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which showed him to belong, like his mother, to the race of elves, ready to vanish before one's eyes at any moment. M. Milsand had said to me, with the fondest love for the young man: "The father has reason to be happy that in walking before he has opened a path for his son, instead of making him stumble." It is indeed seldom that a celebrated father does not make life more difficult for his children. That same year Mr. Browning's statue of Dryope was exhibited at the Salon in the Champs-Élysées; the Nymph beloved of Apollo gave the strong impression of having been a study after nature, and all that I have seen since in exhibitions of painting and sculpture signed with the name of Robert Browning, belong evidently to the realistic school. When I met him at Neuilly he had little of the ethereal appearance of bygone days; the poetical "little Florentine" had become a sturdy cosmopolitan Englishman. We drank the poet's health in M. Milsand's wonderful wines, which were always so generously placed before his friends, although he himself was then the most abstemious of men.

IV

It seems needless to speak here of M. Milsand's qualities as a writer: his wonderful power of intuition and abstraction, the unexpected gleams of humor which suddenly revealed the Saxon under the Frenchman, and that depth of thought, about which he laughed, sometimes saying that it grew like the weed with endless roots. All these qualities will be found in his last book, filled as it is with studies of Tennyson, Dickens, Browning, Thomas Campbell, and William Blake; but what few people can know is the degree of moral influence which he exercised upon those who had the privilege of approaching him. Not that he tried to convert anybody; no man ever respected more than he did the freedom of opinion and of belief, but the least word from his lips went high and far, and made people reflect. I have never known a mind that was more suggestive than his, but in the last years of his life he wrote very little. To make him take up his pen it was necessary that his conscience impelled him to give advice upon some point of morals or religion, and he did this with great reluctance. His lack of self-confidence was equalled only by the disdain he felt toward success, for the sake of success itself. His essays upon "L'Allemagne et le Protestantisme;" "Le Code et la Liberté:" his treatise upon "Luther et le Serf-arbitre" are among his last productions. Religious questions engrossed him more and more, he accused himself of preaching too much, but his preaching pleased those who had the least love for being preached to. "In my theology," he said to me very often, "belief is not so much an affair of submission or impiety; the great sin in my opinion is not to be able to see things *en face*." He only liked minds that were open on all sides, and those to whom he could speak freely. With him it was impossible to stop with the conventions of politeness, or where one was contented with a use of the small change of sentiment; but when it was possible to come to a full understanding, one could have most delightful intercourse with him. In the great number of letters which I have received from M. Milsand are most striking judgments upon the various questions of the day; more than anything, bursts of indignation against the so-called *naturalistes* in France. "When I hear them speak," he said, "of pathological studies and of social anatomy, I shrug my shoulders. The fact is that they are a sort of drunkards who only dream of Cupid's bottle, and who can only employ their minds in new tricks to rob their neighbor's cellar. A sensual obsession prevents them from taking a real interest in character, in the development of affection, or to see what is noble near what is ignoble." No epithet seemed strong enough to him when he spoke of *pessimistes:* he hated the sort of men of letters who care little for what is true or false, and are only anxious to find what can produce effect. His friends were the *naïfs*, the sincere who look things in the face with a soul as ready to sympathize as to blame. Understood in that sense,

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the literature of fiction delighted him. He was even fond of the writings of some women, although the question of woman's emancipation, which is inseparable from the questions of art and literature from the moment in which women concern themselves with these, found him very cautious. He believed that great missions in life were not so much superior to smaller ones, and that the mother who teaches straightforwardness to her child, or the servant who puts her conscience into sweeping a room, are more useful to humanity than the philosopher who poisons some characters by his treatment of the highest questions. He used to say that the best of women were those who in enlarging their minds remained the most womanly, and that the world needs such women most of all to humanize the legislative reasoning and one-sidedness of the stronger sex. "If women," he sometimes said, "are not capable of following a profession without locking themselves up in it as in a convent, I should hesitate to tell them to go forward;" but he forgave heartily those who kept honest possession of themselves, and great dreams did not frighten him when the dreamer knew how to recognize what is true and inevitable. All kinds of superstitions and chimeras were hateful to this man of strong sense; he distrusted hypnotism, and theosophy he found exasperating. "If they offered to teach me the universal secret," he exclaimed, "by means of ecstasy and magical trance, I should refuse it. I prefer to walk with my own feet on solid ground."

M. Milsand wrote against the granting of divorce, convinced that he did this for woman's sake. He did not admit that the customs of one country could be lightly applied to another, under the pretence of reform. "I cannot," he once wrote to me, "share the liberal theories of Benjamin Constant, de Tocqueville, and Jules Simon. It appears to me the dream of Latin Catholics about a civilization which is neither Catholic nor Latin. Those gentlemen see and envy the fortunate results that have been produced in England and in America, but unable as they are to feel enough what happens in Anglo-Saxon souls, they attribute those good results to something on the outside which they call Liberty, and which cannot be explained except by an inborn faculty, a gift of nature. I do not myself believe that nature has given to anyone a faculty full grown. It seems to me that she gives only tendencies which can take certain directions, and which take the good one because something prevents their taking any other. When one has lived in England one perceives that, if the energies of the individual are turned toward justice, truth, and work, it is because there is in the country a strong family discipline, and an unflinching policy of opinion which does not allow, without being punished, the parade of vanity and indolence."

All his work was bent toward the awakening of conscience and personal will in his own country. He used to say with Luther, "If Moses had wished to be sure beforehand of victory over Pharaoh, Israel would be still in Egypt." And even when Milsand had least hope in fighting modern scepticism, he still attacked it with indefatigable energy, feeling the whole time, as he declared, his double nature of Frenchman and Englishman.

This stern enemy of untruth and pretension had the most indulgent and tender heart. Often, when he was moved, poetry came from his pen. He has expressed in this way his affection for his devoted wife, and I find in one of his letters the copy of some English verse in which he regrets not being able to see better into the inmost souls of those who were dearest to him.

This idea often returned to him. "Who knows what a man feels except the spirit that is in him; and does even the spirit know?" he says once, impulsively.

Every year there are such charming bits in his letters written from the country at vintage time, in Burgundy. His daughter always came to him then with her children, and the old family home at Villers-la-Faye was full of happiness and rustic life. It was at Villers-la-Faye that death surprised him. That year, 1886, he had not been able to visit his dear friend Robert Brown-

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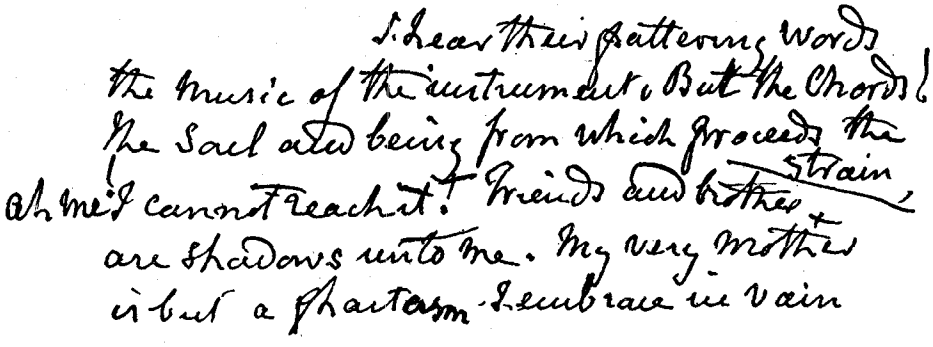
ing, as usual, in the spring, finding himself too weak for the journey. His health was declining, but he had not younger of these two faithful comrades went first, and his body was at rest for three years in a quiet country church-



Fac-simile of Lines from a Manuscript Poem by Milsand.

the misery of surviving his powerful intellect, which remained undimmed to the last; nor had he the sorrow of seeing his friend die before him. The yard before he, who had dedicated to Milsand the revised edition of "Sordello," was entombed among the glories of Westminster Abbey.

THE HIDDEN VALLEY

By Charles Edwin Markham

I STRAY with Ariel and Calaban:
  I know the hill of windy pines—I know
  Where the jay's nest swings in the wild gorge below:
Lightly I climb where fallen cedars span
Bright rivers—climb to a valley under ban,
  Where west winds set a thousand bells ablow—
  An eerie valley where in the morning glow,
I hear the music of the pipes of Pan.

What elfin horns blow by on the still air!
  A satyr steps—a wood-god's dewy notes
  Come faintly from a vale of blowing oats.
But ho! what white thing in the canyon crossed?
God! I shall come on Dian unaware,
  Look on her fearful beauty and be lost.

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THE POINT OF VIEW

The Other End of Our Educational Problem.

INTEREST in our educational problems has been stimulated of late by certain inquiries into the status, mental and economic, of the teachers in our public schools, and by some very plain statements made by the President of Harvard College concerning the average degree of attainment of the high school pupil in this country as compared with that of a boy of the same age in England, France, and Germany. President Eliot finds boys prepared for college here less fitted to enter at eighteen than most boys abroad, similarly prepared, would be at fifteen.

This is what many others must have observed before him. In what way less fitted? Leaving aside any particularized discussion of the relative mastery of specific studies, one answers: less fitted because of a more undeveloped perception of the humanities, because of a less mature feeling for what culture is and what it means, and finally because of an indefinable sense boys (and girls) here give that the first layers of the educational soil with them were deficient in solidity, and had not that richness and integrity which come of a slow and leisurely and, one might almost say, organic fusion of the initial elements of knowledge at the bottom of the child's mind.

Now it is precisely the difference in the laying of this sub-soil, which should prove to American educators a matter of the deepest interest. It is not the curriculum of our numerous "universities;" it is not the entrance requirements, easy or stringent, of our colleges; it is not what enters, or does not enter, into our secondary instruction, that is of so much consequence. At least, all this is not of so much consequence so long as the atmosphere surrounding primary education in America remains what it is. One cannot have had any experience of the instruction of European boys and girls without being conscious of the radical contrast between the spirit of the elementary school-room abroad and in this country. There is among the little people abroad a peculiar sort of application of which among American children you will find not the smallest trace. It is not a question of industry. The juvenile American is as willing to learn and as quick about it as any other. It is a matter of mental attitude. The school-room where European children acquire the rudiments of education is, in some unanalyzable way, a quieter, remoter spot; one more shut off from the distractions that come from without; and, notably, more serious. Learning may look to the youthful minds within those walls to be a dull thing, but it is certain, without their being aware of it, to seem a dignified thing. And the routine has a repose that gradually acts upon the juvenile scholar until it shapes him to this application—to a mood of patient attentiveness and a sort of ruminating receptivity, that, so far as ultimate fruitfulness is concerned, may, in every instance, be safely preferred to all the precocious personal "brightness" and "alertness" in the world. The European methods of primary instruction, in short, proceed on the idea that children are young plants that develop by passive absorption, in the right conditions of growth, as a peach ripens against a southern wall. They receive their daily instillations of writing, spelling, grammar, in reiterative doses that have the unhurried persistence of suns and rains. Whatever measure of these things

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the boy and girl assimilate under this régime becomes a part of blood and bone. It may be that the pupil never gets into the higher studies at all, but the elements have been ground in so deeply and securely that they are there to stay forever.

Many circumstances with us are against this thoroughness in primary instruction. The conscious self of American boys and girls is earlier roused to action, and they become individuals sooner; individuals before the time when it is possible that they should be anything but raw and immature ones. Such material is the hardest to handle in the final interests of culture. But those who have the cause of education at heart would do well to ask themselves if nothing can be done to effect some change at this end of the educational problem, to give to pupils who are beginning the more truly studious and "humanistic" temper and orientation from the start. It is then that the "crease" is taken. A reform here would make itself felt through every grade of education; without it we may be sure that our most ambitious schemes will remain, in a large measure, sterile. Our strenuous efforts after culture, as a people, will still have that mechanical, and, as a recent writer has said, that manufactured character which stamps them now, because our low-grade instruction does not go deep enough, does not plough up the soil enough, does not guard and nourish the seed carefully and perseveringly enough when it is first sown. What young American children acquire always has the air of lying on the surface. By and by, when one sees Vassar students writing letters that an English girl brought up by a resident governess—and never within gun-shot of the higher studies—would disdain, and Harvard professors complaining that much of the four years which should be given to those higher studies are wasted by them in teaching the elements of rhetoric and composition to insufficiently trained youths, that fact recurs to one, and makes one pensive.

It is still a superstition with some people that boys and girls should be sent abroad to "finish." We do not always see the necessity of that. As things are, the more advisable course would be to send them there to begin.

East and West.

MR. GODKIN, in an article in the *Forum* about the political situation, touches upon the attitude of the West toward the East, and thinks it not too much to say that "in spite of a high degree of culture at certain points the West is suffering all the observed consequences of too great isolation—that is, want of more contact with other social conditions and other forms of civilization." Doubtless the West will not share this opinion, but will incline to the view that the trouble is with the East, because it is not open enough to the great Western ideas born of the prairies and the energetic manhood which they produce. Whichever view is preferred the opinion is pretty generally prevalent that the West and the East do not see all things with a single eye, and have need to get together.

There are two familiar processes for promoting that end: one is for the Eastern people to go West, the other for the Western people to come East. The former has been in active operation for nearly a century and still continues, though with lessened volume. The latter never was a wholesale process, and does not promise at present to become so; but it exists and is perceptible, and increases. There is this radical difference between the two processes: Eastern people who go West go to make money, but the Westerners who come East come, as a rule, to spend it. Moreover, the Eastern people who go West promptly grow up with the country and become the very Westerners in whom Mr. Godkin observes the effects of isolation. They cannot be looked to to leaven the Western mind, for they are themselves of that mind, and have left the East and its ideas permanently behind them.

Men who have gone West and succeeded in life value their places in the communities that know them best, and do not readily abandon their Western homes or forfeit their influence and position among their neighbors. Still, if they get rich enough, Eastern life and Eastern society and the shore of the ocean are apt to have attractions for them, and if not for themselves at least for their families. There are people who go West and get rich, and then come East, bag and baggage, and live on their gains; but a commoner thing, and one that we see more of every year, is for well-to-do Western families

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to have houses in the East where they spend part of the year, while they still pay their taxes and vote at home, and maintain homesteads there. In Washington and New York one sees great houses where people from Chicago or San Francisco spend their winters. At Newport, in the Berkshires, at Bar Harbor, and all along the New England shore are the summer-houses of Western people. Some of the finest houses in San Francisco are owned and maintained by people who spend most of their time in the East or in Europe. Cleveland is said to abound in the palaces of owners who are seldom at home, and the existence of analogous phenomena in Cincinnati is suggested by the account in a New York newspaper of a recent Cincinnati wedding, as to which we learn that "the millionaire Blank family came on from their Rhode Island home and opened their Dash Street mansion solely for the wedding; after which the Blank mansion was closed again and all parties returned East."

One gains at least two impressions from these observed phenomena: that Western people who can afford it intend to make just as much use of the East as they find convenient, and explore its social mysteries, and enjoy its big cities and its agreeable manifestations of summer climate. They are not so bigoted in their allegiance to the West as not to feel that the whole of the United States belongs to them, and to claim the usufruct of as much of it as they can reach and assimilate. And further that Western people are loyal to their own section of country, and loath to abandon it altogether. Both of these impressions are reassuring as far as they go; and if the movement could be general nothing more would be needed to bring about community of opinion. The mischief is, that it costs much money to travel any considerable part of the distance between the Rocky Mountains and the Atlantic coast, and the Westerners who can do it are a very few out of a great multitude. It is true that the great non-migrating majority must get its "contact with other social conditions and other forms of civilization" through slower means; but the mutual knowledge that means harmony may still be trusted to keep ahead of sectional demagogues.

Nominating Conventions.

THE East and the West meet in Washington every winter and dispute and legislate there for five or six months. Undoubtedly the mingling of their representatives at the capital is highly useful, and Eastern and Western congressmen are modified more or less in their conceptions of things by prolonged and familiar contact with one another. But Washington is not so much the place where political ideas are formulated for distribution as where ideas already formed and definite find their expression. The Western men at Washington are not sent there to imbibe political conceptions so much as to represent the convictions of the voters who send them. Congressmen are didactic by necessity. If they show themselves so open-minded as to be persuaded of the inexpediency of measures which their constituents desire, when it comes election time again they get leave to remain at home. Consequently Washington is not so great a centre of harmonizing influences as it might be, or may become. The great political machine for bringing East and West, and North and South together is not so much Congress as the Presidential election, and the places where both the clash and the reconciliation of conflicting interests and contrary minds can best be observed are the great nominating conventions in June or July. So many people share the belief that the national conventions are on the whole the greatest periodical shows that our civilization affords, that the conventions of late years have been very much overcrowded with observers, and have adjourned pretty regularly with an expressed determination to restrict the number of spectators within much narrower limits next time. Nevertheless this year's conventions promise to be held in great halls, and in the presence of a great many people about as usual, and great spectacles they will be. It is matter of dispute as to what proportion of the men who really govern the country may be found at any time in Congress, but there is no question that the proportion of our actual rulers who will be on exhibition at St. Louis and Chicago will be large. Most of the bosses will be there, and very many of the editors; statesmen from Washington and statesmen who would like to hail from Washington; silver men and gold men; tariff for protection men and tariff for revenue men; jingoes

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and conservatives, sympathizers with Cuba and sympathizers with the victims of hard times in the United States; men with a foreign policy and men whose policy it is to try to cure our domestic ills before we try overmuch to straighten out the disputes of our neighbors. All these gentlemen will want their convictions to appear as "planks;" and the task of making a platform for either party on which anyone but an acrobat can keep his feet will be difficult enough this year to afford exceptional entertainment.

But, after all, the feature of a convention regarded as a spectacle is its enthusiasms, and they are not aroused so much by principles or platforms as by men. The moment that the spectator tries hardest not to miss is that noisiest moment, when the feeling which has had only abstract expression begins to show unmistakable signs of settling upon one man. Then a convention shows what elements of excitement it possesses. It is a live thing, full of emotions, liable to stampede, impossible to control, and very, very difficult to steer. It is its independent life and its extreme liability to unexpected action that make it so acutely interesting.

Not many of us will get either to St. Louis or Chicago, but we can all read the newspapers, and the next best thing to being present at a convention is to read about it. Happily there is nothing that the American reporter does better than the work of describing one, and nothing in which the American newspaper shows its good points to better advantage than its getting his stories so swiftly into print. We shall all read them for a week to the exclusion of most of our other business, and Heaven send they may give us comfort and satisfaction, not only as stories well told, but as the records of wise and statesmanlike action opportunely taken.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER, the writer of stories and poems some of which are in almost every American reader's memory, and from its beginning one of the most welcome and valued contributors to this Magazine, died on May 11th at his home in Nutley, N. J.

It would be to do what he especially disliked, to speak of the "place" of his work in the literature which he loved. What he did seriously he did in the finest and truest spirit of a man of letters; he put into it his best for love of it, with the simplicity of motive which is almost the touchstone of the true literary quality. He got pleasure from his work exactly in proportion as it approached the immutable if indefinable standards of such a man; and this even in his trifling. It would be impossible to think of anyone less misled by false standards of comparison, or whom the laurels of others moved less except to generous admiration.

H. C. Bunner.

It is also impossible for anyone who knew him well to write of his personal side otherwise than with deep feeling. His unfailing cheerfulness, courage, loyalty to his friendships, and complete sincerity were traits, indeed, to be felt rather than analyzed; everything that he did was very simple and direct; and he belonged to the fortunate men whom their friends talk of but do not discuss. These qualities were felt far beyond his personal circle, and in one part of his work at least made a direct impression on the public. In *Puck*, the journal of which he was the editor for many years, they prompted some political writing of which the clarity, force, and healthy optimism were even more temperamental than purely intellectual.

Mr. Bunner contributed to the first numbers of this Magazine the little masterpiece called "The Story of a New York House;" and in the June number of a month ago was printed the last of a series of "Urban and Suburban Sketches," written in a vein in which he was always especially attractive. In the ten years between these two appeared many stories which every reader of the Magazine will recall: "Natural Selection," "Zadoc Pine," "A Second-Hand Story," "As One Having Authority," "Our Aromatic Uncle," and more whose mere enumeration will make many realize for the first time how much enjoyment he has given them. Of his work in general, and especially of his work as a poet, something will be said later and more adequately; but this paragraph may serve to show what one body of readers has owed to him, and how greatly he will be missed.

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE DESIGNER ON WOOD—PAINTERS' MOTIFS IN NEW YORK CITY—THE TRUE DECORATOR.

STILL another attempt is being made to show that the wood-engraver's art is not a vanishing one. A new journal has been established in Paris, called *L'Image* the specimen-prospectus of which bears a very appropriate little vignette by Lepère, in which a frantic and importunate crowd of *va nu-pieds*, with their wives and their children and aided by a great horn in the mouth of the biggest, address their despairing clamors to the *Amis des Livres, aux Amateurs* and *aux Artistes*. All the illustrations of this "protestant" publication are to be executed honestly on the face of the block with the old-fashioned tool; and the society which issues it has for its object "the preservation of an art which mechanical processes tend to make disappear." This resuscitation will come too late to aid another more or less artistic trade, now completely a thing of the past, since photographic transferences have everywhere superseded the method employed a few decades back by the draughtsman on wood. Formerly, however, an immediate and practical opening was thus offered to the student or amateur with some knowledge of drawing but no other technical training to speak of. In the slightness of this preliminary capital and the fair prospect of immediate, though small, material returns lay the peculiar value of this opening. No north light and no studio properties were required; a small office with a fairly good window light, or "desk room" in the same,—even the hall-bedroom of his own boarding-house would suffice. It was better to be in some central commercial quarter, such as the vicinity of the old *Herald* building in this city, but Brooklyn or Harlem would do for the modest aspirant. For implements, a few hard lead-pencils (in HHHHHH and that neighborhood), a ruler, a stick of India-ink, a bottle of Chinese white, and a few sable or camel's-hair brushes, were all that were absolutely required. If the beginner was preparing to supply the commercial designs with which most of these professionals opened their career, various drawing-instruments, one or two small, steel T-squares, tracing-paper, etc., and even one or two cakes of water-color blues, greens, or Indian-red, to give a little greater transparency and color to his India-ink washes, would gradually be added. Then, if one of his first commissions came from a job-printer, he probably made a bargain for a certain number of business-cards, on which was proudly announced: "Thomas Evans; DESIGNER ON WOOD."

The small knowledge of drawing necessary to open business had to be supplemented by an ability to work neatly and cleanly, and to make smooth, transparent washes—not so easily done on the boxwood block as on paper; a certain skill in at least plain lettering was also very desirable, and since everything was drawn directly on the face of the block, the design was necessarily always reversed. Moreover, the artist had to be able to whiten the surfaces of his own blocks, as the face supplied by the wood-merchant was far from satisfactory. For this purpose, having purchased his block, duly squared and of the right dimensions, he began by pumice-stoning the face slightly with a little water to remove all possible grease. Then, with a

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damp sponge and some Chinese-white a thin coating was applied to the surface, this being immediately rubbed down, in both directions, with the ball of the hand, in such a manner as to leave only a smooth, thin layer of white; through this the pleasant warm color of the wood showed faintly, and it would neither come up and cause muddiness under the subsequent washes, nor flake off under the engraver's tool. In the earlier days of the art the highly enamelled surface of the visiting-cards of the period furnished a very good material for this whitening. If this preliminary operation were successful, there was provided on the surface of the block when it dried a beautiful face on which to work, with just enough "tooth" to be pleasant for the lead-pencil, and on which flat, transparent washes of color could be applied to any desired shade. The larger and cheaper blocks, of poplar or pear for coarser work, and of pine for posters, were accepted ready whitened. All blocks were to be kept on edge when not in use, to hinder warping, and a careful draughtsman wet the back as well as the face, with the same object in view.

In establishing this artistic-commercial pursuit the first step was to visit all the probable wood-engravers or job-printers in the neighborhood with some sample drawings on the block, done with the neophyte's utmost knowledge. If these were neatly and carefully executed, without visible false lines or erasures, and without disturbing the carefully smoothed surface of the wood, the probabilities were that in a week or two the new-comer would begin to receive small orders for drawings, probably of cuts for newspaper advertising. Very unimportant productions, or those wanted in a hurry, might be executed on "scraps," or unsquared sections of the tree. These were always of the requisite type-height, and were afterward squared up, the greatest economy of wood being practised. There were many specialties in this mechanical designing, practised by more skilful draughtsmen at higher prices —stoves, buildings, furniture, machinery of all kinds, ornamental lettering, etc. The photograph was much less in use in these early days, and a careful and accurate preliminary sketch had frequently to be made at the manufactory or the store. If opportunity offered and a human figure, an animal, or a bit of landscape, could be introduced, the designer felt that he was at last in a fair way of becoming "an artist." A great step had been made in this desirable direction when he received a commission to draw fashion figures for the catalogues of the paper-pattern manufacturers; if he occasionally secured a "comic" to put on the wood (for about $5 on an average), he considered himself fairly on the highway to success, and the swelling moment when he actually received a roll of MS. and a block on which to illustrate the story, from *The New York Ledger* or *The Fireside Companion* was—far and away—the proudest of his life.

In this pursuit, commercial on the part both of the engraver and the designer, the only yearning in the direction of the artistic was frequently furnished by the latter, unless he were a mechanical draughtsman pure and simple. Under these circumstances the work was usually very well adapted to its ends, the natural competition tending to secure both its technical excellence and the suppression of any superfluous meddling with it. Many of the drawings and engravings of elaborate pieces of furniture, of architecture, or of machinery were admirable specimens of mechanical work, the engraver being greatly aided in his task by the "ruling machine," which would cut either a perfectly even flat tint or one graded gradually from darker to lighter to imitate the rounding of a cylinder. The peculiar sharpness of definition required for this elaborate mechanical representation tended to protect this class of wood-engraving somewhat longer against the destroying "process." When that not always exact line which separates the definite and well-ordered land of mechanics from the much more uncertain region of "art"—as sharply on the face of a box-wood block as anywhere else — was passed, complications were apt to arise. The more important engravers were generally elderly men, with elderly men's positiveness of opinion, and were apt to be firmly wedded to certain traditions of their profession. The draughtsman was frequently inclined to unsanctified methods, and to more or less uncertainty of adherence to the sacred canons: the amount of arbitrary contrast of black and white masses; the proper allowance of pencilling over the washed tint; the direction and quality of the engraver's line; the due proportion of arbitrary little chunks of pure white and pure black to give

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"glitter," and the like. The great authorities were long such as Sir John Gilbert, F. O. C. Darley, and a Mr. George White of this city, whose black and white methods were peculiarly acceptable to many publishers and engravers some twenty-five years ago. This was not realistic art; anything like close consideration of the painter's "values" was never thought of; nor was there any of that close imitation of other arts, the charcoal drawing or the painting, lithography or etching, which has since so excited the wrath of some of those who uphold the dignity or the "legitimacy" of xylography. Nor, on the other hand, was there much of that effort for extreme fineness of line; that wanton sacrifice of a clear, wholesome line which resulted in an indiscriminate chopping up into woolly cross-hatchings, at the sacrifice of modelling, texture, transparency, and color, and which has done so much to injure American wood-engraving, was not one of the sins of the period. Instead of working from a photograph of the drawing set up before him, the engraver had his drawing on the face of the block, destroying it as he went along in his translation of it, and consequently unable to refer to it as a whole at any time after he began. He was additionally hampered by his usual method of covering the face of the block with a piece of paper, to protect the drawing, and working only through a little hole torn in this paper which he enlarged as he went along. Nevertheless, it might be said that, forced to carry his general plan in his head, he worked with intelligence at what might be called his color masses with reference to the whole, always keeping in mind a certain economy of labor; while the later engraver, cutting away at the baddish photograph on the face of his block, embarrassed by many new ambitions, dangers, and theories, sometimes forgot everything but the bit under his tool and fussed away at the minute detail while neglecting the broad, artistic qualities of his picture.

THAT there are plenty of motives for the painter in New York City, nearly every one will admit. We have already pointed out in these columns the picturesque quality of the much-abused high buildings, as "media for nature to work upon." The same might be said of several other characteristic features of New York, which are supposed to make it æsthetically unbearable, instead of adding to its beauty. The cable-cars, for instance, are certainly trying enough to our susceptibilities in the daytime. But he who waits till nightfall, and then walks down Seventh Avenue from Fifty-third Street, must be stolid indeed if he is not stirred, at least for the moment, by the spectacle of the clustering, moving, appearing, and disappearing lights in the broad avenue and in the open space at the foot of the hill where Broadway intersects Seventh Avenue. The square is especially interesting; the converging and diverging lines, along which the lights move, are remarkably fine, the bells clamor less wildly here than elsewhere as there are but few foot passengers; the place is comparatively empty and deserted, and very impressive on misty nights when the many-colored lights move about in a dreamlike haze of radiance. A Whistler, if he could live here, might paint this for us; might obtain harmony out of the violent contrasts of Herald Square or the brilliancy and conflicts and impetuosity of Broadway at Madison Square. All this is fiery and high-strung, and not to be coped with by small talents. The man who would do it must have a temperament that would be thrilled by it, an eye and a hand that could tender it, a mind capable of keeping away from his picture all the elements of discord that are more ready to obtrude themselves here than elsewhere, and sufficient concentration of purpose to keep all disturbing influences from his mind. But it is a mistake to suppose that there is nothing in New York of a milder nature. There is one feature that has a good deal of the restful charm of nature modified by man that we feel in Japanese landscape painting and enjoy in the rural districts of some of the old countries: the lanes, "where the carts go," through Central Park. We need not wait for spring-time and the fairy-tale charm of suggestive glimpses of green lawns and growing trees at the top of rough-hewn walls. A walk through one of these lanes on a gray day in winter brings a whole gallery of varying pictures, and infinite opportunities for delicate studies. First comes, perhaps, an interesting problem of dark and light round a centre of moving life as a team emerges from the gloom of the tunnel into the full light beyond. Farther on there will be a Japanese arrangement of picturesque,

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spreading pines, and jagged, upright rocks thrown in relief against a distant causeway, with its fringe of bushes and cascade of vines. As for values, they are innumerable; all the fine and delicate patinas of the rocks, in blacks, browns, golds, and greens; all the soft gradations of air and distance, light and dark that play along the curves and over and about the mouths of the tunnels. The road winds too (the man who designed it all was an artist), and altogether these quiet lanes are not only full of picturesque suggestion, but of certain broad and soothing qualities that are doubly valuable here in New York.

SOME young artists were discussing Puvis de Chavannes, the other day, and his work in the Boston Public Library and elsewhere, and various opinions were enounced. One was sure that he was not a colorist, and all that he could not draw; his Boston panel was dissected and condemned, and this awkwardness, and that insufficiency, plain for all the world to see, were pounced upon. Finally an artist a little older than the others, who was asked for his opinion, ventured to remark that M. Puvis's things "always looked well in place," and the others admitted that on the whole they did look well in place. And is it not the end and aim of a decoration "to look well in place?" We are beginning to be much interested in decorative painting in this country, as has been already noted in this department, and now is a good time for a little sermon on the text furnished by this story. The function of a decoration, my friends, is to decorate, and for this purpose it is not sufficient that it shall be a good painting. A man may be a colorist and a draughtsman, and a master of light and shade into the bargain; he may be all that you think Puvis de Chavannes is not; he may be a painter of the first rank, and prove his rank in the thing he has put upon a wall; and yet, as a decorator, he may fail. Or he may be none of these things, and yet be a born decorator, and his paintings will have an astonishing knack of "looking well in place." For *la belle peinture* will not make a decoration any more than *les beaux vers* will make a poem. The execution counts for little in decorative painting, and a well-designed decoration might almost be executed anyhow and by anybody. What is essential is the idea.

Of course, by the idea is not meant the story told, or the thought expressed. We are dealing with painting and not literature, and the idea must be a pictorial and a decorative idea. The decorator, then, is he who sees and conceives in a decorative way, largely and simply; he whose scheme of composition and color is a logical and inevitable development of the architectural whole of which it forms a part; he whose work looks as if it had grown out of the wall, not as if it had been placed upon it. Nowadays everybody can paint well, more or less, but the born decorator is as rare as ever, or rarer than ever. When you have found him and his work "looks well in place," do not worry as to whether or not he can draw in an impeccable manner, or whether or not he is a colorist. He is an artist, let that suffice.

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ABOUT THE WORLD

THAT New York is a proper home for only the very poor and the very rich, is a favorite saying among those less fortunate individuals who occupy an intermediate stage of financial responsibility. For the mass of excellent citizens who have metropolitan tastes with provincial purses the great city is reputed to have only envy and disappointment. The results of this theory and of the peculiar geographical restrictions of Manhattan Island are the populous suburban communities, which harbor the families of actually a great majority of New York business men with bank accounts and pedigrees too good to give them the privileges and immunities of the one order, and without the resources that might enroll them in the other favored class. Almost every available locality, within an hour of the city, has been exploited—together with many regions which are available rather through the unremitting efforts of the real-estate agent than from inherent eligibility. The west bank of the Hudson, the north shore of Long Island, the Jersey mountains, and, perhaps, Staten Island, appear to offer opportunities for future profitable exploration by the indefatigable commuter; but no doubt another decade, with its extension of rapid transit facilities, will so thoroughly organize the business of selling land and houses in these districts too, that adventurous souls will find no more suburban worlds to conquer without the leadership of the reigning agent.

A Palace at Twenty Cents a Night.

But this suburban habit is a distinctly family affair. The average indigent bachelor has neither the courage nor the opportunity nor the temptation for such rural experiences as our comic papers are prone to ring the changes on. Moreover, in the choicer suburban districts the cost of living has advanced to a figure which in many departments of housekeeping rival the city prices. What shall the poor bachelor do? If he be of the laboring class and can afford to spend $4 or $5 a week for board—those who have attempted to exist in New York *pensions* whose standards are represented by three or four times those rates will need no more emphatic suggestion of that man's fate.

Amid the many sociological schemes which thrive under the phrase "the housing of the poor," there is one which has in our mind the elements of unusual picturesqueness and efficiency for the domiciliary salvation of this particularly forsaken corps of New York workingmen. The foundations are even now being laid for a gigantic hotel near Washington Square, which edifice is to occupy an entire block, ten stories of fifteen hundred rooms. We will refrain from an attempt to daze the mind of the reader with the number of hundreds of thousands of dollars which are to be expended in the construction of this mammoth retreat for the unfortunate bachelor portion of the city; it gives a better idea of the plan to repeat its projector's assurance that not the Waldorf, nor the Savoy, nor the Holland House will boast more perfect equipment than this great edifice for all reasonable comforts of life. So far the announcement does not read very differently from the complimentary notices with which enterprising hotel managers are wont to herald the housewarmings of a new "palace" through a diplomatic acquaintance with the press. But there is more anon; notwithstanding its perfect sanitary arrangements, its electric lighting, its location in the heart of the older city, its magnificent system of baths, superior to those of any other Amer-

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ican hotel, its reading-rooms, smoking-rooms, library, entertainment halls, its alluring prospectus of gastronomic departments and the whole round of stock excellences—the tariff per inhabitant is to be fixed at about twenty cents per night! If any considerable portion of the readers of this paragraph have had experience, as it is fair to assume they have, with life at the hostelries about which such things are generally said, and with the resulting interviews with the cashier that follow more surely than taxes, there is no fear for the force of our rhetorical climax. The capitalist who is supplying the funds for this venture is no new hand at philanthropic investments; he is a shrewd, and far-seeing business man, and it is as certain as mundane things can be, that he will carry through this striking experiment as it has been planned. An important economic feature of this programme is the relation of the expected revenue to the capital expended. Mr. Mills anticipates that he will net five per cent. on the money devoted to the establishment of the building, and he is going to see that such a financial return shall materialize, since the success of that element in the transaction will be the most powerful possible incentive for other wealthy men to make an analogous use of their money. It goes without saying that this hotel will fill that primary requirement of a successful industrial concern which demands a fairly continuous run at full capacity. There will undoubtedly be a difficulty in deciding who shall not be admitted to the privileges of this "palace" at twenty cents per night, and a vast deal of discretion and keen moral perception will be necessary to give the benefits of the hotel to those who most need and deserve them. Its builder is fortunate in having lieutenants who can supply these rare qualities, if they are within human reach. It is expected that the huge caravansary will become a natural centre of opportunity for the entertainment and edification of these classes.

The Knell of the Theatre Hat.

IT is reasonably certain that no man who has the spirit of a man laments the reversal in his own race of that well-ascertained natural law which equips the males of birds and less perfectly organized animal species with neater forms, brighter and more beauteous hues, more sweetly ringing voices, and a whole round of more vivacious accomplishments than their feminine consorts. One shudders at the thought. Even if every selfish interest, as well as every gallant instinct, did not infuse multiplied delight into personal charms through their possession by the "sex"—an observation of those perverted races which reserve the higher order of pulchritude for the male creatures should have a substantial warning for any unnatural beaux whose vanity might lead them to envy and rival their sweethearts. The character of the peacock, who so far transcends in gaudy plumage his modest spouse, has for several thousand years suffered notoriously and proverbially by the imputation of foolish vanity. No one envies the turkey chieftain the extraordinary lustre of plumage and majesty of gait—in the blaze of which his hens seem to be a distinct and inferior fowl—when such adornments lead to such strutting and gobbling bombast. The family of blackbirds, more especially the "soldier-blacks," present a greater contrast between the rich flaming regimentals of the males and the dingy drab of the female than one would believe possible in the same species; but one notes a sad lapse into noisy garrulousness; and mark you, it is the male bird whose tongue is least under control.

Such instances are too cheap to multiply further, but if ever the masculine mind could find that the fitness of things demanded a dispossession of ladies' adornments, that mood is present when one finds one's self at the play, ensconced behind some huge umbrageous growth of feminine head-gear. The horrors of the situation and its injustice have been much dwelt on of late by the pens of authority; and it is rather the purpose of this paragraph to seek for some glimmer of practical relief. Now were men the ornate half of the race, and the perpetrators of these monumental hats, it were comparatively easy to request the removal of the obnoxious object, failing which the wearer might be promptly and justly insulted and engaged in personal combat, to the intense relief of one's righteous paroxysms of indignation. As it is, with no course open but dumb suffering, various theoretical alleviations have been vainly suggested, such as reserving a part of the theatre for bachelors at an advanced price per seat, with a hundred other more fanciful schemes, the product of the

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highly wrought imagination of harried victims. It is an old evil; in Fanny Burney's time, more than a hundred years ago, the populace was raised to a pitch of excitement that threatened mob violence by its inability to see through the magnificent bonnets of a pair of marvellously arrayed fashionables. Societies have been formed to fight the abuse; editorial indignation has vented itself in periodical spurts, and open letters galore from "Old Subscriber" and the rest of his tribe have swelled the flood of protest—all to no practical avail. What does it signify though all the ambrosial locks in your row be uncovered by their converted wearers if one unregenerate little head in the seat before you is crowned with obscuring ostrich plumes.

When, from the mere multiplicity and variety of failures to suppress it, the play-going hat had come to be considered an unavoidable if not a necessary evil, there has suddenly appeared a ray of hope. The legislators of Ohio have dared to forbid the practice of wearing hats under penalty of the rigor of the law. Even these intrepid senators, led by Mr. Fosdick, whose name will go gloriously down to posterity, coupled with this beneficent precept — even these promoters of liberty and the pursuit of happiness did not venture to impose a direct penalty upon the feminine offenders; nor, indeed, would they vote for the bill at all until assured that the moral support of a goodly female contingent was behind them. The onus of enforcing the law is put upon the manager of the theatre, who can be fined $5 on the complaint of any play-goer who detects and exposes a hat-wearer in the theatre. It requires no special scepticism in legislative panaceas to perceive that the Fosdick Law is incapable of effecting an immediate and perfect cure of the hat evil. Indeed the first cases in which the law was applied simply added to the total of human misery by including the theatre manager in the general distress, since that courteous official refused to interfere with the head-dress of the screening damsels and cheerfully paid the fines; but gallantry such as this has its limits in the very nature of pecuniary things. Then the law has already had the effect of enormously increasing the number of hatless theatre-goers through the mere fear it aroused of legal interruption, if from no higher impulse; and the best principle of the whole effort is the invitation given to an organized and authorized protest which may afford any sufferer an outlet for his turbulent emotions whatever be the final disposition of the offender. The Western States, with their optimistic tendencies to arrive at desirable reforms by short-cut legislative methods that would stagger the more "effete" localities, have done some royal good things by brushing away the argument from authority; and this is one of them. Others will doubtless follow in Ohio's lead. Word has come, indeed, that Minnesota is already agitating the question.

THE bicycling fever has reached a pitch of intensity even higher than the English craze, which attained its apogee a year or more before the use of the wheel became so universal in America. On the smoother and more quiet streets of our large cities the crowds of cyclists are so constant and dense during the hours that allow bread-winners to ride, as to form an actual procession in which there is difficulty in moving faster than the pace of one's fellows. Undoubtedly there is a distinct element of bicycling which has, more than anything else, brought its astonishing popularity, and which will insure a permanent place for the wheel in most well-regulated households. One often hears an objection to the athletic enthusiasms of our colleges on the ground that fierce competition and semi-professionalism in games tend to bring forward only the phenomenally muscular and robust men, leaving the rank and file of students, who have most need of physical training, to shift for themselves, and indeed to actually discourage them from outdoor games by setting athletic standards so impossible for them to attain. The absolute physical inability to shine in the fiercer athletic sports has certainly resigned many an anæmic youth to a steady and unremitting grind at his books—where a biceps under the normal need prove no bar to the capture of honors. In spite of the active efforts of the better equipped colleges to counteract this tendency—notably by entirely separating the "athletic" events from the department of physical culture proper—it remains true that the men who need the most out-of-door exercise and muscular effort get the least of these antidotes to the effect of mental applica-

The Secret of the Bicycle.

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tion. If this be true in the colleges, it is a still more decided evil in business life, where the inertia that must be overcome in order to take part in any systematic outdoor exercise is so appalling, and where the approval and pleasures to be won by physical prowess are even less easy of attainment than in the colleges.

Now the bicycle has offered to the great majority of citizens a means of athletic exercise and open-air enjoyment for which they need not be specially equipped by nature. Man and woman, weak and strong, dwarf and three-hundred-pounder—all sorts and conditions of men can and do learn to wheel, and with comparatively small perseverance become as proficient for all practical purposes as the most handsomely endowed athlete of them all. This is the true secret of the bicycle's firm hold on the public, and here is its greatest value.

The more intangible benefits which the bicycle has brought to the dwellers in our cities are without a doubt incalculable. This is truer now than in the first flush of the wheeling fever, for the repeated warnings of family physicians have succeeded in reducing the indulgence of bicyclists in their favorite exercise to something like proper limits; and the notion has been exploded, happily, that wheeling is a panacea for all ailing folks and all ailments. In the early enthusiasm of finding their bicycle-legs, the budding devotees generally overdid the thing entirely; even now the physicians say that the exuberant delight which attends success after the frantic struggle of "learning to ride" is almost certain to lead to over-indulgence at first.

But altogether apart from the actual physiological betterment from deep breathing, swiftly coursing blood, and the purer air of the parks, there is a psychic and moral void in city life which the "bike" goes farther toward filling than any other single institution. That too-much-used word "recreation" is before us each day in a thousand advertisements, and its principle is advocated constantly from as many pulpits, but where and when is it given to the toilers of the great town? What real joy, what entertainment, what surcease have they? Is there a ghastlier ugliness in our civilization than this lack of playtime and playthings? The summer vacation is good, but it is two weeks out of fifty-two, and more often than not, scantily affords a mere foothold to struggle with unimpaired tissues through the harassing hot season which in three months renders most of our cities, East and West, all but unbearable workshops. With his wheel at hand, however, there is no hard-driven clerk who may not look forward each day to a comforting flight from the demnition grind. Fat Germans, with their fatter fraus, leave the sweltering heat of East-Side tenement rows and skim gayly through the park, along the Hudson, and away into pleasant country places with the same steeds, the same privileges, and the same enjoyment that is given to the gilded youth—and gilded age too—which crosses the Fifty-ninth Street entrance at a slightly different angle. Nothing else can compare to the wheel as a leaven for the heavy lump of joylessness in our streets. Sitting in a stuffy theatre during irrational hours, before a play too silly to be bad—that is poor sport even if the prices were not, from the stand-point of the average play-goer, exorbitant. Base-ball, save for the office-boy with his very mortal system of relatives, is an inaccessible, unrestful, and rather sodden sport. Horse-racing, as at present raced, is not a safe nor cheerful pleasure to pin one's faith on. The summer resorts near the city are apt to be too stupid or vulgar in their environment to afford great gladness, or more than mere amusement in a rare mood, and at any or all of these the rhythm of life is, if it be too rapid for perfect health, rather accelerated than retarded. And what else is there for town-folks to play at? The "bike" is in "fashion" to be sure, but how refreshing to have at least one healthy fad!

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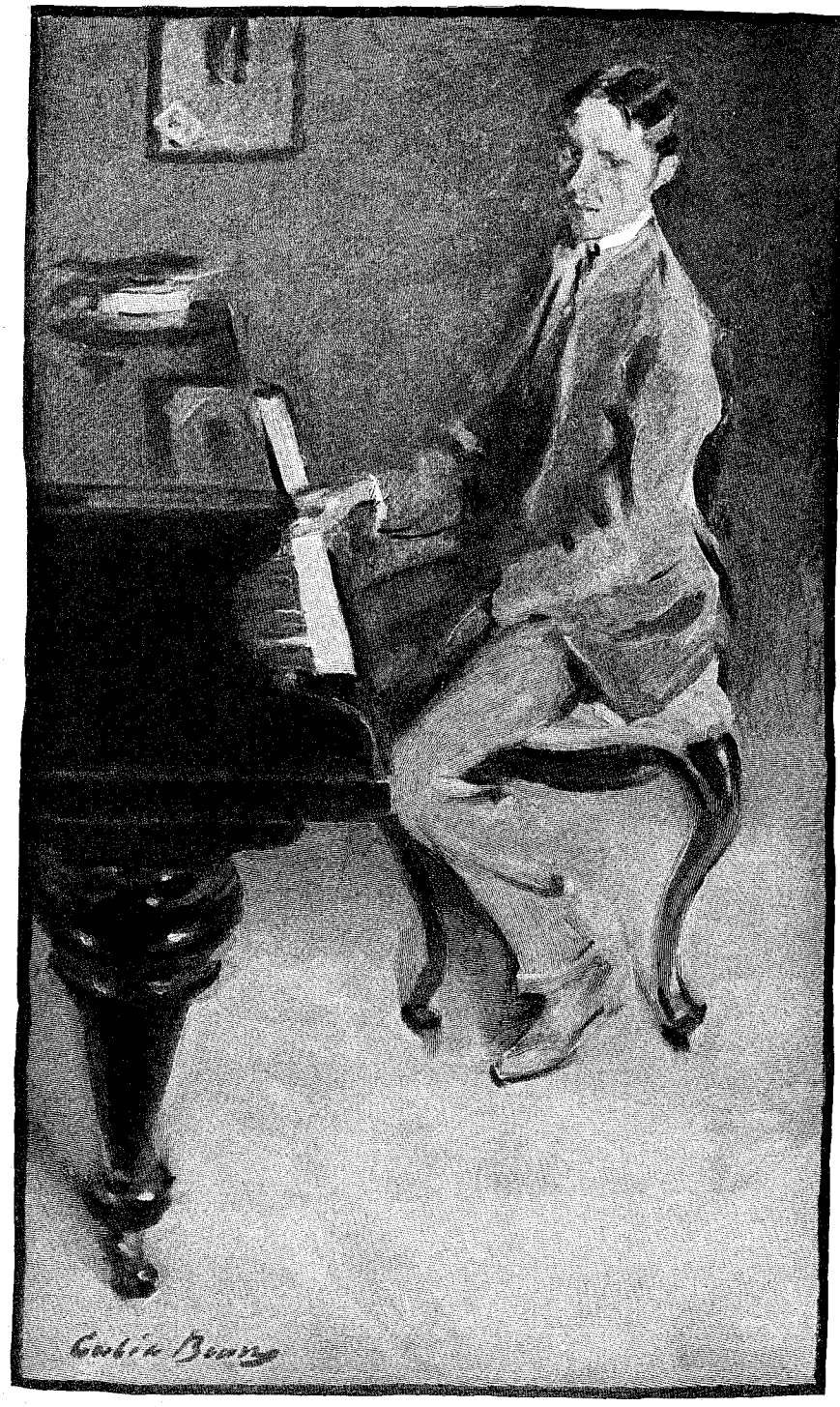

DRAWN BY CECILIA BEAUX.

"ALL WOMEN ARE NOT DEAF, JACQUES."

—See *Charm He Never So Wisely*, page 188.

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